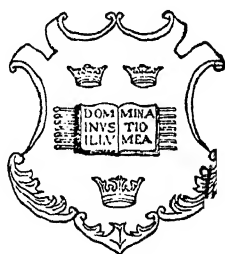


THE
P O E M S
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Edited by
DAVID NICHOL SMITH
and
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OXFORD
At the CLARENDON PRESS

Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C.4

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON

BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI LAHORE DACCA

CAPE TOWN SALISBURY NAIROBI IBADAN ACCRA

KUALA LUMPUR HONG KONG

FIRST EDITION 1941

REPRINTED LITHOGRAPHICALLY IN GREAT BRITAIN

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD

FROM SHEETS OF THE FIRST EDITION

1951, 1962

P R E F A C E

AS the aims and method of this edition are stated at the conclusion of the Introduction, this Preface deals only with the collaboration of the two editors and the assistance which they have received. They began their work on Johnson's poems independently, one of them many years ago. In 1913 he arranged with the Clarendon Press for an edition, and was able in that year to describe it as being in preparation. When its progress was checked by the events of the next five years, some parts had been completed more or less as they are now printed. But work interrupted is not always easily resumed, and this editor, while continuing to collect material for a volume which he never doubted to see published, found many obstacles to making a good end. Meanwhile the other editor had been at work on Johnson's poems and had prepared an edition which helped to win for him the Doctor's degree of Yale University. The decision was soon taken to bring out a joint edition, and summer vacations were thereafter spent busily in Oxford. In many sections one or other of the two editors has necessarily played the greater part, but they have everywhere consulted each other, and there is no page for which they do not share responsibility. What was checked in its early stages by one European conflagration is thus now completed in the midst of another, when we may remember the lessons of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.

The delay cannot be regretted, for during these years more additions have been made to our information about Johnson than at any time since the publication of Boswell's *Life*. Manuscripts which were not suspected to exist have become public or accessible by passing to new owners; and in this process much has been learned about the poems, and their number has been increased. The editors are under a great debt to the private collectors or trustees of libraries who have permitted the use of manuscripts in

Preface

their possession or keeping, and feel that the particular obligations stated in the introductory notes to the poems demand also this general acknowledgement. Their gratitude will be shared by all readers of this volume.

One debt calls for separate mention. In the winter of 1936-7 the senior editor enjoyed the hospitality and privileges extended to Associate Members of the Huntington Library in Southern California. There he found the value of *Thraliana* as a storehouse of information about Johnson's minor poems, and as an authority for their texts. Fortunately this remarkable record of the gay and the serious in the life of the clever woman who was Johnson's kindest and most disappointing friend is soon to be published, but the many quotations here printed had then to be taken from the manuscript, which was read with the excitement of discovery. At the same time the Huntington Library provided the true text of Johnson's 'Short Song of Congratulation', his verses upon Sir John Lade—a major among the minor poems.

It is a pleasure to the editors to recall the assistance which they have received from friends who are known by their own work on Johnson and his circle—R. W. Chapman, J. L. Clifford, A. T. Hazen, F. A. Pottle, L. F. Powell, and C. B. Tinker; and from other friends who, if not publicly sealed of the tribe, have shown a liking for Johnsonian questions—N. Ault, C. H. Collins Baker, H. W. Garrod, C. T. Onions, H. R. St. J. Sanderson, and P. Simpson. Special thanks are due to Professor Garrod for the interest which he has taken in the Latin poems.

December, 1940

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INTRODUCTION

I

JOHNSON'S first extant poems were written at Stourbridge School in 1726; his last were written in the room where he died, almost sixty years later. He never prepared the collection of his writings which he had contemplated when he reserved to himself the right of printing one edition of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.¹ A few days before his death he told John Nichols, when talking of 'a regular edition of his own works', that 'he had power, from the booksellers, to print such an edition, if his health admitted it, but had no power to assign over any edition, unless he could add notes, and so alter them as to make them new works'.² How many of his poems he would have deemed worthy of a place in an authorized collection we can only speculate. When he was consulted about the pieces to be included in a collection of the writings of his friend John Hawkesworth, he replied: 'I am for letting none stand that are only relatively good, as they were written in youth. The buyer has no better bargain when he pays for mean performances by being told that the author wrote them when young.'³ He would not have been less rigorous in the choice of his own writings. The early verses which he had outgrown, as well as the occasional verses which were preserved by his friends, and the verses which he wrote in his later years to ease the tedium of sleeplessness, would have been left for others to garner. Perhaps in only one respect would he have lightened the task of his editors. He would have removed their doubts of the text to follow for the poems which he had selected.

Boswell intended to bring out a complete edition of the

¹ See p. 25.

² *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1791, p. 499; Boswell, *Life*, iv. 409.

³ Letter to John Ryland, 12 April 1777.

poems, as he stated in a note to the 'Chronological Catalogue of the Prose Works' prefixed to the third edition of the *Life*:

I do not here include his Poetical Works; for, excepting his Latin Translation of Pope's *Messiah*, his *London*, and his *Vanity of Human Wishes* imitated from Juvenal; his Prologue on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre by Mr. Garrick, and his *Irene*, a Tragedy, they are very numerous, and in general short; and I have promised a complete edition of them, in which I shall with the utmost care ascertain their authenticity, and illustrate them with notes and various readings.

This promise he had made in a note towards the end of the second edition of the *Life*, where he speaks of two English odes, written by Johnson at an early period, 'which will appear in my edition of his *Poems*'.¹ But the edition remained only a project. His growing ill health, his revision of the *Life*, and his concern with English politics and law precluded serious work on Johnson's poems.

His project shows how well aware he was of the shortcomings of the collected edition which had been published by George Kearsley, the bookseller, within a few weeks of Johnson's death, and the much more important edition included by Sir John Hawkins in 1787 in the eleventh volume of Johnson's *Works*. Most of Johnson's poems printed during his lifetime had appeared anonymously, some without his knowledge; and anonymous poems had been reprinted as his by editors of collections or magazines with whom he had no demonstrable connexion. Kearsley, who kept his eye on the market, had little time to give to textual problems or questions of authorship, and used what he found ready to hand. Hawkins added many new poems from Johnson's papers, but he accepted all that Kearsley had printed, and he took his duties too lightly. Subsequent editors were to fail to take Boswell's announcement as a warning. They followed Hawkins, and, though they made corrections and additions, were

¹ *Life*, ed. 1793, iii. 649; ed. 1934, iv. 375.

never systematic in revising his texts; and they did not examine if all the poems which they printed were by Johnson. In the present volume the attempt is at last made to provide such an edition as Boswell described, with the advantage of the manuscripts and the information which have become available since his day. He had intended to begin, as far as was possible, from the beginning.

II

Five of Johnson's poetical works were published by themselves—*London*, 1738; the Prologue inaugurating Garrick's managership of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747; *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749; *Irene*, 1749; and the Prologue written for a benefit performance of *Comus* in 1750. Other pieces were printed in periodicals, in miscellanies or works of joint authorship, or in his own prose works.

His first poem to be published, his Latin translation of Pope's *Messiah*, appeared in 1731 in an Oxford *Miscellany*, where it is said to be 'by Mr Johnson, a Commoner of Pembroke College'. No English poem of his was printed till 1738, when his *London*, though anonymous, began to make him known. During his active connexion with *The Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1738 to 1743, he contributed to it several short pieces, all likewise anonymous, and in 1747 he supplied a group of six pieces, the authorship of which has long been doubtful.¹ The Drury Lane Prologue of that year added to the reputation which he had gained by *London*, and in 1748 both were included—with new readings in *London*—in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*. When *The Vanity of Human Wishes* appeared in 1749, with his name for the first time on a title-page, his reputation as a poet was established. Dodsley reprinted it in the fourth volume of his *Collection* in 1755, and again the text contained new readings. The *Collection* was to run to six volumes, but nothing more by

¹ See pp. 116-19, 122-6.

Johnson has been identified. Mrs. Thrale recorded that he also wrote 'a Copy of Verses in Dodsley which he never would tell me, though he trusted me with secrets of far greater importance'.¹ But without any additional poem, Dodsley's revised reprints of *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* form with the unrevised Drury Lane Prologue the most important group of Johnson's poems issued during his lifetime. Other corrections that he made in *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* remained in manuscript at his death. In the edition of these two poems published at Oxford in 1759 under the title *Two Satires*, the texts were taken from Dodsley's *Collection*, and there is no evidence that Johnson was in any way concerned in this reprint.

Two short poems² were reprinted in 1763 in Fawkes and Woty's *Poetical Calendar*, the first 'supplement' to Dodsley's *Collection*. Johnson showed his interest in this publication by writing for its last volume his 'Account of William Collins'; but his interest may not have extended beyond the reprints of Collins's poems.³ The editors had searched the magazines for poems descriptive of the months of the year, and from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747, it seems, they took two winter pieces which happened to be by Johnson, though a new reading in one of them may be taken as evidence that at some stage he was consulted. They did not give the name of the author of either. They also included a few pieces which were afterwards wrongly ascribed to Johnson.

In 1766 Johnson helped through the press the *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* published for the benefit of his blind friend Anna Williams. As she had not herself written enough to make up a volume, he secured contributions from Percy, Mrs. Thrale, and others, and collected

¹ *Thraliana*, ii. 81; ed. 1941, p. 205.

² 'The Winter's Walk' and the ode beginning 'Stern winter now by spring repress'd': see pp. 123 and 124.

³ These reprints form the fullest collection of Collins's poems that had

yet been made. They are in the last two volumes. It is by no means improbable that Johnson had something to do with the attention paid by the editors to the poems of 'poor dear Collins'.

altogether some forty pieces. So as not to diminish her credit for the volume, he gave no names, though a general statement of indebtedness is made in the Advertisement, which he wrote for her. He took first place with his new poem *The Ant*, and included five pieces which he had already printed, not always in the same form, in periodicals.¹ His editorial control of this volume has set problems which neither Boswell nor Malone was able to solve with only the evidence of style to guide them. Passages undoubtedly in his manner occur in poems which cannot be given to him as a whole. He admitted that he had revised one of Miss Williams's pieces so thoroughly that little remained of the original.² This volume ranks second in importance among the publications of his lifetime containing a group of his poems.

The success of Dodsley's *Collection* continued to lead to imitations and continuations. Another 'Supplement', of unknown editorship, but sometimes wrongly assigned to Moses Mendez because of its misleading title-page, appeared in 1767 and contained two poems³ correctly said to be by Johnson. The *Collection* published by George Pearch in two volumes in 1768 included only one of Johnson's poems, the Prologue to *Comus*. But the enlarged edition of 1770 in four volumes attributed to him a group of twelve poems,⁴ among them three by Hawkesworth, and four of which the author is not known. In the editions of 1775 and 1783, which were edited by Isaac Reed,⁵ four of the twelve pieces were omitted for no obvious reason, and three of these were Johnson's.

¹ 'To Miss — On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk net-work Purse', 'An Epitaph on Claudy Phillips', 'An Ode on Friendship', 'A translation of the Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer', and 'To Miss — On her playing upon the Harpsichord'. See pp. 97, 111, 116-21. The last of these had been printed in *The Museum*, the others in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

² 'On the Death of Stephen Grey': see p. 378. For other poems in this volume ascribed to Johnson in whole or in part, see pp. 379, 392, 400.

³ 'The Winter's Walk' and 'Epitaph on Claudius Phillips'. See pp. 122 and 111.

⁴ See pp. 116-26, 388-91, 397.

⁵ See E. L. McAdam, 'Pearch's *Collection of Poems*', in *The Bodleian Library Record*, April 1940, p. 153.

With the edition of 1770 the false attribution of minor pieces became regular. If Johnson knew of it, he was indifferent.

Six poems—*London*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and four Prologues—are given in *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces* issued by Tom Davies in two volumes at the end of 1773, with a third volume a month or two later. Johnson knew nothing of this publication till it appeared, though it consists mainly of his writings, the first volume being composed entirely of them. The six poems, which are in the second volume, form a more substantial collection than any that had yet been made; but they are mere reprints, and have no textual interest.

Other publications before his death with reprints of more than one of his poems are *The Theatrical Bouquet*, 1778, with four Prologues, and *English Prologues and Epilogues*, 1779, with two. In *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1784, four poems are said to be his, two of them correctly.¹

III

These were the collections on which Kearsley could draw when Johnson's death, on 13 December 1784, made him decide on issuing an edition of the poems. He had shared in *Johnsoniana, or a Collection of Bon Mots, &c.* by Dr. Johnson, and Others in 1776, and had brought out by himself in 1781, likewise without permission, *The Beauties of Johnson*, a prose selection which kept on selling for several years; and now he lost no time in being ready with a *Life of Johnson* (anonymous, but by William Cooke), the preface to which is dated 28 December. On the last two pages of this book he gave a list of 'Poems of Dr Johnson's now printing in one volume, by G. Kearsley'. It was evidently intended to elicit further titles for the forthcoming collection. Two titles, both copied carelessly from Davies's *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, were

¹ The early verses 'On a Sprig of Myrtle', and 'On the Death of Dr. Levet': see pp. 92 and 199.

named in the Errata for deletion. But Kearsley was too easily content with the six new titles which he had secured before *The Poetical Works of Samuel Johnson*, now first collected was published on 15 February 1785. Someone had drawn his attention to three early pieces in *The Gentleman's Magazine* which had not been reprinted—'Stella in Mourning', 'To Lady Firebrace', and 'To Lyce'—and perhaps also to the verses 'On a sprig of Myrtle', and the translation of Pope's 'Messiah'; the late verses 'On the Death of Dr. Levet' he could have known for himself, for they were to be found in several magazines. Someone also had supplied notes for the preface, and a note on Lady Firebrace. In all probability this was John Nichols, who had entered on his control of *The Gentleman's Magazine* a few years previously. But Kearsley claimed too much for his volume when he said that it 'not only called out all my industry, but that of my friends'. Except for the above-named poems and *Irene*, he relied in the main on the collections of Dodsley, Pearch, and Davies. He included all the poems given to Johnson, rightly or wrongly, in Pearch's *Collection* of 1770. Of poems assembled in this manner, the texts could not be trustworthy. One point, however, he has to his credit as an editor. He had printed the translation of Pope's *Messiah* from the Oxford *Miscellany* of 1731; but a better text was printed in *The St. James's Chronicle* for 22 January 1785, and he cancelled three leaves in order to substitute it. His attractive little volume provided a useful collection to which others, and he himself, were to add. A pirated reprint, by Osborne and Griffin, was published in the same year.

In this year also new poems by Johnson began to appear. Boswell included in his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* the three Latin poems which Johnson had written or begun, as well as the Latin translation of Dryden's lines on Milton which he had in part recited, while they were on their travels; and he printed them from Johnson's manuscript or dictated copy, or Mrs. Thrale's transcript. By this time Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, was at work

on her *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, which appeared in March 1786. She had been careful in preserving the verses which Johnson had dictated or addressed to her, or thrown off on the spur of the moment when in her company; and these she copied into *Thraliana*. Johnson was himself responsible for this heterogeneous collection of anecdote, gossip, and intimate details. 'It is many years', she thus begins, 'since Doctor Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little Book, and write in it all the little Anecdotes which might come to my Knowledge, all the Observations I might make or hear, all the Verses never likely to be published, and in fine ev'ry thing which struck me at the time. Mr Thrale has now treated me with a Repository,—and provided it with the pompous title of *Thraliana*.' Johnson could not have foreseen much that it was to contain, but he did on one occasion say to her, 'so you have writ out my translation of the Dove in the *Thraliana*, I warrant'.¹ He was not perturbed that she was keeping verses which he would never publish. On her marriage to Piozzi she took this 'Repository' with her to Italy, and there she extracted from it the material for much of her *Anecdotes*. Except one couplet, omitted inadvertently,² she took from it all the verses of which she alone had copies. With the dispersal of her manuscripts in recent years and their acquisition by great libraries—notably the John Rylands Library and the Henry E. Huntington Library—more accurate versions than she printed are now available; but we owe to her the preservation of over twenty pieces. The value of this addition to Johnson's verse may be underestimated because many of the pieces are trivial. They show him in his lighter, happier mood, even in 'a fit of frolicsome gaiety',³ and nowhere is better illustrated what in the *Anecdotes* she called his 'almost Tuscan power of improvisation'; 'Baretti and

¹ See p. 184.

² See p. 173. The couplet is widely separated in *Thraliana* from the other pieces, and is now printed for the first

time among his poems.

³ *Thraliana*, iii. 205; ed. 1941, p. 451.

I', she says in *Thraliana*, 'were talking one day of the Art of Improvisation; Johnson, says he, can do it as well as any Italian of us all if he pleases'.¹ It was not in her nature to be a careful transcriber. The slight verbal differences between the versions in *Thraliana* and the *Anecdotes* are not to be explained by her absence in Italy while the book was going through the press. *Thraliana* often gives a better reading; and it sometimes states the occasion of the verses, and supplies names which had to be omitted in print.

Two of her later works contained further verses by Johnson. At the conclusion of her *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 1788, she printed one of his Latin poems² and the translation of the 'metres' in *The Consolation of Philosophy* which she had made at his instigation and with his assistance, and carefully distinguished his work from her own. In *British Synonymy*, 1794, she published the full text of the verses on Sir John Lade, following not the original manuscript but the transcript in *Thraliana*. She had given only one stanza in the *Anecdotes*.

Almost all the new poems in the *Tour to the Hebrides* and the *Anecdotes* were included by the next editor, Sir John Hawkins. As an executor he could make use of Johnson's papers, and he therefore determined on a full biography; but he also agreed to superintend for the booksellers the first comprehensive collection of Johnson's various writings. The edition appeared in 1787, the 'Life' forming the first volume, and the poems the second half of the eleventh and last. Hawkins began the division of the poems into two groups, English and Latin or Greek, and seems to have confined his attention to the former. He took over all the poems in Kearsley's edition, added to them from Miss Williams's *Miscellanies* and the *Anecdotes*, and printed three³ for the first time. The task

¹ *Anecdotes*, p. 165; *Thraliana*, ii. 89; ed. 1941, p. 209.

² See p. 162.

³ 'To Miss Hickman, playing on the Spinnet', the translation of Horace, Odes, iv, vii, and the wrongly entitled

'On seeing a Bust of Mrs Montague': see pp. 95, 231, and 189. He took the 'Epitaph on Phillips' from the *Miscellanies*, but printed *The Ant* from 'the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing'.

of collecting the thirty-nine minor poems—some of which are not Johnson's—he cannot have found exacting; and it is much to be regretted that while he had control of Johnson's papers he did not use them in a way to inspire confidence. He spent most care on *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. In these he introduced several new readings and notes, the sources of which were not stated; but most of them are now known to have been written by Johnson in the margins of early copies. Once or twice he restored a reading which Johnson had discarded.

The editor of the Latin poems—certainly of some, and probably of all—was Bennet Langton. 'Of the Latin pieces in the last of these volumes', says Hawkins, 'many were composed in those intervals of ease which during his last illness he at times experienced: others, and those the greater number, were the employment of his thoughts when, being retired to rest, the powers of sleep failed him. . . . The originals, as they were from time to time committed to writing, were by him delivered to Mr Langton, with directions to publish them; and it is to that gentleman that we owe the pleasure of perusing, in this form, these the most recent effusions of his genius, and latest evidences of his piety.' 'During his sleepless nights', says Boswell, 'he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the *Anthologia*. These translations, with some other poems by him in Latin, he gave to his friend Mr. Langton, who, having added a few notes, sold them to the booksellers for a small sum, to be given to some of Johnson's relations, which was accordingly done; and they are printed in the collection of his works.'¹ Johnson had long looked upon Langton as the friend who was most interested in his Latin compositions. In 1774 he had asked Langton to send him a copy of one of his Latin translations, the manuscript of which Mrs. Thrale had been obliged to surrender.² Langton was probably entrusted with the choice of the poems most worthy of preservation. But the plan of Hawkins's

¹ *Life*, ed. 1934, iv. 384.

² See p. 170.

edition required that all the Latin poems should be collected, whether printed or not, and Langton—who was a better scholar than Hawkins—may have been held responsible for this larger task. It was not performed methodically. The arrangement of the poems was haphazard, and the proof-reading was careless. Langton's work as an editor may have been finished when he handed his material to Hawkins, or the printer. He had added a few notes; and when a manuscript contained alternative readings, he had decided between them, and in one poem had recorded them.¹ If he ventured occasionally on an emendation, that liberty may have been within the terms of Johnson's directions. When his version differs from an earlier printed version, evidence is lacking that he had manuscript authority.² One of the few extant manuscripts which he used bears signs of having passed through the hands of the printers;³ and faults in the Latin are sometimes to be explained by the printer's difficulty with Johnson's writing.⁴ Langton seems as a rule not to have made transcripts.

Despite its many shortcomings, Hawkins's collection holds an outstanding place in the editorial history of Johnson's poems. A few additions were printed in the supplementary volume—'Vol. xiv'—issued in 1788;⁵ but Hawkins had provided what his successors, down to the Oxford edition of 1825, were to accept with scant scrutiny; and for many of the poems he, or Langton, remains our sole authority. Kearsley appropriated twenty-two of the English pieces for the 'considerably enlarged' edition of the *Poetical Works* which he published in 1789. When Johnson's poems were added in 1790 to a new edition of *The*

¹ As in the 'Verses upon Inckenneth', p. 168, and the translation of the Collect for Ash Wednesday, p. 197. The alternatives are recorded in the 'Prayer on losing the Power of Speech', p. 204.

² As in the translation of Pope's *Messiah*, p. 88, and the 'Ode upon the Isle of Skye', p. 165.

³ See p. 220.

⁴ As in 'Spes', l. 6, p. 204.

⁵ The Latin translation of Dryden's Epigram on Milton; the 'Ode on Friendship'; the Epilogue (Latin and English) to the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace; and the Latin translation of the Epitaph on Prince Madoc, of doubtful authorship. See pp. 86, 97, 187, 386.

Works of the English Poets, the series for which he had written the 'Prefaces Biographical and Critical' afterwards called *The Lives of the Poets*, the printer reproduced the English and Latin texts, and the notes, from the collection of 1787.

The next large contribution was made by Boswell in his *Life* in 1791. He printed from the original manuscripts seven schoolboy poems¹ and the epigram on Colley Cibber as Johnson had dictated it; and he added much information about the poems generally, some of it derived directly from Johnson. He was the first to recognize the problem of doubtful authorship, though he is not always to be trusted when he had to depend on internal evidence; and unfortunately his prejudice against Mrs. Thrale led him to cast too much doubt on what she had said. His texts, like hers, show signs of hasty transcription. His interest in the poems increased as new manuscripts were brought to his notice. In 1791 he had been content with a selection of Johnson's early pieces; the seven which he gave are now known to have been selected from a group of thirteen. By 1793 he had come to think of his complete edition. Of the value of the information which it would have contained there can be no question; but there is good reason to think that, unless he had enjoyed the assistance of Malone, it might not have been equally distinguished by the accuracy of its texts.

IV

Hawkins's edition was unfavourably reviewed by Arthur Murphy in four articles in *The Monthly Review*, and when Hawkins was dead the booksellers secured Murphy for their second edition, which was published in 1792 in twelve volumes. Hawkins's *Life* was abandoned, and its place was taken by Murphy's shorter and more readable if not so well-informed *Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson*. With it the poems formed the first volume. But if Murphy had any share in the new arrangement of 'Murphy's edition', as it is generally called for conveni-

¹ See p. 63.

ence, he displayed little interest in the poems beyond what he said of them in his *Essay*. They were reprinted from Hawkins's edition, mostly page for page, with the notes, and the mistakes. Three of the shorter English pieces were omitted,¹ and nothing was added. And nothing was added in the editions of 1796 and 1801. The first editor to incorporate poems from Boswell's *Life* was Robert Anderson in *The Poets of Great Britain*, 1795.

On Murphy's death Alexander Chalmers was called in by the booksellers for the edition of 1806, but his first serious work on the poems was done in the edition of 1816. By recording the more striking variants in *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and making use of Johnson's corrected copies of these poems, or more probably the transcript of the corrections which was made by James Boswell the younger,² he ranks as the first textual critic. Boswell supplied him with notes—some of them textual—on two poems³ not hitherto included, and it may be that the credit of all the textual work, small in bulk but good so far as it goes, rightly belongs to Malone's collaborator in the great Variorum edition of Shakespeare. In the edition of 1823 a few more poems were added, one of them being the verses on Sir John Lade.⁴ None of Chalmers's three editions can have added appreciably to the labours of his busy life; but he was a better editor than Murphy, and better than his immediate successor.

The obvious merits of the edition published at Oxford⁵

¹ Murphy thought that the lines on Mrs. Montagu were not by Johnson: see p. 189. The other two pieces were evidently omitted as being too trivial—'The tender infant', p. 157, and 'Wear the gown', p. 194.

² See pp. 5 and 27.

³ The translation from the *Medea* of Euripides, beginning 'The rites deriv'd from ancient days', and 'Friendship': see pp. 190 and 97.

⁴ Chalmers had added it to Johnson's poems in *The Works of the English Poets*, 1810, vol. xvi, but not in

the edition of 1816.

⁵ This edition was the first of the 'Oxford English Classics', a series which was not published by the Clarendon Press but was one of Pickering's ventures. The imprint is 'Oxford. Printed for William Pickering, London; and Talboys and Wheeler, Oxford.' To justify the name of the series, the prospectus announced that 'No Author will be published without the assistance of some Graduate Member of the University of Oxford'.

in 1825 are typographical. The claim made in the prospectus that it would be superior to preceding editions in beauty of execution may have been fulfilled, but not the other claim that it would be superior in correctness of text. It was printed from the edition of 1823. The anonymous editor was Francis Pearson Walesby, who a few years later was appointed Professor of Anglo-Saxon. The bulk of his work on the poems consisted of prefatory observations on the two Satires and *Irene*, but in the few notes which he supplied he included two poems in Boswell's *Life* which Chalmers had missed, and one of these—the Greek epitaph on Goldsmith—had nowhere been reprinted.¹ Other poems were still left ungathered. No editor had yet made so good use of the *Life* as Anderson in 1795, but his collection lay outside the main process of accumulation.

The year 1825 marks the end of the first period of editorial activity.² The standard editions had been provided which were to suffice for the nineteenth century. From time to time new verses and new details were to be published, as by Croker in his notes to Boswell's *Life* or by correspondents to *Notes and Queries*, but till the end of the century, and even later, the total contribution to the study of the poems was small and no new collection showed any advance. Birkbeck Hill might have edited them, had he been encouraged. In 1892, when forwarding to a friend a letter which he had received from America, he wrote: 'I have often thought of an edition of Johnson's poems which, as the writer suggests, should include all his minor verse, such as his translations of Latin and Greek verse in the Rambler etc. I fear however that in this country the sale would be very slight, whatever might be

¹ See p. 171. The other is the epigram on Colley Cibber (p. 114). It had been reprinted by Anderson.

² During this period the poems were published by themselves in 'Cooke's Edition', 1797; by Thomas

Park in 'Sharpe's Edition of the British Poets', 1805, Supplement, 1808 (combined 1811); and with a *Life* by F. W. Blagdon, 1806, 1820. None of these collections has any importance in the history of the text.

the case in America.' His notes on the poems in his edition of Boswell's *Life* are not his best, and he did better to turn to the *Johnsonian Miscellanies* and *The Lives of the Poets*. For many years now the most useful work on Johnson's poems has been done in educational editions of the *Satires* or in letters and articles in periodicals.

V

The manuscripts used by Hawkins, Langton, and Boswell disappeared,¹ and of the great majority nothing yet seems to be discoverable. But several have now come into the sale-room, and have passed to libraries or private collections—mainly in America—where they are no longer hidden; and some are of poems that have not hitherto been printed. Twenty-six manuscripts are known:

Translation of Horace, Odes II. xiv (p. 68).

Translation of Horace, Odes II. xx (p. 69).

Translation of Horace, Epode II (p. 71).

Translation of Addison's 'Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies' (p. 75).

Festina Lente (p. 77).

Upon the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (p. 78).

Mea nec Falernæ &c. (p. 85).

Adjecere bonæ &c. (p. 85).

To Miss Hickman playing on the Spinet (p. 95).

Epitaph on Hogarth (p. 153).

Psalmus 117 (p. 155).

Γνωθι σεαυτόν (p. 159).

Ode to Mrs Thrale (p. 167).

Charade (p. 178).

Waltoni Piscator Perfectus (p. 181).

Ad T.L. M.D. (p. 186).

A Short Song of Congratulation (p. 194).

¹ One manuscript was given to C. K. Sharpe by Langton's son, and another was shown to Croker by his grandson: see pp. 197 and 169. The

first draft of *Irene* was presented by Langton to George III; it is the only one of these twenty-six manuscripts that is in the British Museum.

On Mrs Thrale (p. 197).

A Summons to Dr Lawrence (p. 197).

Translation of the Collect for Ash Wednesday (p. 197).

Nugæ Anapæsticæ (p. 198).

Translation of the Greek Anthology 10. 30 (p. 220).

Septem Ætates (p. 226).

'Luce collustret mihi pectus almâ' (p. 227).

Translation of Horace, Odes iv. vii (p. 231).

First Draft of Irene (p. 336).

The unexpected emergence of some of these manuscripts in recent years gives reason for the hope that others will from time to time be added to the list.¹

At the same time, and in greater numbers, manuscripts not in Johnson's own hand have become accessible. Mrs. Thrale's transcripts, whether in *Thraliana* or by themselves, have almost the value of an original when they are her copies of what Johnson dictated to her. What Boswell took down from dictation appears to survive only in print. Other transcripts were made by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Miss Carter,² and by or for Henry Hervey,³ but, unlike Mrs. Thrale's, they are never the ultimate authority.

In addition to the five poems published by themselves and the translations of the mottoes in *The Rambler*, about thirty pieces—some of them only couplets—were printed during Johnson's lifetime. Most of them were contributed to *The Gentleman's Magazine* between 1738 and 1747. After 1755, the year in which he revised *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and completed the *Dictionary*, the only new poems that he could have seen in print were—as far as is known—*The Ant*, the Prologues to *The Good Natur'd*

¹ The manuscript of a poem 'To Delia', in four quatrains, unsigned, and inscribed 'To Mr. Humphrey, from the Author', was sold as by Johnson in the Hagen sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York, on 14 May 1918. It begins:

Thou whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes—

My Day declines in dark despair,
And Night hath lost her sweet
repose.

It was afterwards sold by the Brick Row Book Shop, New York. The editors have not succeeded in tracing it.

² See pp. 97 and 199.

³ See pp. 119-24.

Man and *A Word to the Wise*, the Epilogues to the *Carmen Seculare*, the translation of a short passage in the *Medea* of Euripides contributed to Burney's *History of Music*, and 'On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet'. Some of the earlier poems were to reappear with new readings in such collections as Duncombe's *Horace in English Verse*¹ and Anna Williams's *Miscellanies*. The circumstances in which the minor poems were printed did not make for textual accuracy; and in all his poems, as Boswell found,² he was prepared to make alterations. The corrections which he left for *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* show that he did not consider either of these poems to have reached its final form.

VI

The foregoing account will have shown that the task of an editor of Johnson's poems to-day is still as Boswell described it. He enters on a field which has never been properly worked, and he has to work it all anew. He need not be under any obligation to previous editors except in so far as they printed their texts from manuscripts now lost.

In addition to the translation of the mottoes in *The Rambler*, the present edition contains more than twenty pieces which have not hitherto been included in any collection of Johnson's poems, and several of them—notably the early poem 'On St Simon and St Jude'—are printed for the first time. Each poem is preceded by a list of all the known authorities for its text, whether holographs, transcripts, or publications. The attempt has been made to record every appearance of Johnson's poems in print during his lifetime. Many reprints were far from authoritative, but the lists sometimes yield unexpected evidence of the extent to which the poems were known.

Johnson's manuscripts have been followed whenever they were available, and likewise all published texts that he is known to have revised. For other poems a choice

See p. i

² See *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 138.

has had to be made of the text that seemed best, and, because of the various ways in which they have come down to us, not in accordance with any rigid principle. But all the variants have been recorded fully, except in spelling and punctuation. Some have no significance beyond showing how errors crept in and became for a while the usual reading.

The introductory notes state what is known about the occasion and composition of the poems, and explain the relation of the different versions. Together they form a collection of all the main facts in Johnson's career as a poet. They also deal with the problems of authorship. Sixteen pieces of which the authorship is doubtful, though most of them are probably not by Johnson, are printed together as an appendix; and another appendix gives a list of twenty-four pieces which at one time or another have been ascribed to him wrongly or with no good reason.

The arrangement is new. As in previous editions the first place is given to *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and the four prologues follow in a group; but the minor poems are arranged chronologically, by date of composition generally, and occasionally by date of publication. The old mechanical division between the English poems and the Latin or Greek poems has been abandoned. Latin was so much a living language to Johnson, so much a natural medium of expression in certain moods, that to treat his poems in that language as a mere exercise in ingenuity is to mistake their purpose and ignore their intimacy. When the English and Latin poems are read together in the order in which they were written they provide a picture of his mind as vivid as any that he left in prose.

L O N D O N

London was published on 13 May 1738. All that is known of the poem before this date is to be learned from four letters sent by Johnson to Cave, the proprietor and printer of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and included by Boswell in the *Life* (i. 120-3). About the end of March it was submitted to Cave for publication. Cave thought well of it, and was willing to print it, but suggested that Dodsley might publish it. 'I was to day', writes Johnson, 'with Mr. Dodsley, who declares very warmly in favour of the paper you sent him, which he desires to have a share in, it being, as he says, *a creditable thing to be concerned in*. I knew not what answer to make till I had consulted you, nor what to demand on the authour's part, but am very willing that, if you please, he should have a part in it, as he will undoubtedly be more diligent to disperse and promote it.' This, from the last of the four letters, was written on or before 6 April, as is shown by a note in another hand on the back. The poem was printed by Cave and published by Dodsley.

In another of the letters Johnson had offered to Cave to defray the expenses of printing on condition of receiving the profits, should there be any. But Dodsley proposed to buy the whole copyright, and bought it for ten guineas. 'I might perhaps have accepted of less', Johnson said long afterwards to Boswell, 'but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead'.

It was commonly believed during Johnson's lifetime that he had found difficulties in getting *London* published. Samuel Derrick spoke of them in his 'Fortune. A Rhapsody' (*A Collection of Original Poems*, 1755, p. 218):

Will no kind patron Johnson own?
Shall Johnson, friendless, range the town?
And ev'ry publisher refuse
The offspring of his happy Muse.

He added this footnote: 'Sam. Johnson, one of the most elegant writers of the age, Author of the New English Dictionary, at first could scarcely find a Bookseller, who would publish his fine imitation of Juvenal's third satire.' A similar statement was made in Cooke's *Life of Johnson* (1785, p. 10) and in Shaw's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson* (1785, pp. 31, 46); but the four letters printed by Boswell give it no support.

Johnson insisted that the passages in Juvenal's satire which he had followed most directly 'must be subjoined at the bottom of the page, part of the beauty of the performance (if any beauty be allowed it) consisting in adapting Juvenal's sentiments to modern facts and persons'. Herein he was following a common habit and in particular the example of Pope, who in the original editions of some of his Imitations of Horace had the

corresponding passages in the original printed on the left-hand page. It was during the decade in which *London* appeared that the art of poetic imitation reached its highest excellence. Reviewing its history, long after its greatest vogue had passed, Johnson wrote thus in his *Life of Pope*:

'This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarised by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakespeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement, for he has carried it further than any former poet.'

In writing *London*, Johnson was aware of entering into competition with Pope; and comparison was invited by the chance that Pope's *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight, a Dialogue something like Horace*, appeared on the same day. With Pope's example before him, he was able to excel the imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal which Oldham had written in 1682.

There is little in common between Oldham's and Johnson's poems, beyond the similarity unavoidable in imitations of the same original. The harsh cadence of a rugged line, which Oldham still believed proper to effective satire, had passed out of favour by Johnson's day. Oldham lacerates; Johnson's purpose is rather to affront. Again, what was pre-eminently a social satire expressing disgust with the inequalities, the follies, and the rottenness of city life, and exalting by contrast the conditions which are surmised to prevail in the country, becomes in Johnson's hands largely a political satire. His antipathy to Walpole's administration is given free scope in the allusions to excise, the abuse of pensions, the tyranny of the licensing laws, and the servitude of a thoughtless age,—allusions which anticipate not only some of the definitions in the *Dictionary*, but also the theme of two ironical pamphlets which he published in the following year, *Marmor Norfolciense* and *A Compleat Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage*. A good commentary on this political element is supplied by an article in *The Craftsman* published on the same day as *London*, and reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It begins with a reference to Juvenal, and deals with some of the same topics as the poem. *London* could be regarded by the 'patriots' as a political manifesto. The rapid and steady sale, which called for the second edition in a week and the third in two months, is not to be attributed solely to poetic merit.

None the less it is clear that Johnson had read Oldham's satire, and that phrases had dwelt in his memory. Boswell pointed out two coincidences:

... the Common-shore,
Where France does all her Filth and Ordure pour (*Oldham*),
The common shore of Paris and of Rome (l. 94);

and,

No Calling or Profession comes amiss,
A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please (*Oldham*),
All sciences a fasting *Monsieur* knows (l. 115).

These are not 'the only instances', as Boswell said, but they are the most striking. Oldham's English parallels to the Latin facts and persons are occasionally echoed by Johnson, and notably in this passage:

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,
Ere *London* knew so much of Villany:
Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburni* with few Pilgrims was content:
A less, and single Prison then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

So Oldham; and thus Johnson:

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply . . .
A single jail, in *Alfred's* golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain (l. 242).

Such similarities suggest unconscious recollection. The closest likeness happens to be to Dryden's translation. There we find—

All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.

Johnson, making freer play with Juvenal's 'in caelum jusseris', says—

All sciences a fasting *Monsieur* knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes (l. 116).

When Goldsmith included *London* in *The Beauties of English Poesy* (1767), he prefixed to it the following note:

'This poem of Mr. Johnson's is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language, being possessed of all the force and satirical resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the ancients than even translation could do.'

These words suggest that Goldsmith was thinking of more poems than Oldham's, and he may have had in mind two ventures to which the excellence of *London* should have been a deterrent,—Samuel Derrick's *The Third Satire of Juvenal, translated into English Verse* (1755), and Edward Burnaby Greene's *The Satires of Juvenal Paraphrastically Imitated, and adapted to the Times* (1763). His verdict still holds true. Johnson himself, however, came to think that his adaptations had not always been adequate. The passage on Orgilio's flaming palace, he admitted, was 'no picture of modern manners, though it might be true at Rome'. He too, like Pope, had no choice but to make the Frenchman represent the Greek of the classical satires. 'We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms', says Pope,

imitating Horace; and Johnson writes 'I cannot bear a French metropolis'. There were traces of French influence in the London of George II, as there may be now, but Voltaire did not mistake it for 'a French metropolis', nor did Johnson himself.

He had his own experience in mind when he said in his *Life of Pope* that 'between Roman images and English manners there will be an irreconcilable dissimilitude, and the work will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern'. This is truer of *London* than of Pope's Imitations of Horace, or of his own mature *Vanity of Human Wishes*. But the dissimilitude did not trouble his contemporaries, who were attracted by the force and point of the modern allusions. What struck Pope most in the poem was its promise. The unknown author, he said, 'will soon be déterré'.

Editions and Text

London: A Poem, In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal. . . London: Printed for R. Dodsley . . . MDCCLXXXVIII. Folio. Published 13 May

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London: A Poem, . . . The Second Edition . . . Printed for R. Dodsley . . . MDCCLXXXVIII. Folio, and octavo. Published about 20 May 1738.

London: A Poem, . . . Dublin: Reprinted by and for George Faulkner. MDCCLXXXVIII. Octavo.

London: A Poem, . . . The Third Edition . . . Printed for R. Dodsley . . . MDCCLXXXVIII. Folio. Published 15 July 1738.

London: A Poem, . . . The Fourth Edition . . . Printed for R. Dodsley . . . MDCCLXXXIX. Folio.

Dodsley, *Collection of Poems*, 1748, i. 101; second ed., 1748, i. 192; also 1751, '55, '58, '63, '65, '66, '70, '75, '82. (The basis of all texts to 1785, except 1750.)

London: A Poem, . . . The Fifth Edition. London: Printed by E. Cave at St. John's Gate, and sold by R. Dodsley in Pallmall, 1750. Price 1s. Where may be had, Price 1s *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, being the 10th Satire of Juvenal, imitated by the same Author. Quarto.

Two Satires. By Samuel Johnson, A.M. Oxford, 1759.

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan, 1761, ii. 116.

The Beauties of English Poetry, Selected by Oliver Goldsmith, 1767, i. 59.

A Select Collection of Poems, Edinburgh, 1768, 1772, i. 50.

Davies, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 300.

D. Junii Juvenalis et A. Persii Flacci Satirae, ed. Knox, 1784, p. 373.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 1.

Works, 1787, xi. 319.

Poetical Works, 1789, p. 1.

(Sixty-six lines, selected from different parts of the poem, were printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1738, p. 269.)

Three editions published during Johnson's lifetime have independent value,—the first; the second, which has two new readings (ll. 65, 198); and Dodsley's edition of 1748, which has three more (ll. 59, 122, 251). Emendations which Johnson left in manuscript, as well as others for which the authority is not known, were incorporated by Hawkins in 1787.

The 'fifth' edition issued in quarto in 1750 as a companion to *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is a reprint of the first edition and ignores Johnson's corrections. But on a copy of this inferior edition Johnson wrote notes and variants, forgetful of the changes that he had already made. This copy came to the hands of Hawkins, and was used by him for his text of 1787. In his *Life of Johnson* (p. 57) he says that 'the poem was finished, as appears by a manuscript note of the author in his own corrected copy, in 1738'. Boswell, apparently following him carelessly, says that Johnson 'has marked upon his corrected copy of the first edition of it, "Written in 1738"' (*Life*, i. 120). There would be little point in such an inscription on a copy dated 1738 on the title-page. Whether or not an annotated copy of any edition was ever seen by Boswell, the annotated copy of the fifth edition was certainly seen by James Boswell the younger, who transcribed the annotations into his copy of the 1789 edition of Johnson's poems, not earlier, as an inscription shows, than 1793. "These notes and various readings", he says, 'I have transcribed from Johnson's own handwriting on a copy of the 5th edition'. We can thus account for four of the new readings in Hawkins's text (ll. 5, 131, 218, 241), and five of its explanatory notes. But Johnson had written six. They are here set out consecutively; their matter and tone suggest that they were written many years after 1750:

- (54) The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of Parliament.
- (59) The licensing act was then lately made.
- (72) The paper which at that time contained apologies for the Court.
- (173) The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.
- (194) This was by Hitch a Bookseller justly remarked to be no picture of modern manners, though it might be true at Rome.
- (245) A cant term in the House of Commons for methods of raising money.

The fifth of these notes was first printed, from a 'MS note in Dr. Johnson's hand-writing', in the collected edition of 1816 by Alexander Chalmers, but it must have been supplied, as other notes then were, by the younger Boswell. On the sale of Boswell's books in 1825 his annotated volume passed to J. W. Croker, and is now owned by one of the present editors. The copy of the fifth edition with Johnson's notes has disappeared.

The text of 1748 is here followed because it embodies changes made on two revisions, but the new readings which Johnson subsequently left in manuscript are inserted, and his notes are added under the lines to which they refer. Typographical errors are corrected.

L O N D O N:

A

P O E M,

IN IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

----- *Quis ineptæ*

Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

JUV.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Doddefley, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

L O N D O N:

A POEM

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

*Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?*
Juv.

'THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,

JUV. SAT. III.

*a Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.* (Ver. 1-3.)

2. Hawkins identified Thales with Richard Savage, who left London for Swansea in July 1739. 'The event is antedated in the poem of "London"; but in every particular, except the difference of a year, what is there said of the departure of Thales must be understood of Savage, and looked upon as true history' (*Life*, 1787, p. 86; cf. p. 56). Boswell declared this conjecture to be groundless: 'I have been assured, that Johnson said he was not so much as acquainted with Savage when he wrote his *London*' (*Life*, i. 125 n.). Then Chalmers pointed out that Boswell had stated Johnson to be the author of the complimentary lines 'Ad Ricardum Savage' printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1738 (see p. 102). 'This surely implies previous acquaintance with Savage, for Dr. Johnson would not have praised a stranger in such terms; and gives a

very strong probability to Sir John Hawkins's conjecture. That Savage did not set out for Wales until the following year, is a matter of little consequence, as the intention of such a journey would justify the lines alluding to it' (*Works*, 1806, i. 145). These three statements cover all the ground of a long controversy: see *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1840, p. 612, and *Life*, i. 125.

Savage's retirement to Wales on an allowance to be raised by subscription was arranged after the loss of his pension by the death of Queen Caroline in November 1737; but he did not know for some time that he was to lose it. On 1 September 1738 he wrote thus to Thomas Birch: 'I take this opportunity of letting you know that I am struck out (and am the only person struck out) of the late Queen's List of Pensions' (*Lives of the Poets*, ed. Cun-

Resolved at length, from vice and LONDON far, 5
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.

^bFor who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand? 10
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay, 15
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

^cWhile THALES waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains, 20

- Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburra.

Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non

Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus

Tectorum assiduus, et mille pericula sævæ

Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas? (5-9.)

^c *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,*

Substitit ad veteres arcus.—(10, 11.)

Resolved at length [Johnson MS. correction, 1787 (Resolv'd)] Who now resolves 1738-85

ningham, 1854, ii. 420). Savage did not set out for Wales till July 1739. There seems to be no evidence that he thought of going there till many months after the publication of *London*. The Rev. John Hussey wrote the following note in his copy of Boswell's *Life*: 'Johnson told me that London was written *many years* before he was acquainted with Savage and that it was even *published before* he knew him—of which I informed Mr. Boswell—who did not think proper to believe me—Johnson also said that by Thales he did not mean any particular person.' Thales corresponds to Juvenal's Um-

bricius, who leaves for the country in disgust at the life in Rome.

9-14. These lines were taken by Boswell to show the prejudice of a 'true-born Englishman' against Ireland and Scotland. But Johnson is contrasting the simplicity of rural life in a poor country with the dangers and vices of the town.

16. Quoted in the first edition of the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'prowl', and modestly said to be 'Anon.'; omitted in the edition of 1773.

20. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, not quite accurately, s.v. 'dissipate'.

On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
 Struck with the seat that gave *Eliza birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew, 25
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
 Or English honour grew a standing jest. 30

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
^dSince worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days, 35
 Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less; 40
 While yet my steady steps no 'staff sustains,
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;

^d *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodie minor est, hec quam fuit, atque eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas;
 Dum nova canities ——— (21-6.)*

—— et pedibus me

Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo. (27-8.)

* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

21 banks] bank 1763-82

41 steady *edd.* 1-5: steddly 1748, 51, 55

21-4. Johnson was lodging at Greenwich when he wrote the poem. He visited it with Boswell on 30 July 1763, when Boswell read aloud these lines 'with enthusiasm'; no comment of Johnson's is recorded.

29. *excise*. Thus defined in the *Dictionary*: 'A hateful tax levied upon

commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.'

35. The rest of the poem is a speech by Thales.

41. 'Steady' is the spelling in the *Dictionary*.

Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play, 45
 Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
 Where once the harrass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
 †Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live. 50
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates* in the face of day;

† *Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istic*

Et Catulus: maneat qui nigrum in candida vertunt. (29-30.)

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of Parliament.

46 paintings] painting 1755-85

47. *Briton*. A reference to the Anglo-Saxon and Danish invasions: contrast 'Briton' in l. 119.

49. This line need not imply religious retirement. Johnson later told Boswell, 'I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend; but I find my vocation is rather to active life' (*Life*, v. 63).

50. The blanks cannot be filled satisfactorily. The line requires a monosyllable, but that is the only clue. Johnson may not have had any one person in mind.

51. *pensions*. 'An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling, for treason to his country' (*Dictionary*). When Johnson received his own pension, these definitions, and the 'distant hints and dark allusions' in this poem were turned to account by Wilkes in *The North Briton* (No. 12, 21 August 1762): 'It is a matter of astonishment that no notice has till now been taken of him by government for some of the most extraordinary productions, which

appeared with the name of *Samuel Johnson*; a name sacred to *George and Liberty*. No man, who has read only one poem of his, *London*, but must congratulate the good sense and discerning spirit of the minister [Bute], who bestows such a part of the public treasure on this distinguished friend of the public, of his master's family, and of the constitution of this country. The rewards are now most judiciously given to those who have supported, not to those who have all their lives written with bitterness, and harangued with virulence, against the government. With all due deference to the first minister's discernment, I rather think that Mr. Johnson (as merit of this kind must now be rewarded) might have been better provided for in another way: I mean at the board of *Excise*.' Horace Walpole's only note on any of Johnson's poems in his copy of Dodsley's *Collection*, ed. 2 (now in the British Museum), is on this line, — 'This would have suited Johnson himself latterly'.

54. *pirates*. Spain had at this time the legal right to regulate the traffic

With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, 55
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

¶ Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd* stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. 60

8 *Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver. —
Munera nunc edunt. — (31-6.)*

* The licensing act was then lately made.

58 farm] form 1748²

59 a licens'd] our silenc'd *edd.* 1-5,

with her American possessions, and the activity with which she enforced the search of English merchant vessels created a popular indignation which was steadily augmented after the affair of 'Jenkins's ear' in 1731 till in 1739 Walpole was forced against his will into a naval war with Spain. Cf. *The Craftsman* of 13 May 1738: 'I would only possess my Countrymen with Strength of Mind, not to be diverted from the Maintenance of the old Laws and Interests of *their Country*, by any arguments. For if we have received much Damage, and suffer'd more Disgrace, from the *Spaniards*; if many of our *poor Countrymen* are now living in a State of *Slavery* amongst them, more like *Beasts of Burthen* than *Christians*, or *human Creatures*; if We have been abused, insulted, and tortured by Them; if when a *Remedy* is humbly begg'd, which should be offer'd, it is still deny'd; to what Purpose shall a *distress'd Englishman* go and hear a *fine set Speech*? . . . If I should happen to be wrong in my Judgment, upon this Occasion, I have at least a Multitude of *wise and honest Men* on my side; which I deem more honourable than to receive 500 *L. per Ann.* to force and torture Rhetorick, in order to prove a longer Forbearance in the *Spanish Affair* beneficial to this Nation.' Cf. also Pope's *Epistle to August-*

tus, l. 2, and *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-Eight*, ll. 17, 18.

59. *warbling eunuchs*. A reference to the Italian opera, then at the height of its popularity.

a licens'd stage. The Act requiring all plays to be licensed before performance (10 George II, c. 28) had come into force on 24 June 1737. It ordered that 'no Person shall, for Hire, Gain, or Reward, act, perform, represent, or cause to be acted, performed, or represented any new Interlude, Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Play, Farce, or other Entertainment of the Stage, or any Part or Parts therein; or any new Act, Scene, or other Part added to any old Interlude, Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Play, Farce, or other Entertainment of the Stage, or any new Prologue or Epilogue, unless a true Copy thereof be sent to the Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household for the time being fourteen Days at least before the acting, representing, or performing thereof.' The Act—which still remains in force—was introduced to suppress satire on Walpole's government. The original editions of *Loridon* read 'our silenc'd stage'; but in 1748 Walpole was out of power, Garrick was joint patentee and manager of Drury Lane, and Johnson could no longer properly refer to the theatre as 'silenc'd'.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n, 65
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:

^bBut what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's Court he sing,
To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd wing; 70

A Statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;*
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

ⁱOthers with softer smiles, and subtler art, 75
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.

^h *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere. — (41-2.)*

ⁱ — *Ferre ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii: me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo. — (45-7.)*

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the Court.

65 a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n] the Plunder of a Land is giv'n *edd.*
1, 5, 1787 74 H——y's] Clodio's 1787

72. the *Gazetteer*, i.e. *The Daily Gazetteer*, the official newspaper of Walpole's ministry, founded in 1735. Cf. Johnson's *Complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage*, 1739, p. 28: 'I cannot but indulge myself a little by dwelling on this pleasing Scene, and imagining those *Halcyon-days* in which no Politicks shall be read but those of the *Gazetteer*, nor any Poetry but that of the Laureat.'

74. H——y's, i.e. Hervey's—John Lord Hervey (1696–1743), supporter of Walpole and confidant of the Queen, the 'Sporus' of Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, and the author of the *Memoirs*

of the Reign of George II. His brother 'Harry Hervey' was one of Johnson's early friends (*Life*, i. 106); see pp. 104, 109. Another brother, Thomas, was defended by Johnson in an unpublished pamphlet (*Life*, ii. 33). The authority for Hawkins's reading 'Clodio's jest' is not known. Possibly the change was made by Johnson late in life, when the particular allusion had lost its point; and the substitution of a name in better keeping with 'Thales', 'Orgilio', and 'Balbo' might have been the more readily induced by the memory of his relations with the Hervey family.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong, 80
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

^kFor what but social guilt the friend endears?
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
^lBut thou, should tempting villainy present 85
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay. 90

^mThe cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
 LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common shore of Paris and of Rome;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate, 95
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

^k *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius? —*
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest. — (49-54.)

^l *— Tanti tibi non sit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas. — (54-6.)

^m *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri. (58-9.)

81. Beggar *edd.* 2-4, 1748¹

94 shore] sewer 1758, 1763-82, 1787

81. *beggar*. The *Dictionary* gives 'beggar', but says 'it is more properly written *begger*'. Cf. l. 201.

86. *Marlborough*. 'That is no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough, and that it would have been continued without end if he could have continued his annual plunder' (*Life of Swift*, § 46, ed. Hill,

Villiers,—George Villiers (1628-87), second Duke of Buckingham, the 'Zimri' of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. Cf. Pope's *Of the Use of Riches*, 1732, ll. 299-314.

94. See introductory account for the corresponding passage in Oldham's satire. *Shore* is changed in Dodsley's *Collection*, 1758, to 'sewer'. In the *Dictionary* Johnson says that 'shore' is 'properly *sewer*', and 'sewer' is 'now corrupted to *shore*'.

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,

ⁿI cannot bear a French metropolis.

°Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey; 100

Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,

The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace,

But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,

Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;

Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away, 105

Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,

Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,

Their air, their dress, their politicks import; 110

°Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,

On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,

°They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, 115

And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

°Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,

I drew the breath of life in English air;

Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,

And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories; 120

ⁿ ——— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.* ——— (60-1.)

° *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.* (67-8.)

p *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus,* ——— (73-4.)

q *Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit
Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jusseris, ibit.* (77-8.)

r *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum
Hauzit Aventini?* (84-5.)

99. *Edward.* Edward III. victor at Crécy; Henry V. at Agincourt (l. 120).

108. *gibbet* . . . *wheel*, the English and French methods of the extreme penalty. The guillotine replaced the

wheel at the Revolution.

116. Cf. Dryden's translation, 'And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes'; see introductory account, and Boswell, *Life*, iii. 357.

If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

*Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes, 125
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
'These arts in vain our rugged natives try, }
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye, } 130
And get a kick for awkward flattery. }

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
"Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part; 135
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear, 140
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

*How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend? 145

s *Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?* (86-7.)

t *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis
Credetur.* (92-3.)

u *Natio comæda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.* (100-1.)

x *Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.* (104-7.)

122 flattery subdues . . . vain?] what their Armies lost, their Cringes gain?
edd. 1-5: flattery prevails 1787 vain. 1748 125 goes,] goes. *edd.* 3, 4,
1748 131 get *Johnson MS. correction*, 1787] gain 1738-85 awkward
edd. 3, 4, 1748, 1751-85 144 No paragraph division 1748, 1751-85

122. *subdues*. The authority for Haw-
kins's variant 'prevails' is not known.

129-31. The only instance of a trip-
let in Johnson's mature verse.

Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lye without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear 150
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart; 155
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

*By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues, 160
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways. 165
*Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

y Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timere. (113.)

z — Materiem præbet causasque jocosum

Omibus hic idem? si fœda et scissa lacerna, &c. (147-8.)

a Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. (152-3.)

158 No paragraph division edd. 1, 5
snarling] darling edd. 3, 4

160 pursues edd. 1, 2, 5
166 grief 1751-63

161

150. *Balbo*. There are no grounds for identifying this 'stammerer' with any one speaker.

151. *gropes*, used in the obsolete sense 'to touch with the hand, take hold of, grasp'. This line is quoted in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as the latest example of this use.

158-77. In this section of *London* Johnson most clearly voices his own feelings. He follows Juvenal's 'res

angusta domi', but he speaks from experience.

160. 'Persues', the spelling of the first, second, and fifth editions, is not sanctioned in the *Dictionary*, which gives 'pursue', though 'persue' is the spelling of Johnson's letters. Similarly 'harrass' (ll. 47, 166) and 'desart' (l. 173), though found in all the early editions, appear in the *Dictionary* in the modern spelling, like 'aukward'.

Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

^bHas heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor, 170
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore;
No secret island in the boundless main?

No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN? *
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more. 175

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
°SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd, 180
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll thro' the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r, 185

Aghast you start, and scarce with aking sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;

^dThen thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam, 190
For where can starving merit find a home?

^b ——— *Agmine facto*
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites. (162-3.)

^c *Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat*
Res angusta domi; sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus ———

————— *Omnia Romæ*
Cum pretio ———

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis. (164-89.)

^d ——— *Ultimus autem,*
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogamus
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit. (209-11.)

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

186. *aking*—changed in 1765 to 'aching'. The verb is historically 'ake', and the substantive 'ache', and for the assimilation of the two forms Johnson's *Dictionary* appears to be largely

responsible: see the *O.E.D.* But Johnson enters both spellings of the verb and gives the greater prominence to 'ake', though he says it is 'more grammatically written *ache*'.

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

^eShould heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,*
And spread his flaming palace on the ground, 195

Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,

And publick mournings pacify the skies;

The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,

How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

^fWith well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band 200

Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,

And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;

The price of boroughs and of souls restore,

And raise his treasures higher than before. 205

Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,

The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

^gOrgilio sees the golden pile aspire,

And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

^hCould'st thou resign the park and play content, 210

For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;

^e *Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres. ——— (212-13.)*

^f *— Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti. ——— (215-20.)*

^g *— Meliora ac plura reponi
Persicus orborum lautissimus. ——— (220-1.)*

^h *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic ———*

*Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis. (223-9.)*

* This was by Hitch a Bookseller justly remarked to be no picture of modern manners, though it might be true at Rome.

198 servile] venal *edd.* 1, 5, 1787

201 beggar'd *edd.* 1-5, 1748¹ (cf. l. 81)

194 note. Charles Hitch, bookseller in Paternoster-row, was one of the publishers of the *Dictionary*. He was Master of the Stationers' Company in

1758, and died in 1764. See Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 390.

203. dome, simply 'building'; cf. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 139.

There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand; 215
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
 And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
 There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings, 220
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
 On all thy hours security shall smile,
 And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

218 grounds *Johnson MS. correction, 1787*] beds 1738-85 223 thine] the
Dublin 1738: thy 1755-82

212. *elegant*. Johnson defines 'elegant' in the *Dictionary* as 'pleasing with minuter beauties', and in illustration gives this line—from memory: 'There may'st thou', &c.

215. *the dungeons of the Strand*. Hawkins thought that this reference was the result of Johnson's having lived in Exeter Street in March 1737 (*Life*, 1787, p. 57). But Johnson's 'seeming abhorrence' does not need this explanation.

216-23. Johnson's praise of the blessings of a country life should be read in connexion with a passage in his *Life of Savage* (1744, p. 145): 'As he was ready to entertain himself with future Pleasures, he had planned out a Scheme of Life for the Country, of which he had no Knowledge but from Pastorals and Songs. He imagined that he should be transported to Scenes of flow'ry Felicity, like those which one Poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual Round of innocent Pleasures, of which he suspected no Interruption from Pride, or Ignorance, or Brutality. With these Expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproach'd by a Friend for submitting

to live upon a Subscription, and advised rather by a resolute Exertion of his Abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the Happiness which was to be found in the Calm of a Cottage, or lose the Opportunity of listening, without Intermission, to the Melody of the Nightingale, which he believ'd was to be heard from every Bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important Part of the Happiness of a Country Life.' But this passage need not be taken as evidence for the identification of Thales with Savage. It is a satirical companion piece to the praises of the country in the poem, and at the end of the second act of *Irene*; and in neither the play nor the poem was he expressing his own feelings. With the country he associated disappointment and failure.

223. *thine evening*: altered in 1755 to 'thy evening'. But in the same year Johnson said in his *Dictionary* (A Grammar of the English Tongue—Of Pronouns), '*mine* and *thine* were formerly used before a vowel, as *mine amiable lady*; which though now disused in prose, might be still properly continued in poetry'.

¹Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home. 225

²Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

¹Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay, 230
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach. 235

^mIn vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest, 240
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

ⁿScarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye Senatorian band,
Whose Ways and Means* support the sinking land; 245

- *Possis ignavus haberi,*

Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si

Intestatus eas. ——— (272-4.)

Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,

Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum

Peleidæ. ——— (278-80.)

- *Sed, quamvis improbus annis,*

Atque mero fervens, cœvet hunc, quem coccina læna

Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,

Multum præterea flammæ, atque enea lampas. (282-5.)

^m *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliât te*

Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c. (302-3.)

ⁿ *Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne*

Vomer deficiat, ne marra et sarcula desint. (310-11.)

A cant term in the House of Commons for methods of raising money.

226, 230 *New paragraphs 1748², 175*
correction, 1787] plants 1738-85

241 leaves *Johnson MS.*

227. *brambles*: 'Taken, in popular
language, for any rough prickly plant'
(*Dictionary*); in modern usage, 'thorns'.

242. *Tyburn*: the place of execution
till 1783, near which now stands the
Marble Arch.

Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the k——g.

°A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd, 250
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

°Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land: 255

- ° *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Roman.* (312-14.)
P *His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:
Sed jumenta vocant.* ——— (315-16.)

247 k—g] king 1782, 1787 251 Held . . . sword] Sustain'd the Ballance,
but resign'd the Sword *edd.* 1-5: Held . . . but sheath'd the sword 1787: Held
. . . but dropp'd the sword *MS. note in Yale copy of 1763, A Classical Arrange-*
ment of Fugitive Pieces, v. 1796 253 ah] *ha Dublin 1738*

247. 'The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover' (Hawkins).

248. The legend of Alfred's 'golden reign' derives from William of Malmesbury's *Gesta Regum Anglorum*, ii. 122 (ed. Stubbs, 1887, i. 130): 'Siquis autem reus . . . transfugeret, omnes ex centuria et decima regis multam incurerent. Hoc commento pacem infudit provinciae; ut etiam per publicos aggeres, ubi semitæ in quadrivium finduntur, armillas aureas juberet suspendi, quæ vantium aviditatem riderent, dum non essent qui eas abriperent.' It was given currency by Spelman's *Life of Alfred*, ed. Hearne, 1709, p. 114.

251. *deep'd the sword.* Johnson's intention was to show Justice in her traditional posture, holding the sword with the point resting on the ground or pointing downwards; she suspended punishment, for which there was no

occasion in a golden age, but she did not give up her power to punish. The reading of the early editions—'resign'd the sword'—did not express this meaning; neither did the reading printed by Hawkins. Dodsley's 'deep'd' may be a misreading of 'drop'd', for Johnson's 'ro' and 'ee' are easily confused. 'Drop' in the sense of 'lower', as 'to drop the voice, the eyes', is familiar; it is also properly used in fencing. 'Deep' as a transitive verb is not recorded in the *O.E.D.* after the early sixteenth century, but the reading 'deep'd the sword' is found in no fewer than twenty issues of the poem between 1748 and 1789. If Johnson wrote 'dipp'd', the printer was not likely to mistake it for 'deep'd'. The objection to 'drop'd the sword' is that it would normally be taken to mean 'let fall the sword'. Cf. *Taxation no Tyranny*, § 10, 'dropping both the sword and balance from our hands'.

Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid, 260
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
 In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

9 ——— *Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
 Convelle a Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros. (318-22.)*

262 exert] forsake 1759

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

The Vanity of Human Wishes, the first work to bear Johnson's name on the title-page, was published in quarto on 9 January 1749. 'I wrote', said Johnson, 'the first seventy lines . . . in the course of one morning, in that small house beyond the church at Hampstead. The whole number was composed before I committed a single couplet to writing' (*Works*, 1787, xi, 212). The poem was in the hands of Dodsley by November 1748. The receipt for fifteen guineas was printed by Boswell from a copy given to him by James Dodsley in 1786, and is here printed from the original, now in the R. B. Adam Collection:

1, 25th 1748

I received of Mr Dodsley fifteen Guineas for which I assign to him the right of copy of an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal written by me; reserving to myself the right of printing one Edition.

Sam. Johnson.

The poem appears to have been printed by Cave, who in the following year printed the quarto edition of *London*. In his supplement to *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1748, published in January 1749, Cave quoted 110 lines of the poem, with the following note:

'On Jan. 9, was published, long wish'd, another *satire* from *Juvenal*, by the author of *London*; tho' it belongs not properly to this year, we cannot resist the pleasure of entertaining our readers with some passages from it on this *first* opportunity.'

Boswell corroborates Hawkins's statement that seventy lines of the poem were composed in one day; he says that he heard the statement from Johnson's own lips (*Life*, i, 192). In another passage he reports that Johnson said, when talking of the difficulty of making verses,

'I have generally had them in my mind, perhaps fifty at a time, walking up and down in my room; and then I have written them down, and often, from laziness, have written only half lines. I remember I wrote a hundred lines of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in a day' (ii, 15).

He also told Boswell that he had the satires of Juvenal 'all in his head' (i, 193). This habit of composition warns us of the danger of assigning *The Vanity of Human Wishes* to a definite date, and there are indications in the poem itself that it may not all have been written at the same time. The great passages are complete in themselves and lose nothing by being taken out of their setting. The thought of the vanities of life was never long absent from Johnson's mind. His schoolboy verses on 'The Young Author', which he revised for publication in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1743, are a first sketch for the finished picture of the ills that assail the life of the scholar. His Wolsey and Charles XII of Sweden, though suggested

by Juvenal's Sejanus and Hannibal, are independent studies of the vanity of political ambition and military prowess. From a letter written in June 1742 we learn that he was then engaged on a drama on 'Charles of Sweden'. But we must assign to the year 1748 the casting of the poem in its final form. The religious exhortation of the conclusion enforces the lesson of his prose tale *The Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe*, published in Dodsley's *Preceptor* in April 1748.

In *London* he had the corresponding passages in Juvenal printed at the foot of the page; here he was content to cite only the numbers of the verses. The difference indicates the greater maturity of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Imitation though it is, the freedom and the sincerity of the treatment make it an original poem. The difficulty of what he called, in his *Life of Pope*, the irreconcilable dissimilitude between Roman and English manners is overcome so successfully that the poems of Juvenal and Johnson have to be regarded, not as model and copy, but as companion studies of the same subject.

Only one separate edition of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* was published in Johnson's lifetime. After 1755 the poem was available in Dodsley's *Collection*, but the absence of any reprint during these six years is remarkable. There are no grounds for holding that the size of the edition was unusually large. *London* had gone into three editions in two months.

Garrick's comment on the poem may have expressed the view of many of his contemporaries when the poem appeared:

'When Johnson lived much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what was passing in life, he wrote his *London*, which is lively and easy. When he became more retired, he gave us his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, which is as hard as Greek. Had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew' (Boswell, *Life*, i. 194).

The contemporary allusions in *London*, and the direct bearing of the poem as a whole on the political and social conditions of the day, had contributed to its immediate success. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* appealed rather to the more deliberate public that could appreciate its stateliness in general description and the wisdom of its calmer mood. It did not serve any passing purpose, and to-day it has lost no part of its meaning. Now that time has blunted here and there the edge of the earlier satire, the superiority of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is no longer in doubt.

There had been many verse renderings of Juvenal's tenth satire before Johnson's poem, but of Johnson's debt to any of these, there can be no question. The only renderings of Juvenal to which he anywhere refers are Stapylton's, Holyday's, and Dryden's, and the imitation of the third satire by Oldham. Dryden's translation he knew well, but his knowledge of it is even less evident in *The Vanity of Human Wishes* than in *London*. 'The peculiarity of Juvenal', he said in his *Life of Dryden*, 'is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur'; and he pointed out where the translation by Dryden and his

associates was deficient. He was fully aware of the special quality of his own work when he proceeded to say, 'it is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated'. But he added,—'some passages excepted, which will never be excelled'. He must have had in mind Dryden's rendering of the opening lines of this satire, where he himself was not at his best:

Look round the Habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Editions and Text

The Vanity of Human Wishes. The Tenth Satire of Juvenal, Imitated By Samuel Johnson. London: Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, and Sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster Row. M.DCC.XLIX. Quarto. Published 9 January 1749. (Type facsimile, Oxford, 1927.) Dodsley, *Collection of Poems*, 1755, iv. 156. Also 1758, '63, '65, '66, '70, '75, '82.

Two Satires. By Samuel Johnson, A.M. Oxford, 1759.

A Select Collection of Poems, Edinburgh, 1768, i. 248; 1772, i. 246.

Davies, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 312.

The Lady's Poetical Magazine, 1781, ii. 266.

D. Junii Juvenalis et A. Persii Flacci Satirae, ed. Knox, 1784, p. 380.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 22.

Poetical Works, Osborne and Griffin, 1785, p. 20.

Works, 1787, xi. 331.

Poetical Works, 1789, p. 22.

The text of the original edition of 1749 and the revised text in Dodsley's *Collection* of 1755 are alone authoritative. All the others published during Johnson's lifetime derive from the latter, and are mere reprints in which he had no part.

Annotations in the younger James Boswell's copy of the edition of 1789 show that Johnson left a revised copy of the first edition of the poem—as of the fifth edition of *London*—with marginal corrections not incorporated in Dodsley's text. Boswell simply states that the text of 1789 is 'Compared with the 1st Edition'; but besides noting the original readings he records five manuscript corrections which Johnson never printed:

- (41. New) Corrected to now
- (167. 'scape) scaped altered to scapes
- (268. And yield) Diffuse cor MSS.
- (293. in) with cor MSS.
- (298. could) shall cor M.

These corrections were probably made shortly after 1749 in preparation

for a second edition which was not required. That they antedate the revision in 1755 is indicated by line 167, where *'scaped* is altered to *'scapes* because the rest of the passage is in the present tense; but as *vulgar* is generally plural, the edition of 1755 reads *'scape*. It seems unlikely that these corrections should have been made in reverse order, i.e. that Johnson having once improved the reading *'scaped* to *'scape*, should at some time after 1755 have made an inferior correction. The other four manuscript corrections he appears to have forgotten; but it is not impossible that all the five were made about the time when he revised the fifth edition of *London*.

Johnson revised the poem carefully for its inclusion in Dodsley's *Collection*, and made changes in over twenty lines. One of them is the substitution of *patron* for *garret* (l. 160), occasioned by Lord Chesterfield's treatment of him while compiling his *Dictionary* and made about the same time as he wrote his famous letter to Chesterfield. But there is no reason to think that Johnson saw the text once he had sent his corrections to the printer. He will not readily be credited with having sanctioned the omission of this couplet in the account of Wolsey (ll. 103, 4):

Turn'd by his Nod the Stream of Honour flows,
His Smile alone Security bestows.

It comes at the bottom of a page in the original edition, and must have been omitted by mistake. On the other hand, we may attribute to him the deletion of this couplet in the account of the dangers that wait on Beauty (after l. 330):

An envious Breast with certain Mischief glows,
And Slaves, the Maxim tells, are always Foes.

Not a good couplet in itself, it adds nothing to the force of the passage, and even checks the run of the sense.

Hawkins, who worked on Dodsley's text, restored the first of the two omitted couplets, and, whimsically, six of the readings of the first edition. He used the copy with Johnson's manuscript corrections, and introduced all the five of which we have record. But he also included three readings for which his authority is not known.

The version of 1755 is the basis of the present text. The first of the omitted couplets is restored, and the second is consigned to the footnotes. Johnson's corrections known to have been left in manuscript are incorporated. Typographical errors are corrected.

THE
VANITY
OF
HUMAN WISHES.
THE

Tenth Satire of *Juvenal*,

IMITATED

By *SAMUEL JOHNSON*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall,
and Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster Row.

M.DCC.XLIX.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

The TENTH SATIRE of *JUVENAL* Imitated.

^aLET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crouded life;

^a Ver. i-ii.

1, 2. In *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson*, 1785, by the Rev. William Shaw, a short series of 'brief strictures' begins thus (p. 51): 'Let observation survey the world, from China to Peru, and we must allow its *view to be extensive*, whether the poet tells us so or not.' Coleridge is reported to have said in the sixth of his *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, 5 December 1811, 'as much as to say "Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively"' (ed. J. Payne Collier, 1856, p. 42; cf. *Table Talk*, 21 April 1811, ed. 1835, ii. 354). Wordsworth made the same criticism in conversation, as Hazlitt tells us in *The Spirit of the Age*, 1825; and so did De Quincey in his essay on *Rhetoric*, 1828. Byron wrote in his *Diary* on 9 January 1821: 'I remember an observation of Sharpe's, (the *Conversationist*, as he was called in London, and a very clever man,) that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope . . . would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation—"Survey

mankind from China to Peru"' (ed. R. E. Prothero, 1904, v. 161). Byron may have heard this criticism in conversation, but Richard Sharp had made it in a letter of 4 February 1808 (*Letters and Essays*, 1834, p. 36). Even Tennyson, who admired Johnson's grave earnestness, asked why he did not say 'Let observation, with extended observation, observe extensively' (*Tennyson, a Memoir, by his son*, 1897, ii. 73). For a spirited defence of this couplet, see Saintsbury, *History of Criticism*, 1904, iii. 223.

China to Peru. Cf. Boileau, *Sat.* viii. 3, 'De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,' thus rendered by Oldham, 1682, 'Throughout the Globe from London to Japan'; Sir William Temple, *Of Poetry*, 1690, *ad fin.*, 'in all Nations from China to Peru'; Soame Jenyns, *Epistle to Lord Lovelace*, 1735, 'From frozen Lapland to Peru' (Dodsley, 1748, iii. 157, or 129); Thomas Warton, the elder, *Of the Universal Love of Pleasure*, 'All human Race, from China to Peru' (*Poems*, 1748, p. 16).

Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good; 10
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

^bBut scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
 Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crouds with crimes the records of mankind;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord;

^b *Ver.* 12-22.

8 Guide, 1749, 1755 10 Good, 1749, 1755 12 Voice, 1749,
 1755 21 observ'd the . . . Bold, 1749, 1755 24 Mankind, 1749, 1755
 32 Lord, 1749, 1755

15. *Fate wings*, &c., i.e. the afflictive
 dart is feathered with every wish, with
 each gift of nature, and with each
 grace of art.

22. *massacre of gold*, the destruction
 caused by wealth: 'sed plures nimia

congesta pecunia cura strangulat'
 (Juvenal).

31. Cf. Addison, *The Campaign*, l.
 192:

Refuse of swords, and gleanings of
 a fight.

Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traytor in the Tow'r,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35
 Tho' confiscation's vulturs hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches and his peace destroy; 40
 Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

^cYet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails, 4
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

^dOnce more, Democritus, arise on earth, 5
 With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth,
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;

^c Ver. 23-7.

^d 28-55.

34 wealthytraytor] bonny Traytor 1749 36 hover round] clang around 1749
 40 destroy, 1749, 1755 41 Now Johnson MS. correction, 1787] New 1749,
 1755 45 one] the 1749 51 motly 1755

34. *the wealthy traytor*. The change from 'the *bonny Traytor*' of the first edition removed the definitely Scottish allusion at a time when the Jacobite rising of 1745 was no longer fresh in memory. The Earl of Cromartie, the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Simon Fraser Lord Lovat were brought to the Tower of London for their part in the rising, and the first three were beheaded on Tower Hill on 18 August 1746, the last on 9 April 1747. 'Bonny' is said in the *Dictionary* to be 'a word now almost confined to

the Scottish dialect'. Cf. *Life*, i. 180.

36. *hover round*, substituted for 'clang around' because the vultures of the law need not be noisy. For 'clang' as applied to the shrill cries of birds, cf. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 831, 'The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang' (quoted in the *Dictionary*), and vii. 422.

46. *load the tainted gales*. In the *Dictionary* Johnson cites Thomson's *Autumn*, l. 364, 'the Spaniel struck Stiff by the tainted Gale'.

51. *motley*, so in the *Dictionary*.

Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd, 55
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause; 60
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty shew, 65
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
 Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on humankind; 70
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
 'Unnumber'd suppliants croud Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshiper no more; 80
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,

^e *Ver.* 56-107.

; dy'd; 1749, 1755

63 decry 1755 (corrected 1787)

78. *dogs*. This line is quoted from memory in the *Dictionary*,—'Hate dogs their rise, and insult mocks their fall'.

81. *the weekly scribbler*, in the political journals, which were generally

published once a week and were taking the place of the pamphlet as the normal organ of political propaganda. See *Johnson's England*, 1933, ii. 335-40.

And smoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85
 To better features yields the frame of gold;
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand: 100
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows:
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, 105
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110

92 zeal; 1749, 1755

103-4 omitted 1755, restored 1787

93. *remonstrance*, alluding to the Grand Remonstrance presented to Charles I, 1 December 1641.

97. *septennial ale*. This couplet is cited in the *Dictionary* as '*Anonym.*' Did Johnson prefer not to claim a quotation which lacked the moral weight of the others from his own writings? He cancelled it in the fourth edition (1773) of the *Dictionary*. Parliaments were septennial from 1716 (1 Geo. 1, Stat. 2, Cap. 38) to the Parliament Act of 1910.

99-120. If Johnson's Wolsey is indebted to any one work more than another, it is *Henry VIII*. A description so condensed and generalized of a theme so well known cannot have a 'source', but some of the details suggest recollection of the Shakespearian play.

103-4. There is no obvious reason why Johnson should have condemned this couplet. Its omission in 1755 may be ascribed to Dodsley's printer. See the introductory account.

Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120
 Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate, 125
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
^fWhat gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,

^f *Ver.* 108-13.

113 At once is lost] Now drops at once 1749, 1787 124 The wisest
 justice] The richest Landlord 1749 125 near the steeps] by the Steps 1749

113. *At once is lost*, substituted to avoid the domestic image of 'Now drops . . . the plate', though Johnson meant vessels of silver, and because of other nouns in this sentence. Hawkins missed the purpose of the alteration.

124. *the wisest justice*. The original reading, 'the richest Landlord', drew the contrast between wealth accompanied with thirst for power and wealth enjoyed with safer pride on one's own estates in the country. The new reading contrasts the thirst for power and the unselfish exercise of power for the benefit of one's fellow men. In mentioning the Trent Johnson was thinking of Lichfield.

125. *near the steeps of fate*. This re-

places 'by the Steps of Fate', a difficult phrase which must be taken to mean 'by fated degrees'. But 'near the steeps of fate' is not convincing, and it alters the meaning. 'The context seems to require a reference to Fate as the impelling agent; and this is absent from Dodsley's reading, which in itself seems intelligible enough, though the expression even here is a little strained' (the late Henry Bradley, private letter). We can only conjecture whether Johnson was content to substitute a simpler expression which conveyed a less appropriate idea, or whether the alteration was due to Dodsley or his printer.

129. *Villiers*—George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, father of the 'Villiers' in *London*, l. 86.

And fixed disease on Harley's closing life? 130
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
 When first the college rolls receive his name, 135
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Burns from the strong contagion of the gown;

§ Ver. 114-32.

137 Through all his veins] Resistless burns 1749, 1787 138 Burns
 Johnson MS. correction given to Boswell] Caught 1749, 1787: Spreads 1755

130. *Harley*—Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, leader of the Tory party under Queen Anne; but his bad health for some years before his death in 1724 was not the immediate result of his exercise of power nor of his fall in 1714 and the unsuccessful attempt at his impeachment. In his retirement he continued to collect his great library.

131. *Wentworth*—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, impeached and executed 1641.

Hyde—Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, banished 1667. He spent the last seven years of his life in France. His daughter Anne married the Duke of York, afterwards James II, in 1660, and was mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne; hence 'to kings ally'd'. 'By kings protected' refers to Wentworth.

135-64. In the description of the lot of the scholar Johnson draws upon his own experience. Mrs. Piozzi describes how he was affected by it when reading the poem to the domestic circle at Streatham: 'When Dr. Johnson read his own satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he burst into a passion of

tears one day: the family and Mr. Scott only were present, who, in a jocose way, clapped him on the back, and said, What's all this, my dear Sir? Why you, and I, and *Hercules*, you know, were all troubled with *melancholy*. . . . The Doctor was so delighted at his odd sally, that he suddenly embraced him, and the subject was immediately changed' (*Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 50).

138. *Burns from the strong contagion*. Boswell pointed out to Johnson that 'spread' in the next line recurs too soon after 'Spreads from the strong contagion', the reading in the revised text of 1755, and was told to change 'Spreads' to 'Burns'. 'For perfect authenticity', he says, 'I now had it done with his own hand. I thought this alteration not only cured the fault, but was more poetical, as it might carry an allusion to the shirt by which Hercules was inflamed' (*Life*, iii. 357). He adds in a footnote that he deposited the slip of paper in the Bodleian library, but the slip has long been lost. 'Burns' is a reversion to the reading of the first edition. Cf. Boswell's *Journal*, 1779, *Private Papers*, xiii. 213.

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And* Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain; 150
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

140 Note added 1755
 shed their 1749

150 Sloth effuse her opiate] Sloth's bland Opiates

139. *Bodley's dome*. In the *Dictionary* the first definition of 'dome' is 'a building, a house, a fabrick'; cf. *London*, l. 203. The line means 'his future writings spread throughout the Bodleian Library', and does not allude to the dome of the Radcliffe Library, now called the Radcliffe Camera, which was not opened till 13 April 1749, and did not become a part of the Bodleian Library till 1860.

140. *Bacon's mansion*. The reputed 'mansion' of Roger Bacon was the gatehouse at the northern end of Grandpont, or Folly Bridge, the bridge over the Thames to the south of Oxford and near Pembroke College. It was taken down in 1779. See *Notes and Queries*, 20 August 1910 (XI. ii. 158). A view of Bacon's study by M. A. Rooker is the illustration in the *Oxford Almanack* for 1780; it is

reproduced in *The Oxford Historical Pageant*, 1907, along with another from a drawing in the Bodleian Library. The footnote in Dodsley's *Collection* may not have been supplied by Johnson.

145-6. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 211-12:

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

148. This line is quoted in the *Dictionary* under 'relax'.

149. *refrain*, a rare sense not given in the *Dictionary*.

155-6. Quoted in Boswell's *Hesitations*, 11 September 1773. Boswell records his talk with Johnson on 23 September 1777 about 'misery being "the doom of man" in this life', *Life*, iii. 198, *Note-Book*, p. 22.

Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows, 165
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;

158 letters,] Learning 1749: learning, 1787
 165 last] lost 1749 bestows The 1749, 1755
 1789, 1825

160 patron] Garret 1749
 166 foes] woes 1758-85,

158. 'Learning' may have been replaced by 'letters' in order to avoid the possible misreading 'learning to be wise'.

160. *the patron*, replacing 'the Garret'. 'After experiencing', says Boswell, 'the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield's fallacious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *garret* from the sad group' (*Life*, i. 264). The letter to Chesterfield was written on 7 February 1755, and the revised version of the poem appeared about the middle of March. In the *Dictionary*, published 15 April, 'Patron' is said to be 'commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery'.

161, 2. This couplet is quoted in the *Dictionary* under 'just'.

162. *the tardy bust*. Johnson had in mind the bust of Milton which was placed in Westminster Abbey in 1737 by William Benson; see the Prologue to *Comus*, ll. 21-4, and introductory note (p. 55), and cf. *The Dunciad*, iii. 325. But his words have a wider application. The monument to Butler erected in the Abbey in 1721 had induced Samuel Wesley's epigram:

While Butler, needy Wretch! was yet alive,
 No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give:
 See him, when starv'd to Death and turn'd to Dust,
 Presented with a Monumental Bust!
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown.
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

(*Poems*, 1736, p. 62.)

The monument to Dryden in the Abbey was erected in 1720, and the monument to Shakespeare in 1741.

164. *Lydiat* — Thomas Lydiat (1572-1646), mathematician and Biblical scholar; fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Alkerton, Oxfordshire. His works on chronology gave him a European reputation. He was ranked by his contemporaries with Bacon, but he lived and died in poverty. He was not well known when Johnson chose him as the representative of impecunious learning; a short account of him, in illustration of Johnson's allusion, was inserted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, Supplement, p. 598.

See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent; 170
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
^hThe festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world; 180
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game, 185
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;

^h Ver. 133-46.

167 'scape] 'scap'd 1749: 'scapes Johnson MS. correction, 1787
 tent The 1749, 1755 174 sleep] weep Osborne 1785

169 con-

167. 'scape. Chalmers has this note: 'This was first written "See, where the vulgar 'scaped"; but, as the rest of the paragraph was in the present tense, he altered it to 'scapes; but again recollecting that the word *vulgar* is never used as a singular substantive, he adopted the reading of the text [i.e. 'scape]'. See the introductory account.

169. *content*, i.e. content the persecutor, who exacts smaller penalties from meaner minds.

In this passage, and in it alone, Johnson shows his political opinions. It was not 'fatal learning' which led

Archbishop Laud to the block in 1645. The passage was attacked with Whig prejudice by Macaulay in his article on Johnson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1856.

175. *festal*. Johnson forgot to include this word in the *Dictionary*.

177. *gazette's*, commonly accented on the first syllable in the eighteenth century, and so marked in the *Dictionary*.

183. *This pow'r has praise*, i.e. praise has this power, and virtue of itself can hardly arouse this power, without the allurements of fame.

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190

ⁱOn what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign; 200
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
'On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state, 205
And nations on his eye suspended wait;

i Ver. 147-67.

191 Pride? 1749 195 fear,] Force, 1749 fear 1755 199 pow'rs
1787 204 be] is 1749

191-222. The account of Charles XII of Sweden is commonly considered the greatest passage of the poem. Johnson had long been interested in Charles and had thought of writing a play about him; in a letter of 10 June 1742 he says, 'I propose to get Charles of Sweden ready for this winter'.

Voltaire's *Histoire de Charles XII* had been published in 1732 and was well known in England; a translation appeared at once, and was published as a serial in *Read's Weekly Journal* from 29 April 1732.

195. *fear*. 'Force' in the first edition was a misreading of Johnson's handwriting; his *e* and *o* are often indistinguishable, and his *a* is commonly left open. The couplet (with 'fear') is given in the *Dictionary* under 'lord'.

200. *one capitulate*—Frederick IV of Denmark, defeated in the campaign ended by the peace of Traventhal, 1700.

one resign—Augustus II of Poland, deposed 1704, and succeeded by Stanislas I, who was chosen by Charles.

202. Cf. Lucan, *Phars.* ii. 657: 'Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum',—said of Cæsar.

203. *Gothic*, i.e. Swedish, though commonly used in Johnson's time in the sense of Teutonic.

204. *be*, substituted for 'is' because of 'remain' in l. 202. Syntax again is the reason for the inferior 'not . . . and' instead of 'nor . . . nor' in l. 209, where the rhyme could not allow 'delays'.

205. Quoted in the *Dictionary* under 'march', but omitted in ed. 4.

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day: 210
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend? 215
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; 220
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
 *All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.

k Ver. 168-87.

208 realm 1758-82, 1825

209 not . . . and] nor . . . nor 1749, 1787

210 ff. After his crushing defeat by Peter the Great at Pultowa, or Poltava, in 1709, Charles fled to Bender in Turkish territory, and remained there till 1714. He fell at the attack on Frederikshald in Norway in 1718.

214. *While ladies interpose.* Johnson was probably thinking of the part played by Catherine, the empress of Peter the Great, in July 1711, when, to Charles's indignation, the Russian army was enabled to escape from certain defeat at the Pruth. One of the conditions of the treaty was that Peter should not oppose Charles's return to Sweden.

220. *a dubious hand.* Voltaire states that Charles was killed by a cannon-ball and denies that he was shot by his aide-de-camp, Siker. On Voltaire's statement that 'ce brave officier fut

longtems désespéré de cette calomnie', Nordberg, the Swedish biographer of Charles, has this note: 'Siker y donna lieu lui-même; car étant tombé à Stockholm en 1722 dans une violente Maladie, qui lui avoit troublé la tête, il disoit aux Médecins, aux Chirurgiens, et à ceux qui le gardoient, que c'étoit lui qui avoit fait ce fatal coup. Il ouvroit même ses fenêtres et le crioit au peuple qui passoit dans les rues' (*Histoire de Charles XII* . . . traduite du Suédois de Monsieur J. A. Nordberg, 1749, iii. 359).

223-54. Johnson has depicted Wolsey in place of Juvenal's Sejanus and Charles XII in place of Hannibal. He now retains Juvenal's Xerxes, but reinforces the lesson by adding the contemporary example of 'the bold Bavarian'.

In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride, 225
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more; 230
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host. 240
 The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms, 245
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;

235-6 Greek derides . . . heaps 1759

242 Cæsarean 1785

232. *The waves he lashes, &c.*, a variation of what Juvenal had said, thus rendered by Dryden:

Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave.

Boswell preferred Johnson's alteration; see *Life*, ii. 227.

239-40. *Th' incumber'd oar, &c.* Mrs. Rose—the daughter-in-law of Johnson's friend Dr. Rose of Chiswick—told Croker that this was Johnson's favourite couplet: 'Mrs. Piozzi related to me that when Dr. Johnson one day observed that poets in general preferred some one couplet they had written to any other, she replied, that she did not suppose he had a favourite; he told her she was mistaken—he

thought his best lines were "The incumber'd oar"', &c. (*Life*, ed. Croker, 1831, v. 414).

241-54. Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, asserted his claim to the imperial crown on the death of Charles VI in 1740, and after overrunning the 'defenceless realms' of Upper Austria and Bohemia, was crowned as Charles VII in 1742; but he became a puppet in the hands of his allies and died discredited in 1745. Johnson's prose account of the war of the Austrian succession and of the part played in it by Maria Theresa, 'fair Austria', will be found in his 'Memoirs of Frederick III, King of Prussia' published in *The Literary Magazine*, 1756.

From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage croud the war; 250
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
¹Enlarge my life with multitude of days, 255
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy: 260
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines, 265
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds alas would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near; 270
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates croud his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

¹ *Ver.* 188-288.

250 And] With 1787 268 Diffuse *Johnson MS. correction, 1787*] And
 yield 1749, 1755 270 witness'd] witness 1758-82 271 pow'rs]
 pow'r 1759, 1785

249. *Hussar*, used in Johnson's time only in the strict sense of a 'Hungarian light-horseman'.

250. Hawkins's authority for *with* is not known.

255 ff. These lines on old age may be compared with what Johnson said

about the same time in *The Rambler*, Nos. 41, 50, and 69.

271. *attend*, attend to, regard. This older use is illustrated in the *Dictionary* by *The Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 103: 'The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark When neither is attended.'

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest, 275
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence, 280
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains, 285
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
 He turns, with anxious heart and cripled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest Innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears, 295
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings: 300

283 his joints] each Joint 1749 293 with Johnson MS. correction, 1787]
 in 1749, 1755 298 shall Johnson MS. correction, 1787] could 1749, 1755

281. *improve*, increase, augment,—
 a use not recorded in the *Dictionary*.

291–8. Johnson is said by Mrs.
 Piozzi to have had his mother in mind
 when writing this passage: 'So excel-
 lent was her character, and so blame-
 less her life, that when an oppressive
 neighbour once endeavoured to take
 from her a little field she possessed, he
 could persuade no attorney to under-
 take the cause against a woman so be-
 loved in her narrow circle: and it is
 this incident he alludes to in the line of

his Vanity of Human Wishes, calling
 her

The general favourite as the general
 friend.

Nor could any one pay more willing
 homage to such a character, though
 she had not been related to him, than
 did Dr. Johnson on every occasion
 that offered: his disquisition on Pope's
 epitaph placed over Mrs. Corbet is a
 proof of that preference always given
 by him to a noiseless life over a bus-
 tling one.' (*Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 8.)

New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

"The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face: 320
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;

m *Ver.* 289-345.

316 wise! 1792

304. This line is quoted in the *Dictionary* under 'lacerate', with 'Here' for 'Now'.

308. *Superfluous... stage*. With these words Scott concludes the farewell note at the end of *Castle Dangerous*, and they were the last that he wrote for the press: see Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, end of chap. xx. Scott declared that 'he had more pleasure in reading *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* than any other poetical composition he could mention' (ib.).

313. *Lydia's monarch*, Croesus. See Herodotus, i. 30-3.

317. Marlborough suffered two paralytic strokes in 1716 and died in 1722. Swift's closing years are described with some minuteness in the *Life of Swift*.

321. *Vane*. In a note in the fifth edition of Boswell's *Life*, 1807, i. 172, Malone says that this line has been generally misunderstood: 'The lady mentioned... was not the celebrated Lady Vane, whose memoirs were given to the publick by Dr. Smollett [*Peregrine Pickle*, ch. lxxxi], but Anne Vane, who was mistress to Frederick Prince of Wales, and died in 1736, not long before Johnson settled in London. Some account of this lady was published, under the title of *The Secret History of Vanella*, 8vo. 1732. See also *Vanella in the Straw*, 4to. 1732.' For evidence of the misunderstanding see *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1788, pp. 368, 461, and 1789, p. 403.

Anne Vane (1705-36) was the

And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom Joys with soft varieties invite, 325
 By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave? 330
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign, 335
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In croud at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.

330 *After this line 1749 has:*

An envious Breast with certain Mischief glows,
 And Slaves, the Maxim tells, are always Foes.

daughter of Gilbert Vane, second Lord Barnard. After her death her notoriety was challenged by her distant connexion Frances Anne, Lady Vane (1713-88), wife of the second Viscount Vane. Though the latter was better known in 1749, it is as certain that Johnson would not thus have referred to one who was still living as it is improbable that at that time she was disposed to moralize on the ills that spring from beauty.

322. *Sedley*. Catherine Sedley (1657-1717), only child of Sir Charles Sedley, was mistress of the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and was created by him Countess of Dorchester in 1686. Her father's resentment made him a supporter of the Revolution. 'I am even with King James in point of civility', he is reported to have said, 'for as he made my daughter a countess, so I have helped to make his daughter

a queen', referring to Mary, the wife of William III.

Lord Hailes told Johnson that 'he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones', and for 'Vane' proposed 'Shore' (i.e. Jane Shore) and for 'Sedley' proposed 'Vallière' (i.e. Mlle de la Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV). See Boswell's *Hebrides*, 17 August 1773. Anna Seward said that 'not even Dr. Johnson himself' could tell her who was meant by Sedley. 'I knew at the time I wrote the poem', she reports him to have said shortly before his death, 'but the history has now escaped my recollection'. This was only a weary reply to a tiresome questioner. See *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1800, pp. 5, 131.

330. On the omission of the couplet which came after this line in the first edition, see the introductory account.

The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride. 340
Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

ⁿWhere then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain. 350
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar

ⁿ Ver. 346-66.

340 By . . . by] To . . . to 1787 341 Now] Here 1749, 1787 346
Roll . . . torrent] Swim . . . Current 1749 348 attempt] invoke 1787
352-4 choice, . . . pray'r.] Choice. . . Pray'r. 1749, 1755: choice. . . pray'r,
1782.

340. By . . . by. The authority for the change to 'To . . . to' in Hawkins's edition is not known.

343-68. Johnson's earnest religion transforms the Stoic conclusion of Juvenal's satire. In *The Idler*, No. 41, which was written at the time of his mother's death, he speaks of the insufficiency of Stoic virtue: 'The Precepts of *Epicurus*, who teaches us to endure what the Laws of the Universe make necessary, may silence but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and

the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give Patience.' Cf. *The Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe* published in Dodsley's *Preceptor* in April 1748, and *The Rambler* No. 32 (7 July 1750). Boswell says that 'were all the other excellencies of this poem annihilated, it must ever have our grateful reverence from its noble conclusion'. Macaulay, on the other hand, thought that Johnson here 'has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his Pagan model'.

346. *darkling*, said in the *Dictionary* erroneously to be 'a participle, as it seems, from *darkle*, which yet I have never found'. Strictly an adverb meaning 'in the dark', as in Shakespeare and Milton, it came to be used as an adjective in eighteenth-century poetry.

348. *attempt*. Hawkins's authority for 'invoke' is not known.

The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; 360
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain, 365
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

357 when . . . fires] with . . . prest 1749
 When . . . fills thy glowing Breast

358 And . . . to the skies aspires]
 364 Counts] Thinks 1749

362. This line is quoted in the first three editions of the *Dictionary* under 'transmute', but not in the fourth.

364. *kind Nature's signal of retreat*. It was not always thus that Johnson looked on death: see in particular Boswell's *Life*, ii. 106.

368. Cf. the lines contributed by Johnson to the conclusion of Goldsmith's *Traveller* (p. 380), and *The Life of Savage*, 1744, § 167: 'It were doubtless to be wished. . . that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained.'

The characteristic ending of Johnson's poem is far removed from Juvenal's closing lines:

Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia,
 nos te,
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque
 locamus.

They are thus rendered by Dryden:
 Fortune was never worshipp'd by the
 Wise;

But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

Johnson appears to have been more familiar with the other reading 'Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia': see Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, p. 218, and Boswell, *Life*, iv. 180.

PROLOGUES

THE DRURY-LANE PROLOGUE

Prologue and Epilogue, spoken at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane 1747. London: Printed by E. Cave at St. John's Gate; sold by M. Cooper in Pater-Noster-Row, and R. Dodsley Pall-mall. (Facsimile, New York, 1902). M,DCC,XLVII. (Price 6d.) 4°.

Prologue . . . Drury-Lane 1747. London: Printed by W. Webb, near St. Paul's. 4°. (Pirated edition: type-facsimile, Oxford, 1924.)

The Gentleman's Magazine, October 1747, p. 490.

Dodsley, *Collection of Poems*, 1748, iii. 150; ed. 2, 1748, i. 206; also 1751, '55, '58, '63, '65, '66, '70, '75, '82.

A Select Collection of Poems, Edinburgh, 1768, 1770, i. 62.

Davies, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 291.

The Gentleman and Lady's Weekly Magazine, Edinburgh, 1774, p. 2.

The Theatrical Bouquet, 1778, 1780, p. 300.

A Collection and Selection of English Prologues and Epilogues, 1779, iii. 120.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 173.

Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 196.

Works, 1787, xi. 344.

The Prologue was written to inaugurate Garrick's managership of Drury-Lane on Tuesday 15 September 1747. Johnson is reported by George Stevens to have said of it:

'The whole number [of lines] was composed before I threw a single couplet on paper. . . . I did not afterwards change more than a word in it, and that was done at the remonstrance of Garrick. I did not think his criticism just, but it was necessary he should be satisfied with what he was to utter.' (*Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ii. 313.)

According to an advertisement in *The General Advertiser* for 8 October 1747, Garrick hoped that the publication of the Prologue would be 'considered as a proof of his desire to compensate the disappointment' of the audience at his having been disabled by illness from speaking it 'when it was demanded'. Advertisements in the same paper show that he spoke it only during the first week of his management, on 15, 16, 17, and 19 September.

The Prologue was first printed with Johnson's name in Dodsley's *Collection*. The Epilogue was written by Garrick.

Text from the original issue.

PROLOGUE

AND

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE

THEATRE

IN

DRURY-LANE 1747.

L O N D O N :

Printed by E. CAVE at St *John's Gate* ; sold by J.
COOPER in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and R. DODSLEY
Pall-mall. M,DCC,XLVII. (*Price 6d.*)

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre in *Drury-Lane* 1747.

WHEN Learning's Triumph o'er her barb'rous Foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR rose;
Each Change of many-colour'd Life he drew,
Exhausted Worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded Reign, 5
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful Strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the Breast.

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the School,
To please in Method, and invent by Rule; 10
His studious Patience, and laborious Art,
By regular Approach essay'd the Heart;
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring Bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise.
A Mortal born he met the general Doom, 15
But left, like *Egypt's* Kings, a lasting Tomb.

8 unresisted] unresisting
Davies

3-6. Cf. Edward Young, *Epistle to Lord Lansdowne*, 1713, p. 20:

He made One Nature and Another
found,

Both in his Page with Master-strokes
abound:

His Witches, Fairies, and Enchanted
Isle,

Bid us no longer at our Nurses smile.

6. 'Drinking tea one day at Garrick's with Mr. Langton, he was questioned if he was not somewhat of a heretick as to Shakespeare; said Garrick, "I doubt he is a little of an infidel."—"Sir, (said Johnson) I will stand by the lines I have written on Shakespeare in my Prologue at the opening of your

12 essay'd] assail'd *Dodley* 1758-82,

Theatre." Mr. Langton suggested, that in the line

And panting Time toil'd after him in
vain,

Johnson might have had in his eye the passage in the "Tempest", where Prospero says of Miranda,

She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Johnson said nothing. Garrick then ventured to observe, "I do not think that the happiest line in the praise of Shakespeare". Johnson exclaimed (smiling) "Prosaical rogues! next time I write, I'll make both time and space pant". (*Life*, iv. 25.)

The Wits of *Charles* found easier Ways to Fame,
 Nor wish'd for JOHNSON'S Art, or SHAKESPEAR'S Flame;
 Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,
 Intrigue was Plot, Obscenity was Wit. 20
 Vice always found a sympathetick Friend;
 They pleas'd their Age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet Bards like these aspir'd to lasting Praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days.
 Their Cause was gen'ral, their Supports were strong, 25
 Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long;
 Till Shame regain'd the Post that Sense betray'd,
 And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid.

Then crush'd by Rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For Years the Pow'r of Tragedy declin'd; 30
 From Bard, to Bard, the frigid Caution crept,
 Till Declamation roar'd, while Passion slept.
 Yet still did Virtue deign the Stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
 But forc'd at length her antient Reign to quit, 35
 She saw great *Faustus* lay the Ghost of Wit:
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful Day,
 And Pantomime, and Song, confirm'd her Sway.

But who the coming Changes can presage,

18 Flame;] Flame, 1747
 Davies

37 joyful] joyous 1785, 1787

32 while] whilst 1785, 1787 roar'd] soar'd

17. Cf. Pope, *Epistle to Augustus*, l. 107, 'the Wits of either Charles's days'; and *The Idler*, No. 69, 'The Wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views'.

35-8. Similarly Pope in *The Dunciad*, iii. 301-8, had spoken of pantomime and song as the destroyers of the legitimate drama:

Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her [i.e. Dulness's] gentle sway. . . .

To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st
 not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is
 our friend.

The Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, made into a Farce, by William Mountfort, was reprinted in 1720. *Harlequin Doctor Faustus* was one of the commonest of the farces which, in Pope's words, 'it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience'. Dick Minim echoes the Prologue; he 'wondered what was become of the comick genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleasantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a Farce' (*The Idler*, No. 60).

And mark the future Periods of the Stage?— 40
 Perhaps if Skill could distant Times explore,
 New *Behns*, new *Durseys*, yet remain in Store.
 Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* dy'd,
 On flying Cars new Sorcerers may ride.
 Perhaps, for who can guess th' Effects of Chance? 45
 Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild Vicissitudes of Taste;
 With ev'ry Meteor of Caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown Bubbles of the Day. 50
 Ah! let not Censure term our Fate our Choice,
 The Stage but echoes back the publick Voice.
 The Drama's Laws the Drama's Patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the Follies you decry, 55
 As Tyrants doom their Tools of Guilt to die;
 'Tis yours this Night to bid the Reign commence
 Of rescu'd Nature, and reviving Sense;
 To chase the Charms of Sound, the Pomp of Show,
 For useful Mirth, and salutary Woe; 60
 Bid scenic Virtue form the rising Age,
 And Truth diffuse her Radiance from the Stage.

PROLOGUE TO 'COMUS'

A New Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick, Thursday, April 5, 1750. At the Representation of *Comus*, for the benefit of Mrs Elizabeth Foster, Milton's Grand-Daughter, and only surviving Descendant. London: Printed for J. Payne and J. Bouquet in Pater-noster-Row. M,DCC,L. For Mrs Elizabeth Foster. Folio
 Reprinted, Edinburgh, 1750. 8°.

45 for . . . Chance? *within brackets 1748-1787* the effects *Darvies*

46. Edward Hunt, a light-weight pugilist, who defeated the Life-guardsmen Hawksley, at Broughton's Amphitheatre, on 11 June 1746. See *Pugilistica*, i. 39.

Mahomet, 'a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk' (Hawkins).

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1750, p. 183.

The Scots Magazine, April 1750, p. 179.

The London Magazine, May 1750, p. 231.

Transcript, c. 1765, by Thomas Percy (Bodleian Library).

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1768, i. 306; 1770, i. 313; 1775, iii. 234; 1783, iii. 236.

Davies, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 296.

A Collection and Selection of English Prologues and Epilogues, 1779, iii. 226 (wrongly ascribed to Garrick).

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 175.

Works, 1787, xi. 346.

In the Postscript which Johnson contributed to Lauder's *Essay on Milton* (1750), he tells how, in reading Newton's edition of *Paradise Lost*, then recently published, he first heard of Mrs. Foster:

'... one passage, at the conclusion of the life of MILTON, excited in me too much pity and indignation to be suppressed in silence.

"*Deborah*, MILTON's youngest daughter," says the editor, "was married to Mr. *Abraham Clarke*, a weaver in *Spittle-fields*, and died in *August 1727*, in the 76th year of her age. She had ten children. *Elizabeth*, the youngest, was married to Mr. *Thomas Foster*, a weaver in *Spittle-fields*, and had seven children, who are all dead; and she herself is aged about *sixty*, and *weak and infirm*. She seemeth to be a *good plain sensible woman* . . . ; in all probability MILTON's whole family will be *extinct* with her, and he can *live* only in his writings. And *such is the caprice of fortune*, this *grand-daughter* of a MAN, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for *some years*, with her husband, kept a *little chandler's or grocer's shop*, for *their subsistence*, lately at the lower *Holloway*, in the road between *Highgate* and *London*, and at present in *Cock Lane*, not far from *Shoreditch Church*."

That this relation is true, cannot be questioned:—but, surely, the honour of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the *English* nation, and the glory of human nature, require—that it should be true no longer. In an age, in which statues are erected to the honour of this great writer, in which his effigy has been diffused on medals, and his work propagated by translations, and illustrated by commentaries; in an age, which, amidst all its vices, and all its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity: it may be, surely, allowed to hope, that the living remains of MILTON will be no longer suffered to languish in distress. It is yet in the power of a great people, to reward the poet whose name they boast, and from their alliance to whose genius, they claim some kind of superiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of *British* greatness shall be obliterated; to reward him—not with pictures, or with medals, which, if he sees, he sees with contempt, but—with tokens of gratitude, which he, perhaps, may even now consider as not unworthy the regard of an immortal spirit. And, surely, to those, who refuse their names to no other scheme of expence, it will not be unwelcome, that a SUBSCRIPTION is proposed, for relieving, in the languor of age, the pains of disease, and the contempt of poverty, the grand-daughter of the author of PARADISE LOST.

The Postscript was followed by a list of the booksellers to whom subscriptions might be paid. All this was reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1749, p. 563.

Johnson then persuaded Garrick to give a performance of *Comus* for the benefit of Mrs. Foster (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1750, p. 152), and wrote the Prologue for the occasion. He also drew attention to the performance in a letter to *The General Advertiser* of 4 April 1750 (Boswell, *Life*, i. 227):

'Sir,

That a certain Degree of Reputation is acquired merely by approving the Works of Genius, and testifying a Regard to the Memory of the Authours, is a Truth too evident to be denied; and therefore to ensure a Participation of Fame with a celebrated Poet, many who would perhaps have contributed to starve him when alive, have heaped expensive Pageants upon his Grave.

It must indeed be confess'd, that this Method of becoming known to Posterity, with Honour, is peculiar to the Great, or at least to the Wealthy; but an Opportunity now offers for almost every Individual to secure the Praise of paying a just Regard to the illustrious Dead, united with the Pleasure of doing good to the Living. To assist industrious Indigence struggling with Distress, and debilitated by Age, is a Display of Virtue, and an Acquisition of Happiness and Honour.

Whosoever then would be thought capable of Pleasure in reading the Works of our incomparable MILTON, and not so destitute of Gratitude as to refuse to lay out a Trifle in a rational and elegant Entertainment for the Benefit of his living Remains, for the Exercise of their own Virtue, the Increase of their Reputation, and the pleasing Consciousness of doing good, should appear at Drury-Lane Theatre To-morrow, April 5, when *Comus* will be perform'd for the Benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Grand-daughter to the Author, and the only surviving Branch of his Family.

N.B. There will be a new Prologue on the Occasion written by the Author of *Irene*, and spoken by Mr. Garrick. . . .'

The performance was originally arranged for Wednesday, 4 April, but was postponed to the following night, when the theatre was expected to be fuller. Johnson wrote thus of it in his *Life of Milton*:

'She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; and twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. . . . This was the greatest benefaction that *Paradise Lost* ever procured the author's descendents; and to this he who has now attempted to relate his Life, had the honour of contributing a Prologue.'

Mrs. Foster died 9 May 1754, at Islington, in her sixty-sixth year (*The Public Advertiser*, 15 May 1754; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1754, p. 243). Text from the original issue.

A N E W
P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N B Y

Mr G A R R I C K,

THURSDAY, *April* 5, 1750.

A T T H E

REPRESENTATION 'of C O M U S,

F O R T H E B E N E F I T O F

Mrs ELIZABETH FOSTER,

M I L T O N's

Grand-Daughter, and only surviving Descendant.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET in Pater-noster-Row.
M,DCC,L.

For Mrs ELIZABETH FOSTER.

A NEW P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE

Representation of COMUS.

YE patriot Clouds, who burn for *England's* Fame,
 Ye Nymphs, whose Bosoms beat at MILTON's Name,
 Whose gen'rous Zeal, unbought by flatt'ring Rhimes,
 Shames the mean Pensions of *Augustan* Times;
 Immortal Patrons of succeeding Days, 5
 Attend this Prelude of perpetual Praise!
 Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble War to wage
 With close Malevolence, or public Rage;
 Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless Lore,
 Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more. 10
 This Night, distinguish'd by your Smile, shall tell,
 That never BRITON can in vain excel;
 The slighted Arts Futurity shall trust,
 And rising Ages hasten to be just.
 At length our mighty Bard's victorious Lays 15
 Fill the loud Voice of universal Praise,
 And baffled Spite, with hopeless Anguish dumb,
 Yields to Renown the Centuries to come.
 With ardent Haste, each Candidate of Fame
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring Name: 20
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow
 Those pageant Honours which he scorn'd below:

11 Smile] smiles 1785, .

12 Briton] Britain 1785, 1787

21-4. Compare the passage on 'pictures' and 'medals' in the Postscript quoted on p. 54.

Bust. See *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 162, and note.

circulating gold. In addition to employing Rysbrach to erect the monu-

ment in Westminster Abbey, Benson engaged John Sigismund Tanner to engrave a medal commemorating the erection of the monument. See *Medallic Illustrations of the History of Great Britain*, 1911, Plate CLIV.

While Crowds aloft the laureat Bust behold,
 Or trace his Form on circulating Gold,
 Unknown, unheeded, long his Offspring lay, 25
 And Want hung threat'ning o'er her slow Decay.
 What tho' she shine with no MILTONIAN Fire,
 No fav'ring Muse her morning Dreams inspire;
 Yet softer Claims the melting Heart engage,
 Her Youth laborious, and her blameless Age: 30
 Hers the mild Merits of domestic Life,
 The patient Suff'rer, and the faithful Wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native Charms
 Her Grandsire leaves her in *Britannia's* Arms,
 Secure with Peace, with Competence, to dwell, 35
 While tutelary Nations guard her Cell.
 Yours is the Charge, ye Fair, ye Wise, ye Brave!
 'Tis yours to crown Desert—beyond the Grave!

PROLOGUE TO 'THE GOOD NATUR'D MAN'

The Public Advertiser, 3 February 1768.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 3 February 1768.

Goldsmith, *The Good Natur'd Man*, 5 February 1768.

The London Magazine, February 1768, p. 61, p. 98.

The Gentleman's Magazine, February 1768, p. 86.

The Annual Register, 1768, p. 223.

Davies, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 298.

The Theatrical Bouquet, 1778, 1780, p. 170.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 177.

Works, 1787, xi. 347.

The Good Natur'd Man was produced at Covent Garden on 29 January 1768, when the Prologue was spoken by Bensley. The version printed in the newspapers, on 3 February, was no doubt supplied by the playhouse. It appears to be a playhouse revision, made without the knowledge of either Johnson or Goldsmith, who would certainly have objected to the reading 'our little Bard'. The version published with the play on 5 February must be taken to be what Johnson wrote, and is here followed with slight corrections. Both versions are given in *The London Magazine* for February.

The Prologue had been a long-standing promise, but according to Boswell Johnson was in no mood when he wrote it to introduce a comedy (*Life*, ii. 42, 45). The gloom of the opening lines is said to have been deepened by the heavy delivery of Bensley. The Prologue was expected to aid Goldsmith in his contest with Kelly, whose *False Delicacy* had just been produced by Garrick at Drury Lane, but it found little favour.

An elaborately unfriendly criticism appeared in *The London Magazine*, of which the chief point was that Johnson borrowed the idea from the Prologue to Kenrick's comedy, *The Widow's Wife*. The review may have been written by Kenrick, whose play was acted at Drury Lane on 5 December 1767, and was printed the same month. His Prologue is in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1767, p. 604. The similarity of the two Prologues lies in the ideas suggested by the approaching General Election of 1768. Parliament was dissolved on 11 March.

Prologue to 'The Good Natur'd Man'

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
 Surveys the general toil of human kind;
 With cool submission joins the labouring train,
 And social sorrow loses half its pain:
 Our anxious Bard, without complaint, may share 5
 This bustling season's epidemic care;
 Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
 Tost in one common storm with all the great;
 Distrest alike, the statesman and the wit,
 When one a borough courts, and one the pit. 10
 The busy candidates for power and fame,
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
 Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage, 15

4 sorrow] sorrow, Play its] it's Play. After this line, Newspapers have:

Amidst the toils of this returning year,
 When senators and nobles learn to fear;

5 anxious] little Newspapers 6 This] The Newspapers care;] care. Play
 15 loud rabbles vent their] caprice may vent its Newspapers

7 See Lucan, *Phars.* v. 539, and Plutarch, 'Cæsar', ch. 38

As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
 Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss. 20
 This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,
 Says swelling Crispin, begg'd a cobbler's vote.
 This night our wit, the pert apprentice cries,
 Lies at my feet, I hiss him, and he dies.
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe; 25
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
 Yet judg'd by those, whose voices ne'er were sold,
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
 But confident of praise, if praise be due,
 Trusts without fear, to merit, and to you. 30

PROLOGUE TO 'A WORD TO THE WISE'

The Public Advertiser, 31 May 1777.
The London Chronicle, 31 May 1777.
The St. James's Chronicle, 31 May 1777.
The Westminster Magazine, May 1777, p. 273.
The Gentleman's Magazine, June 1777, p. 286.
The Scots Magazine, June 1777, p. 325.
The London Magazine, July 1777, p. 375.
The Annual Register, 1777, p. 198.
 Hugh Kelly, *Works*, 1778, p. x.
The Theatrical Bouquet, 1778, 1780, p. 211.
Poetical Works, 1785, p. 178.
 Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 518.
Works, 1787, xi. 349.
 Boswell, *Life*, 1791, ii. 115 (1934, iii. 114).

A note by the Rev. John Hussey in his copy of Boswell's *Life* states:

'On reading over this Prologue to Dr. Johnson, the morning after it was spoken, the Doctor told me instead of *renew'd hostilities* he wrote *revengeful petulance*, and did not seem pleased with the alteration.'

16 mongrels bay] children fret *Newspapers* 17 The *Newspapers* 19 The
 poet's foes their schemes of spite dismiss *Newspapers* 21-4 *News-*
papers omit 28 ill persuading *Play* 30 merit] candour *Newspapers*

As the version in *The Public Advertiser* alone gives *petulance* (Hussey's *revengeful* may be a slip for *resentful*), that version is here adopted.

Hugh Kelly had died in February 1777 at the age of thirty-eight, and on 29 May the management of Covent Garden gave a performance of his *Word to the Wise* for the benefit of his widow and children. To add importance to the occasion Johnson was asked to write a Prologue. He complied out of kindness, for his opinion of Kelly was not high, and they were not well acquainted. On one occasion Johnson said of him, 'I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read' (*Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ii. 6).

When *A Word to the Wise* was produced at Drury Lane in the first week of March 1770, it met with the organized interruption of Kelly's political opponents, because of his support of the government in his management of *The Public Ledger*. There was nothing political in the play; it was just another sentimental comedy. When published by subscription a few weeks later, it was introduced by an address in which the author replied to his assailants.

The play was revived at Covent Garden on 13 May 1777, without any demonstration of ill-will. Johnson's Prologue must have been written in the intervening fortnight before the benefit performance. It was spoken by Thomas Hull, and was 'heard with the most respectful attention, and dismissed with the loudest applause' (*Biographia Dramatica*, 1782, i. 269). See also Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 518; *Letters*, ed. Hill, ii. 17; *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 432.

*Prologue to
'A Word to the Wise'*

THIS night presents a play, which publick rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage;
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards, with pitying eye,
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lye.
To wit, reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
Let no resentful petulance invade

9 Let] For *London Chron.*, *St. James's Chron.*, *Gent. Mag.*, *Scots Mag.*, *London Mag.*, *West. Mag.*, *Ann. Reg.*, 1785, *Works* resentful petulance] renew'd hostilities all except *Public Advertiser*; revengeful petulance *Hussey* (see above)

4. 'I war not with the dead', Pope's Homer, *Iliad*, vii. 485.

Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade. 10
 Let one great payment every claim appease,
 And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
 Where aught of bright, or fair, the piece displays, 15
 Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
 If want of skill, or want of care appear,
 Forbear to hiss—the Poet cannot hear.
 By all, like him, must praise and blame be found;
 At best, a fleeting gleam, or empty sound. 20
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
 When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
 When pleasure fired her torch at Virtue's flame,
 And mirth was bounty with a humbler name.

20 best] last *Kelly's Works*, *Hawkins's Life*, *Boswell*
Adv., *Gent. Mag.*, *Scots Mag.*, *West. Mag.*, *Ann. Reg.*

24 a] an *all exc. Pub.*

SHORTER POEMS

SEVEN of Johnson's early poems written during his schooldays or shortly afterwards were printed by Boswell (*Life*, 1791, i. 17-23; ed. 1934, i. 51-6). These he selected from the 'considerable collection' which he obtained 'by the favour of Mr. Wentworth, son of one of his masters, and of Mr. Hector, his school-fellow and friend'. Wentworth appears to have been the nephew of John Wentworth, the master of the Grammar School at Stourbridge (see A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, iii. 153, 156); Edmund Hector, familiarly called 'Mund', was Johnson's school-fellow at Lichfield and his chief friend in the days of his early struggles in the Midlands. The seven pieces fall into two groups, the first four being translations from Virgil, Horace (*Odes* i. xxii and ii. ix), and Homer, and the last three being original compositions. The manuscripts have disappeared.

Boswell also gave in facsimile, as a specimen of Johnson's writing when at school, a portion of an eighth piece, the last four lines of another translation from Horace (*Ode* ii. xiv). The manuscript is in the Lichfield Museum.

Two other translations from Horace belonging to these early years but unmentioned by Boswell (*Ode* ii. xx and *Epode* ii) survive in manuscripts now in the Adam Collection. And yet three more early pieces of which Boswell says nothing have lately come to light,—a fragment of a translation of Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies, discovered at Malahide Castle and now in the Isham Collection; and 'Festina Lente' and 'Upon the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude', both sold by Messrs. Sotheby on 1 June 1932, and now in private possession in America.

There need be no doubt that all these thirteen pieces were in the 'considerable collection' which Boswell obtained from Wentworth and Hector. The five manuscripts which are not fragmentary are numbered in the top left-hand corner,—4 (*Epode* ii), 7 (*Ode* ii. xiv), 8 (*Ode* ii. xx), 9 (*Festina Lente*), 10 (*St. Simon*). The numbers show that they belonged to a set; and Boswell used one of them (No. 7) for a facsimile. The four translations printed by Boswell, and the fragmentary translation of the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies, may have borne the five numbers that are missing. It is a reasonable assumption that all the ten pieces were preserved by the schoolmaster and that the numbers (which are not in Johnson's hand) were added by him. Of the other three pieces, two are shown by Boswell's footnotes to have been preserved by Hector.

How long Johnson was at Stourbridge as Wentworth's pupil and assistant is uncertain. Boswell states that 'he remained at Stourbridge for little more than a year', and that he then 'loitered for two years' at Lichfield before he went to Pembroke College in October 1728. He appears to have gone to Stourbridge after the Whitsuntide vacation of 1726 (*Johnsonian Gleanings*, iii. 155). If Boswell is correct in saying that he was there for

little more than a year, he did not leave before Whitsuntide 1727; but in that case Boswell's 'two years' at Lichfield (Hawkins had said 'about two years') is only a loose description of a period of seventeen months at most. In any case some if not all of the pieces preserved by Wentworth may be dated 1726, and none can be shown to be later than 1727.

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL PASTORAL I

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 17 (1934, i. 51).

MELIBÆUS.

NOW, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,
 Play on your pipe beneath this beechen shade;
 While wretched we about the world must roam,
 And leave our pleasing fields and native home,
 Here at your ease you sing 'your amorous flame, 5
 And the wood rings with Amarillis' name.

TITYRUS.

Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,
 For I shall never think him less than God;
 Oft on his altar shall my firstlings lie,
 Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye: 10
 He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
 And me to tune at ease th' unequal reeds.

MELIBÆUS.

My admiration only I exprest,
 (No spark of envy harbours in my breast)
 That when confusion o'er the country reigns, 15
 To you alone this happy state remains.
 Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,
 Far from their antient fields and humble cots.
 This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
 Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock. 20
 Had we not been perverse and careless grown,
 This dire event by omens was foreshown;

Our trees were blasted by the thunder stroke,
 And left-hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
 Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak. } 25

TRANSLATION OF HORACE

ODES, Book I. xxii

The Gentleman's Magazine, July 1743, p. 380.

The Scots Magazine, July 1743, p. 318.

The Works of Horace in English Verse . . . ed. William Duncombe, 1757, i. 82.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 18 (1934, i. 51).

Boswell gives the translation which Johnson made at school, and is our only authority for it; but he was unaware of its two later forms. Johnson revised it on sending it in 1743 to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and this version was more seriously revised for inclusion in the translation of Horace edited by Duncombe in 1757. It is there said to be 'By S. J.', and is wrongly marked as having 'never been printed'.

The first and last forms are here given in full.

(FIRST VERSION)

Translation of HORACE. Book I. Ode xxii.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
 With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
 Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart,
 Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows:
 Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads, 5
 Or horrid Africk's faithless sands;
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
 His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.
 For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
 Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd; 10
 Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
 A grizly wolf surprised, and fled.

Variants in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1743: Title. From HORACE. Integer
Vite, &c. 2 ardor 3 th' envenom'd 5 cliff 6 torrid
 8 barb'rous 12 furious wolf approach'd and

No savage more portentous stain'd
 Apulia's spacious wilds with gore;
 None fiercer Juba's thirsty land, 15
 Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
 Among the quivering branches sighs;
 Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
 With horrid gloom the frowning skies: 20

Place me beneath the burning line,
 A clime deny'd to human race;
 I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
 Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

(FINAL VERSION)

To ARISTIUS FUSCUS

THE Man, my Friend, whose conscious Heart
 With Virtue's sacred Ardour glows,
 Nor taints with Death th' envenom'd Dart,
 Nor needs the Guard of *Moorish* Bows.

O'er icy *Caucusus* he treads, 5
 Or torrid *Afric*'s faithless Sands,
 Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* spreads
 His liquid Wealth thro' barbarous Lands.

For while in *Sabine* Forests, charm'd
 By *Lalagé*, too far I stray'd, 10
 Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
 A furious Wolf approach'd, and fled.

13 No beast more dreadful ever stain'd

15 None e'er more fierce *Numidia*'s land,
 The lyon's thirsty parent, bore.

17 summer's 18 quiv'ring

No Beast more dreadful ever stain'd
Apulia's spacious Wilds with Gore;
 No Beast more fierce *Numidia's* Land, 15
 The Lion's thirsty Parent, bore.

Place me where no soft Summer Gale
 Among the quivering Branches sighs,
 Where Clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
 With horrid Gloom the frowning Skies : 20

Place me beneath the burning Zone,
 A Clime deny'd to human Race;
 My Flame for *Lalagé* I'll own;
 Her voice and Smiles my Song shall grace.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE ODES, Book II. ix

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 18 (1934, i. 52)

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
 Nor showers immerse the verdant plain;
 Nor do the billows always rise,
 Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on th' Armenian shores 5
 Do the chain'd waters always freeze;
 Not always furious Boreas roars,
 Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
 For Mystes dead you ever mourn; 10
 No setting Sol can ease your cares,
 But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage
 Mourn'd not Antilochus so long;
 Nor did King Priam's hoary age 15
 So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these woman's sighs,
 Augustus' numerous trophies sing;
 Repeat that prince's victories,
 To whom all nations tribute bring. 20

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
 At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
 Content to live the Roman's slave,
 And scarce forsakes his native fields.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE ODES, Book II. xiv

Manuscript in the Johnson Museum, Lichfield.

The manuscript is in the collection of autograph letters (p. 66) formed by Thomas George Lomax of Lichfield, and presented by his son, Alderman Alfred Charles Lomax, to the Johnson Museum, Lichfield, on the occasion of the bicentenary celebration in 1909.

The last four lines and the signature were reproduced in facsimile by Boswell as a specimen of Johnson's handwriting 'when at School, in his 16th year' (*Life*, 1791, ii conclusion). They were printed in a letter to *Notes and Queries* of 24 July 1858 (ii. vi. 67; cf. 99) by T. G. Lomax, who there stated that the manuscript had been sent to him by a lady in Scotland, and that it had been found 'on looking over the papers of a lately deceased nobleman'.

The poem is written on both sides of a small sheet of paper (ll. 21-8 verso), and is signed. It is now given in full for the first time.

Horace. Book 2^d. Ode 14

ALASS, dear Friend, the fleeting years
 In everlasting Circles run,
 In vain you spend your vows and prayers,
 They roll, and ever will roll on.

Should Hecatombs each rising Morn
On cruel Pluto's Altar dye,
Should costly Loads of incense burn,
Their fumes ascending to the Skie ;

You could not gain a Moments breath,
Or move the haughty King below,
Nor would inexorable Death
Defer an hour the fatal blow.

In vain we shun the Din of war,
And terrors of the Stormy Main,
In vain with anxious breasts we fear
Unwholesome Sirius' sultry reign ;

We all must view the Stygian flood
That silent cuts the dreary plains,
And cruel Danaus' bloody Brood
Condemn'd to everduring pains.

Your shady Groves, your pleasing wife,
And fruitfull fields, my dearest Friend,
You'll leave together with your life,
Alone the Cypress shall attend.

After your death, the lavish heir
Will quickly drive away his woe,
The wine you kept with so much care
Along the marble floor shall flow.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE
ODES, Book II. xx

Manuscript in the Adam Collection.

The manuscript is reproduced in the *R. B. Adam Library*, 1929, i, after p. 189. The poem is written on two sides of a small sheet of paper (ll. 16-24 verso), and is signed. It is now printed for the first time.

Horace Book 2^d. Ode 20th

NOW with no weak unballast wing
 A Poet double-form'd I rise,
 From th'envious world with scorn I spring,
 And cut with joy the wond'ring Skies.

Though from no Princes I descend, 5
 Yet shall I see the blest abodes,
 Yet, great Mæcenæ, shall your friend
 Quaff Nectar with th' immortal Gods.

See! how the mighty Change is wrought!
 See! how whate'er remain'd of Man 10
 By plumes is viel'd; see! quick as thought
 I pierce the Clouds a tunefull Swan.

Swifter than Icarus Ill flie
 Where Lybia's swarthy offspring burns,
 And where beneath th' inclement Skie 15
 The hardy Scythian ever mourns.

My Works shall propagate my fame,
 To distant realms and climes unknown,
 Nations shall celebrate my Name
 That drink the Phasis or the Rhône. 20

Restrain your tears and cease your cries,
 Nor grace with fading flours my Herse,
 I without fun'ral elegies
 Shall live for ever in my verse.

1. 'Unballast', a late instance of this form of the participle which was passing out of use in the seventeenth century and is not recognized by Johnson in his *Dictionary*. Addison has 'th'un-

ballast'd vessel' in his early translation of the story of Phæton from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, l. 187,—*Works*, 1721, i. 157.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE

EPODE II

Manuscript in the Adam Collection.

The manuscript is reproduced in facsimile in the *R. B. Adam Library*, 1929, i, after p. 189. The paper has been folded down the middle, and the translation is written on the left-hand side of two pages, the right-hand side being used for corrections. The writing is very small, and sometimes difficult to read. The corrections are unusually numerous. The manuscript has the appearance of a first draft, but is signed.

The translation survives only in this manuscript, and is now printed for the first time.

Horace. Epode the 2^d.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he
 Who lives from toilsome bus'ness free,
 Like the first race in Saturns reign
 When floods of Nectar stain'd the main,
 Manuring with laborious hand 5
 His own hereditary Land,
 Whome no contracted debts molest
 No griping Creditors infest.
 No trumpets sound, no Soldiers cries,
 Drive the soft Slumbers from his eyes, 10
 He sees no boist'rous Tempests sweep
 The Surface of the boiling Deep,
 Him no contentious suits in law
 From his belov'd retirement draw,
 He ne'er with forc'd Submission waits 15
 Obsequious, at his Patrons gates;
 But round the lofty Poplar twines
 With artfull hand the teeming vines,
 Or prunes the barren boughs away;
 [Or] sees from far his Bullocks play 20
 Or drains the Labour of the Bees,
 Or sheers the Lambkins snowy fleece.

7-8 Whome . . . infest. *in margin*
 11 boist'rous *above* Northern *struck out*

10 from *above* for *struck out*
 20 far *inserted above line*

Or when with golden Apples crown'd
 Autumn o'erlooks the smiling Ground
 When rip'ning fruits perfume the year, 25
 Plucking the blushing Grape and Pear,
 Gratefull, rewards the Deities,
 That, fav'ring, listen to his cries.
 Beneath some spreading Ilex Shade
 On some green bank supinely Laid, 30
 Where Riv'lets gently purl along
 And, murm'ring, balmy Sleep prolong,
 Whilst each Musician of the Grove
 Lamenting warbles out his love,
 In pleasing Dreams he cheats the Day 35
 Unhurt by Phœbus fi'ry ray.
 But when increas'd by Winter shours
 Down cliffs the roaring Torrent pours
 The grizly foaming Boar surrounds
 With twisted toils, and op'ning hounds; 40
 Betimes the greedy Thrush to kill
 [He] sets his nets, employs his skill.
 With secret springes oft ensnares
 The screaming Cranes and fearfull Hares.
 Would not these pleasures soon remove 45
 The bitter pangs of slighted love?
 If to compleat this heav'nly Life
 A frugal, chaste, industrious, Wife,
 Such as the Sun-burnt Sabines were,
 Divide the burden of his care, 50
 And heap the fire, and milk the Kine
 And crown the bowl with new-prest wine

27-8 Gratefull . . . cries. *in margin, instead of*

Rewards the fav'ring Deities,
 That grant his Prayers, and hear his cries. *struck out*

29 spreading Ilex *above* venerable *struck out*
lightly struck out;

39-40 The grizly . . hounds

The foaming Boar he then with op'ning hounds
 And twisted *in margin more heavily struck out*

45 Would . . . soon *below* Such Pleasures quickly would *struck out*

40. *op'ning*, i.e. giving voice.

And waiting for her weary lord
 With unbought dainties load the board;
 I should behold with scornfull eye 55
 The studied arts of Luxury:
 No fish from the Carpathian coast
 By Eastern Tempests hither tost,
 Nor Lybian fowls, nor Snipes of Greece,
 So much my Appetite would please 60
 As herbs of which the forrests nigh
 Wholsome variety supply.
 Then to the Gods, on solemn days,
 The farmer annuall honours pays
 Or feasts on Kids the Wolves had kill'd 65
 And frighted, left upon the field,
 How pleas'd he sees his Cattle come,
 Their dugs with milk distended, home!
 How pleas'd beholds his Oxen bow
 And faintly draw th' inverted Plow. 70
 His chearfull Slaves, a num'rous band,
 Around in beauteous order stand.

Thus did the Us'rer Alphius praise,
 With transports kindled, rural ease,
 His money he collected strait, 75
 Resolv'd to purchase a retreat.
 But still desires of sordid gain
 Fix'd in his canker'd breast remain:
 Next Month he sets it out again.

56 Studied *above* various *struck out*

57-62 No fish . . . supply. *in margin, instead of*

Whate'er the swarthy Lybian boasts,
 Whate'er from India spicy coasts
 Driv'n hither by inclement skies
 I once admir'd, I'd then despise:
 The painted meads and Forrests nigh
 Can more delicious food supply. *Struck out*

57 fish from the *instead of* fishes from ('es' *struck out* : the *above the line*)

61 forrests *after* fields *struck out*

67 How pleas'd *above* Joyfull *struck out*

69 How pleas'd beholds his *above* He sees the wearied *struck out* 77 still
inserted above the line

TRANSLATION FROM
'THE ILIAD'

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 19 (1934, i. 53).

This schoolboy translation from Homer appears to be wholly independent of Pope's translation. The original is *Iliad*, vi, lines 440-65.

Translation of part of the Dialogue between
HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE ;
from the Sixth Book of HOMER'S ILIAD

SHE ceas'd; then godlike Hector answer'd kind,—
(His various plumage sporting in the wind)
That post, and all the rest, shall be my care;
But shall I, then, forsake the unfinish'd war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name! 5
And one base action sully all my fame,
Acquir'd by wounds, and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my soul abhors so mean a thought.
Long since I learn'd to slight this fleeting breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death. 10
The inexorable sisters have decreed
That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed:
The day will come, in which proud Troy shall yield,
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age, 15
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty rage,
Nor my brave brothers, that have bit the ground,
Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
Can in my bosom half that grief create,
As the sad thought of your impending fate: 20
When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,
Mimick your tears, and ridicule your woes;
Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:
Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry, 25
Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!

Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous eyes,
 And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
 Before that day, by some brave hero's hand,
 May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand!

30

TRANSLATION OF ADDISON'S 'BATTLE OF THE CRANES AND PYGMIES'

Manuscript in the Isham Collection.

Modern Language Review, January 1936, p. 60 (contributed by Dorothy Moody).

These two fragments of Johnson's translation of Addison's *ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΠΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ*, sive *Prælium inter Pygmæos et Grues commissum*, are written on both sides of part of a folio leaf which was discovered among the Boswell papers at Malahide Castle and is now in the Isham Collection (Pottle, *Catalogue*, No. 468). Each fragment represents about one-eighth of Addison's poem (ll. 97-113, 134-59). The last seven lines, with Johnson's signature, are written along the right-hand margin. What has been preserved is the lower half of the second leaf. Boswell says nothing about this translation, and we may assume that the manuscript came into his hands in this fragmentary condition.

Unfortunately neither fragment contains the couplet referred to by Johnson in the anecdote told by Steevens in *The St. James's Chronicle*, 13 January 1785, and *The European Magazine*, January 1785, p. 51 (*Miscellanies*, ed. Hill, ii. 314):

'To a gentleman who expressed himself in disrespectful terms of Blackmore, one of whose poetick bulls he happened just then to recollect, Dr. Johnson answered,—I hope, Sir, a blunder, after you have heard what I shall relate, will not be reckoned decisive against a poet's reputation: When I was a young man, I translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:

Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
 And kill'd the yet unanimated young.

And yet I trust I am no blockhead. I afterwards changed the word *kill'd* into *crush'd*.'

RAGE with disdain, and hope th' approaching war;
 Not long they stood, when stooping from their height
 The Cranes with beaks and claws provoke the fight.
 Thick from their wounded wings the feathers fly,
 Beneath Pygmean steel what numbers dye!

5

Breathless at length they leave th' unfinish'd war
 And hang aloft suspended in the air.
 But their lost strength and vigour soon return,
 They clap their wings, and with new fury burn;
 Then, swift as thought, by headlong anger driv'n 10
 Descend, impetuous, from the vault of Heav'n.
 Their foes the shock sustain in Battle skill'd,
 And victory hangs doubtfull o'er the field.
 Here lies a fowl transfix'd with many a wound
 That struggling pants, and rowls her eye-balls round. 15
 There a stout warrior fainting gasps for breath
 And grasps the bloody sand involv'd in death.
 Swords, arms and wings are scatter'd o'er the plain
 On ev'ry side rise mountains of the slain,
 Whose mortal wounds pour forth a purple flood, 20
 The plain contested flows with mingled blood.

[? storms huge] Promontories flie
 And Bolts and rocks encounter in the Skie,
 At length deform'd with many a grisly wound
 Th' enormous Gyants smoke upon the Ground. 25
 O'erpower'd and faint the Pygmies scarce sustain
 Their foes attacks, and wield their arms with pain.
 Part turn their Backs, part seiz'd with wild surprise
 Utter sad groans and lamentable cries.
 Impending death they strive to 'scape in vain } 30
 For fear retards their flight, the cruell Crane }
 Scatters their breathless bodies o'er the plain.)
 Thus fell the Pygmie state, which long had stood
 Secure, and triumph'd oft' in hostile blood.
 To ev'ry empire bounds the Gods ordain 35
 The limits fix'd they strive to pass in vain;
 So by their great decree Assyria fell
 And Persia felt the force of Grecian steel;
 Not Rome itself that held the world in awe
 Could cancell their irrevocable Law. 40
 Now in the Realms below the Pygmie shades
 Mix'd with old Heroes trace the flow'ry meads,

And wander sportive o'er th' Elysian plain :
 Or if old womens tales may credit gain,
 When pale-fac'd Cynthia sheds her silver light 45
 Dispelling the black horrors of the Night,
 The Shepherds oft' see little ghosts glide by
 And shades of Pygmies swim before their eye.
 They call them Fairies; these now free from care
 And giv'n to mirth, the Cranes no longer fear, 50
 But move their numrous arms to Musicks sound,
 And tread in mystick rings the mossie ground.

FESTINA LENTE

Manuscript in the Pforzheimer Collection.

By the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Pforzheimer of New York, this poem is here printed for the first time. It is written on one side of a quarto sheet, and signed.

The title suggests that the poem was an original composition on a theme that was perhaps prescribed by Wentworth.

Festina Lente

WHATEVER course of Life great Jove allots,
 Whether you sit on thrones, or dwell in cots,
 Observe your steps; be carefull to command
 Your passions; guide the reins with steady hand,
 Nor down steep cliffs precipitately move 5
 Urg'd headlong on by hatred or by love :
 Let Reason with superiour force controul
 The floods of rage, and calm thy ruffled soul.
 Rashness! thou spring from whence misfortunes flow!
 Parent of ills! and source of all our woe! 10
 Thou to a scene of bloodshed turn'st the Ball,
 By thee wholl citys burn, wholl nations fall!
 By thee Orestes plung'd his vengefull dart
 Into his supplicating mothers heart.
 Hurry'd to death by thee, Flaminius fell, 15
 And crowds of godlike Romans sunk to hell.

But cautious Fabius from impending fate
 Preserv'd the reliques of the Latian state
 From bold invaders clear'd th' Italian lands
 And drove the swarthy troops to their own barren sands. 20

UPON THE FEAST OF ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

Manuscript in the library of Mr. Howard Eric.

This poem is written on the left-hand half of both sides of a folio sheet, the right-hand half being left for corrections, but none were made. It is now printed for the first time by the courtesy of Mr. Howard Eric, of Stamford, Connecticut. Like the other early poems that have survived in manuscript, it is signed.

As the poem appears to belong to the group preserved by Wentworth, we may assume that it was written at his suggestion, or at least with his knowledge; and the guess may be hazarded that it was written for 28 October 1726.

It stands by itself not merely among Johnson's early poems but among all his poems, both in its metrical form and in the scope allowed to 'extatick fury'. Its stanza is that of the *Song to David*, which was not written till more than thirty years later.

Upon the feast of St Simon & St Jude

OF Fields with dead bestrew'd around,
 And Cities smoaking on the ground
 Let vulgar Poets sing,
 Let them prolong their turgid lays
 With some victorious Heroe's praise 5
 Or weep some falling King.

While I to nobler themes aspire,
 To nobler subjects tune my lyre;
 Those Saints my numbers grace
 Who to their Lord were ever dear, 10
 To whom the church each rolling year
 Her solemn honours pays.

In vain proud tyrants strove to shake
Their faith, or force them to forsake
The Steps their Saviour trod; 15
With breasts resolv'd, they follow'd still
Obsequious to his heav'nly will
Their master and their God.

When Christ had conquer'd Hell and fate
And rais'd us from our wretched state, 20
O prodigy of Love!
Ascending to the skies he shone
Refulgent on his starry throne
Among the Saints above.

Th' Apostles round the world were sent, 25
Dispersing blessings as they went,
Thro' all the spacious ball;
Far from their happy native home
They, pleas'd, thro' barb'rous nations roam
To raise them from their fall. 30

Where Atlas was believ'd to bear
The weight of ev'ry rolling sphere,
Where sev'nmouth'd Nilus roars,
Where the darkvisag'd Natives fry,
And scarce can breath th' infected sky, 35
But bless the Northern shoars,

Simon by gen'rous Zeal inspir'd,
With ardent love of virtue fir'd,
There trod the Lybian sands,
Though fierce Barbarians threatend death 40
And Serpents with their poys'nous breath
Infest the barren Lands.

Nor there confin'd his active Soul;
But where the Realms beneath the Pole
In clouds of Ign'rance mourn, 45

Thither with eager hast he runs
 And visits Britain's hardy Sons
 Ah! never to return!

Nor whilst she Simons acts persues
 Art thou forgotten by the Muse, 50
 Most venerable Jude!
 Where Tigris beats his sounding shore
 The haughty Persian in thy gore
 His wrathfull sword imbru'd.

Thrice happy Saints—where do I rove? 55
 Where doth extatick fury move
 My rude unpolish'd song;
 Mine unharmonious verse profanes
 Those names which in immortal strains
 Angelick choirs have sung. 60

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 20 (1934, i. 53).

Boswell gives this note: 'Mr. Hector informs me, that this was made almost *impromptu*, in his presence.' We are not told who the young lady was.

Nothing more is now known of Hector's manuscript, nor of the manuscripts which Boswell used for the two pieces which follow.

To a Young Lady on her Birth-day

THIS tributary verse receive, my fair,
 Warm with an ardent lover's fondest pray'r.
 May this returning day for ever find
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;

48. 'SIMONEM ZELOTEM Evangelii doctrinam ad Occidentalem Oceanum, Britannicasque insulas pertulisse, author est Nicephorus Callisti. Eun-

dem in *Britannica crucifixum, occisum et sepultum esse*, tradit in Synopsi Dorotheus.' Usher, *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates*, 1687, p. 4.

All pains, all cares, may favouring heav'n remove, 5
 All but the sweet solitudes of love!
 May powerful nature join with grateful art,
 To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
 O then, when conquer'd crouds confess thy sway,
 When ev'n proud wealth and prouder wit obey, 10
 My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
 Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
 Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
 Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy:
 With his own form acquaint the forward fool, 15
 Shewn in the faithful glass of ridicule;
 Teach mimick censure her own faults to find,
 No more let coquets to themselves be blind,
 So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind. }

THE YOUNG AUTHOR

The Gentleman's Magazine, July 1743, p. 378.

The Scots Magazine, July 1743, p. 319.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 21 (1934, i. 54).

The earliest form of this piece is printed by Boswell. It was a revised version which Johnson sent to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1743. Boswell pointed out that it was there printed 'with many alterations'.

The piece may be regarded as an early study for the passage on the scholar's life in *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.

Text from *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The Young Author

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
 Forsakes his rural seats and peaceful home,
 Charm'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields,
 He scorns the flow'ry vales and verdant fields;

Variants in the manuscript as printed by Boswell, without division into paragraphs. Title. Authour (also 11) 2 seats] sports 3 Charm'd] Pleas'd
 4 flow'ry vales and verdant] verdant meads and flow'ry

18. 'coquet' becomes 'coquette' in Boswell's second edition. Johnson gives 'coquette' in the *Dictionary*, but places the accent on the first syllable.

Jocund he dances o'er the wat'ry way, 5
 While the breeze whispers and the streamers play.
 Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,
 Loud roars the tempest, high the billows rise,
 Sick'ning with fear he longs to view the shore,
 And vows to trust the faithless deep no more. 10

So the young author panting for a name,
 And fir'd with pleasing hope of endless fame,
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
 More false, more cruel than the seas and wind.
 'Toil on, dull croud, in extacy, he cries, 15
 'For wealth or title, perishable prize;
 'While I these transitory blessings scorn,
 'Secure of praise from nations yet unborn.'
 This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too late,
 He plies the press, and hurries on his fate; 20
 Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
 He feels th' unfading wreath surround his head;
 Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be wise,
 These dreams were *Settle's* once and *Ogilby's*.

The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise, 25
 To some retreat the baffled writer flies,
 Where no sour criticks damn, nor sneers molest,
 Safe from the keen lampoon and stinging jest;
 There begs of heav'n a less distinguish'd lot;
 Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot. 30

5 Jocund he dances] Then dances jocund wat'ry] watery 6 After this line Boswell prints two omitted couplets:

Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
 And future millions lift his rising soul;
 In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
 And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine.

8 roars the tempest . . . billows rise] roar the billows . . . waves arise 11 for
 a name] after fame 12 And the long honours of a lasting name 14
 and] or 15 extacy] extacies 17 these] those 18 nations] ages
 20 plies the] flies to 22 He feels th'] And feels the 24 These]
 Those 27 damn, nor] snarl, no 28 keen] tart

Shorter Poems

EPILOGUE TO 'THE DISTREST MOTHER'

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 22 (1934, i. 55).

Boswell gives this note: 'Some young ladies at Lichfield having proposed to act "The Distressed Mother", Johnson wrote this, and gave it to Mr. Hector to convey it privately to them.'

The Distrest Mother, an imitation of Racine's *Andromaque* by Ambrose Philips, was produced in March 1712. That Johnson should have written an Epilogue for it is the more interesting in the light of what he was to say about the original Epilogue in his *Life of Philips*: 'It was concluded with the most successful Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the Epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.' It was nominally by Budgell, but Addison's revision is said to have made 'quite another thing' of it. Mrs. Oldfield spoke it in the character of Andromache. See *The Spectator*, No. 341.

EPILOGUE

intended to have been spoken by a LADY
who was to personate the GHOST of
HERMIONE

YE blooming train, who give despair or joy,
Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy;
In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,
And with unerring shafts distribute fate;
Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes, 5
Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
Whilst you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,
Unpitying see them weep, and hear them pray, }
And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away; }
For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains, 10
Where sable night in all her horror reigns;
No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,
Receive th' unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.

For kind, for tender nymphs the myrtle blooms,
 And weaves her bending boughs in pleasing glooms; 15
 Perennial roses deck each purple vale,
 And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale:
 Far hence are banish'd vapours, spleen, and tears,
 Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs;
 No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys 20
 The balmy kiss, for which poor Thyrasis dies;
 Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,
 Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
 No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame,
 For those who feel no guilt can know no shame; 25
 Unfaded still their former charms they shew,
 Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new.
 But cruel virgins meet severer fates;
 Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,
 To dismal realms, and regions void of peace, 30
 Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss.
 O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh;
 And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the sky,
 With livid hue the fairest face o'er cast,
 And every beauty withers at the blast: 35
 Where e'er they fly their lovers ghosts pursue,
 Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;
 Vexation, Fury, Jealousy, Despair,
 Vex ev'ry eye, and every bosom tear;
 Their foul deformities by all descry'd, 40
 No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
 Then melt, ye fair, while crouds around you sigh,
 Nor let disdain sit low'ring in your eye;
 With pity soften every awful grace,
 And beauty smile auspicious in each face; 45
 To ease their pains exert your milder power,
 So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

36. Boswell has 'lover's'. Johnson must have written 'lovers'. The apostrophe in the plural (s') did not

become regular till about the end of the century.

COLLEGE VERSES

Manuscript in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford. (Facsimile in Boswell, *Life*, ed. Hill, 1887, i, after p. 60.)

Boswell, *Life*, ed. Croker, 1831, i. 44; ed. Hill, 1887, i. 271 n.

These verses were part of an undergraduate exercise. They are written on a folded sheet: a Latin prose composition—under the title

‘— Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant Vites, neque Formiani
Pocula Colles.’ (Horace, *Od.* i. xx)

—occupies the first of the four small quarto pages, and the verses, with a shortened title, follow on the third page, and are signed ‘Johnson’. They are here printed from the manuscript. Croker, who was the first to print them, remarks that ‘it may be surmised that the college beer was at this time indifferent’.

Mea nec Falernæ &c.

QUID mirum Maro quod dignè canit arma Virumque,
Quid quod putidulūm nostra Camœna sonat?

Limosum nobis Promus dat callidus haustum,

Virgilio vires Uva Falerna dedit.

Carmina vis nostri scribant meliora Poetæ?

Ingenium jubeas purior haustus alat.

Manuscript in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Boswell, *Life*, ed. Croker, 1831, i. 44.

This second undergraduate manuscript is similar to the first: the verses are written on the third of four pages, and follow a Latin prose composition on the first page with the title ‘Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ’ (Horace, *Ep.* ii. ii. 43). The verses have a shortened title, but are not signed. Hitherto they have been printed only by Croker. He remarks that ‘Johnson repeated this idea in *ΤΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ*, but not, as the editor thinks, so elegantly as in the epigram’.

Adjecere bonæ

QUAS Natura dedit dotes, Academia promit,
Dat Menti propriis Musa nitere bonis.

Materiam Statuæ sic præbet Marmora Tellus,

Saxea Phidiacâ spirat imago manu.

TRANSLATION OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM
ON MILTON

Thraliana, ii (1777-8), p. 94; ed. K. Balderston, 1941, p. 213.

Boswell, *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 1785, p. 87.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 72.

Works, 1788, xiv. 545.

Works, 1823, i. 414.

Boswell thus alludes to this translation in his original *Journal* under the date 22 August 1773 (ed. Pottle and Bennett, p. 60):

'I observed a family could not expect a poet but in a hundred generations. "Nay," said Mr. Johnson, "not one family in a hundred can expect a poet in a hundred generations." Then repeated "Three poets," etc., and part of a Latin translation of it done at Oxford—perhaps his own. I must ask.'

In a footnote to the published *Tour*, dated 2 May 1778, Boswell says that Johnson acknowledged the translation and dictated it to him.

Text as given by Boswell.

QUOS laudet vates Graius Romanus et Anglus
Tres tria temporibus secla dedere suis.
Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebat
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit.
Nil majus Natura capit: clarare priores
Quæ potuere duos tertius unus habet.

TRANSLATION OF POPE'S MESSIAH

John Husbands, *A Miscellany of Poems*, Oxford, 1731, p. 111.

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1752, p. 184.

The Scots Magazine, August 1752, p. 405.

Edward Popham, *Selecta Poemata Anglorum Latina*, 1776, iii. 16, and 1779, p. 304.

Thraliana, iv (1781-6), p. 155; ed. 1941, p. 576.

The St. James's Chronicle, 22 January 1785.

Poetical Works, 1785 (two issues), p. 180.

Works, 1787, xi. 398.

This translation was made as a Christmas exercise on the suggestion of William Jorden, Johnson's tutor at Pembroke College. As Johnson is shown by the buttery books of the college to have been in residence at Christmas 1728 but to have left by 12 December 1729, by which time Jorden had also left to be inducted into the rectory of Standon, Stafford-

shire, there can be no doubt that Christmas 1728 is the date of the poem. John Husbands, who included the poem in his *Miscellany* in 1731, was a fellow of Pembroke from June 1728 till his death in November 1732. (See A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, v. 123-9, 158-9, 194.)

According to Boswell, the translation was 'first printed for old Mr. Johnson, without the knowledge of his son, who was very angry when he heard of it'. Nothing more is known of this printing, and our earliest text is in Husbands's *Miscellany*. A revised version was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1752, in parallel columns with Pope's poem. Johnson usually revised his early pieces before allowing them to be included in the *Magazine*, and the new readings in this version must be held to have had his authority. The version in *The Scots Magazine* is identical. As printed by Edward Popham in his Latin collection in 1776 the poem contains several variants, and is dated 1750,—which may at first appear to be an error for 1752; but some of the variants cannot be explained as the emendations of an editor, and point to the use of an earlier text than that of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and even of the *Miscellany*. In *The St. James's Chronicle* for 22 January 1785 the poem was printed with this introduction:

'Several inaccurate Copies of the Latin Version of Pope's *Messiah*, by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, having been handed about, I enclose you one corrected by his own Hand.'

This version is not free from misprints but contains four good new readings. That they were made by Johnson need not be doubted, but when they were made is not known. All that can be said is that they are corrections of the text in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

Although Kearsley's edition of the *Poetical Works* is not known to have been published before 15 February 1785, the writer of the note in *The St. James's Chronicle* may have seen some early copies. Kearsley had used Husbands's text, corrected by his errata. He published a second issue of this edition almost immediately, as is shown by the comparative rarity of the first, and the offending pages (179-84) were cancelled. The version of the poem which he substituted follows that in *The St. James's Chronicle*. In his second edition (1789) the poem is reprinted from the second issue of the first edition, and a new note says that 'for a correct copy of this Translation, the Editor is indebted to Mr. Steevens'. It would thus appear that George Steevens was the writer of the note in *The St. James's Chronicle* and the sender of the copy corrected by Johnson's own hand. Earlier in the same month he had contributed to that periodical the anecdotes of Johnson which were at once republished in *The European Magazine*.

The text printed in the *Works* in 1787 by Langton, who provided most of the Latin poems in that edition and is understood to have been the editor of them all, contains three readings in Husbands's *Miscellany* rejected in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, three first found in *The St. James's Chronicle*, and—apart from misprints—one reading that is new. Perhaps he made use of a discarded manuscript.

Mrs. Thrale obtained a copy from Richard Graves in October 1783, and transcribed it carelessly into *Thraliana* (p. 576). It was taken from Husbands's *Miscellany*.

Pope is said to have remarked that 'The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original' (Hawkins, *Life*, p. 13). Joseph Warton, however, asserts in his edition of Pope (1797, i. 105 n.) that the translation 'has been praised and magnified beyond its merits', and points out expressions which he thought 'reprehensible'.

The text here printed follows that in *The St. James's Chronicle* and the *Poetical Works* of 1785 (second issue), with slight corrections.

Four other Latin translations of Pope's *Messiah* were published during Johnson's lifetime,—by Usher Gahagan, 1748; by Richard Onely, 1749; by Thomas Tyrwhitt, 1753; and by William Bermingham, Naples, 1760.

M E S S I A

TOLLITE concentum, *Solymæa* tollite nymphæ!
 Nil mortale loquor, cœlum mihi carminis alta
 Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
 Muscosi fontes, silvestria tecta, valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia *Pindi*.
 Tu mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaia, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per sæcula vates,
 Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
 Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
 Cœlestes lambunt animæ; ramisque columba,
 Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
 Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cœlum
 Præbeat, et tacitè fœcundos irriget imbres!
 Huc fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste!

(The two issues of *Poetical Works*, 1785, are designated 1785¹ and 1785²)
 Title: *Messia*. Ex alieno ingenio Poeta, ex suo tantum Versificator. Scalig. *Poet. Husbands*
 3 graves 1785¹ 8 Immatura] Ille futura *Popham*

Title (variants). J. C. Scaliger, *Poetics*, vi. iv., ed. 1561, p. 308.

2-3. *cœlum . . . materies*: 'reprehensible', Joseph Warton.

7. *dignos accende furores*: 'repre-

hensible', id.

11-12. 'Badly translated', id. (i. 96 n.). The original reads 'Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies'.

Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami.
 Hic requies fessis; non sacrâ sævit in umbrâ
 Vis boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
 "Irrita vanescent priscæ vestigia fraudis," 20
 Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
 Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
 Compositis Pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
 Sedatas niveo Virtus lucebit amictu.
 Volvantur celeres anni! Lux purpuret ortum 25
 Expectata diu! Naturæ claustra refringens
 Nascere, magne puer! Tibi primas, ecce! corollas
 Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
 Carpit *Arabs*, hortis quicquid frondescit eoīs.
 Altius, en! *Lebanon* gaudentia culmina tollit, 30
 En! summo exultant nutantes vertice silvæ.
 Mittit aromaticas vallis *Saronica* nubes,
 Et juga *Carmeli* recreant fragrantia cælum.
 Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce,
 Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum 35
 Saxa sonant Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther
 Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
 Gloria silvarum, dominum inclinata salutet!
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
 Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus! 40
 En! quem turba diu cecinerunt enthea, vates,
 En! SALVATOR adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
 Divinos, surdas sacra vox permulceat aures!

18 sacrâ] sacra hac *Popham* 19 rapidi] nimii *Popham* 24 Sedatas]
 Pacatas *Husbands, Gent. Mag., Popham* 33 Et juga] Culmina *Popham*
 34 Deserti lætâ *Husbands, 1785, 1787* Deserti lætâ *Gent. Mag., St. Jas.,*
 1785²: Deserta et læta *Popham* 43 surdos 1787 in error

20. This line is within inverted commas in all prints before 1787. 'Irrita' and 'priscæ Vestigia fraudis' are from Virgil's fourth eclogue, ll. 14 and 31.

32. Tom Warton records that Johnson quoted this line on his visit to Oxford in 1754: 'As we were leaving the College, he said, 'Here I translated

Pope's Messiah. Which do you think is the best line in it?—My own favourite is, "Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes"'. I told him I thought it a very sonorous hexameter. I did not tell him it was not in the Virgilian style.' (Boswell, *Life*, i. 272.) 'Reprehensible', Joseph Warton.

Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
 Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen, 45
 Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet.
 Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
 Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
 Accrescunt tremulis tactu nova robora nervis:
 Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli 50
 Jam saltu capreas, jam cursu provocat euros.
 Non plactus, non mœsta sonant suspiria, pectus
 Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes terget ocellos.
 Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
 Æternoque orci dominator vulnere languens 55
 Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
 Ut quâ dulce strepunt scatebræ, quâ læta virescunt
 Pascua, quâ blandum spirat purissimus aer
 Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos,
 Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas, 60
 Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
 Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
 Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva:
 Postera sic pastor divinus sæcla beabit,
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis. 65
 Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
 Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
 Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
 Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
 Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis. 70
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
 Natus ad optatum perducet cœpta parentis.
 Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
 Et seræ textent vites umbracula proli.

49 tremulis] teneris 1787 51 Jam . . . jam] Nunc . . . nunc *Husbands*,
 1785¹, 1787 53 tergit *Husbands*, 1785¹, 1787 57 strepent *St. Jas.*
 1785², 1787 62 horrida] humida *Husbands*, *Gent. Mag.*, *Popham*
 63 morientia] languentia *Popham*

44. *Ille cutim* . . . *vetabit*: 'repre- membris' as 'reprehensible', but 'mem-
 hensible', id. bris' is not found in any known text.

62. Warton cites 'furat horrida

Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni 75
 Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
 Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
 Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
 Canna viret, juncique tremit mutabilis umbra.
 Horrui implexo quæ vallis sente, figuræ 80
 Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
 Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
 Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
 Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
 Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvenus. 85
 Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigris
 Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
 Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
 Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale minantes
 Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ 90
 Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
 Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
 Indue reginam, turratæ frontis honores

77 Garrula . . . murmura] Murmura . . . garrula *Husbands*, 1785¹ 79 muta-
 bilis] variabilis *Husbands*, *Gent. Mag.*, *Popham*, 1787 82 palmisque rubeta]
 Spinetaque Palmis *Husbands*, 1785¹ 89 minantes] micantes *Husbands*,
Gent. Mag., 1787 91 squamasque virentes] squamas viridantes *Popham*

79. Warton says that he was once present at a dispute on the merits of Johnson's Latin verse 'betwixt a person of great political talents and a scholar who had spent his life among the Greek and Roman classics. Both were intimate friends of Johnson. The former, after many objections had been made to this translation by the latter, quoted a line which he thought equal to any he ever had read.

—juncique tremit variabilis umbra.

The green reed trembles—

The Scholar (Pedant if you will) said, there is no such word as variabilis in any classical writer. Surely, said the other, in Virgil; variabile semper fœmina.—You forget, said the opponent, it is varium et mutabile.' (Pope,

1797, i. 105.) The politician was probably Burke, and the scholar may have been Joseph Warton himself. Warton had not used Johnson's corrected text when he marked the expression as 'reprehensible', for 'variabilis' had been replaced by 'mutabilis'.

81-2. *buxique . . . dextræ*: 'reprehensible', Warton.

87-8. *fessa . . . linguæ*: 'reprehensible', id.

89. 'nil jam lethale minantes' represents Pope's 'harmless'. Of all Popham's variants 'minantes' alone reappears in the corrected text; but 'micantes' ('darting', 'flashing forth') is so bold a usage as to look like a misprint—though it is found in the two earliest texts, and in Langton's.

Tolle, *Salema*, sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
 Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ! 95
 En! formosa tibi porrecta per atria proles
 Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
 Impatiens, lentèque fluentes increpat annos.
 Ecce! peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
 Barbarus, en! clarum divino lumine templum 100
 Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
 Cinnameos cumulos, *Nabathæi* munera veris,
 Ecce! cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ.
 Solis *Ophyræis* crudum tibi montibus aurum
 Maturant radii, tibi balsama sudat *Idume*. 105
 Ætheris, en! portas sacro fulgore micantes
 Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentisque aurea lucis
 Flumina prorumpunt; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
 Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipse diei 110
 Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
 Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
 Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
 Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor,
 Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore 115
 Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis:
 Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
 Lætaque *Messia* semper dominabere rege,
 Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

ON A SPRIG OF MYRTLE

The Museum, 1747, ii. 429 (Numb. xxvi, 14 March 1747).

The Union: or Select Scots and English Poems, Edinburgh, 1753, p. 117;

also London, 1759, 1766, and Dublin, 1761.

Samuel Derrick, *A Collection of Original Poems*, 1755, p. 183.

96 porrecta] spatiosa *Husbands*, *Gent. Mag.*, *Popham*, 1787 102 Cinnameos
 cumulos . . . munera] Cinnameis cumulis . . . munere *Popham* 107 tor-
 rentisque] crescentis et *Popham*: torrentis 1787 119 Pollicitis firmata Dei,]
 Firmius ac ipsis Mundi *Popham*

102. This is one of the lines in which an inferior text.
Popham's reading points to the use of

- The London Chronicle*, 1 October 1768.
The Gentleman's Magazine, September 1768, p. 439.
The Scots Magazine, September 1768, p. 487.
The London Magazine, October 1768, p. 549.
The Annual Register, 1768, p. 248.
A Companion for a Leisure Hour . . . By Several Gentlemen. 1769, p. 151.
The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1779, p. 205.
The Weekly Magazine, 12 May 1779.
The Westminster Magazine, May 1779, p. 273.
The Scots Magazine, May 1779, p. 268.
The Poetical Works of Hammond (British Poets), Edinburgh, 1781, p. x.
The Festival of Wit, 1783, p. 161.
The Universal Magazine, March 1784, p. 156.
The New Foundling Hospital for Wit, 1784, 1786, vi. 59.
Poetical Works, 1785, p. 170.
 Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 33.
Works, 1787, xi. 363.
 Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 42 (1934, i. 92).

These verses appeared in *The Museum* anonymously. In *The Union*, a collection formed by Thomas Warton at Oxford and published with an Edinburgh imprint in 1753, they were said to be 'By Mr. Hammond'. When Derrick printed them in his *Collection* two years later, he placed them among the poems which he had received from 'a man of fashion' whom he was not permitted to name. They were first tentatively attributed to Johnson in *The London Chronicle* for 1 October 1768, where they are called 'Verses, said to have been written by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. at the request of a Gentleman, to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle'; and they were given with the same title in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September. But by an editorial oversight they were reproduced from *The Union* and attributed to Hammond in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1779. In the next number a correspondent who signed himself 'Eugenio' (John Nichols) stated emphatically that they were 'not written by Mr. Hammond, but by Dr. Johnson'. They were included in the *Poetical Works* in 1785, and in 1794 Boswell, who had followed a printed text in 1791 and 1793, received from Edmund Hector 'the original manuscript', of which, however, he made no use.

When Johnson's authorship of the verses was no longer doubtful, a controversy arose about their origin. In the *Poetical Works* they were said to have been 'written at Birmingham soon after he left the college, at the request of a friend who aspired to the character of a poet with his mistress' (Advertisement, p. iii). Then Mrs. Piozzi in her *Anecdotes* gave her account of what Johnson had told her, basing it on what she had written in *Thraliana* (ii. 9; ed. 1941, p. 163) in 1777:

'one Day in the Year 1768 I saw some Verses with his Name in a Magazine, these are they—I thought they were not his [here is pasted a cutting from *The*

Gentleman's Magazine for September] so I asked him;—A young fellow replied he about forty Years ago had a Sprig of Myrtle given him by a Girl he courted, and asked me to write him some Verses upon it. I promised but forgot; and when the Lad came a Week after for them, I said I'll go fetch them so ran away for five Minutes, and wrote the nonsense you are so troubled about; and which these Blockheads are printing now so pompously with their L: L: D.'

Against this in the margin she wrote 'Edmund Hector of Birmingham'. But Boswell preferred to accept the story which he received from Miss Anna Seward of Lichfield, and quoted from a letter which she had sent to him asserting that the verses were composed at her grandfather's house and addressed by Johnson to Lucy Porter. In the first number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* to be published after the appearance of the *Life*, Boswell's selection of Miss Seward as his guide met with the authoritative comment of John Nichols. Since 1778 Nichols had been a proprietor of the *Magazine*, and the attribution of the verses to Hammond in 1779 had led to a talk about them with Johnson, which he now reported in a letter (May 1791, p. 396):

'It happened that the verses in question were communicated to the Magazine for 1779, p. 205, as the production of Mr. Hammond; and, on my shewing them to Dr. Johnson, May 6, 1779, he told me they were neither Mr. Hammond's, nor Mr. Derrick's, to whom they had also been ascribed. "I wrote them, Sir, added the Doctor, more than 40 years ago, when I was at Birmingham, at the request of a friend; who, having frequently teased me for the verses, I went one day up stairs as if to fetch them, and wrote them in the short space of time it required to have actually done so."'

No less authoritative was a private letter from the 'friend' himself, Edmund Hector. Boswell gave the true story of the verses in the second edition of the *Life*, and acknowledged that Mrs. Piozzi 'is not always inaccurate'. But he had now to deal with Miss Seward. She was not prepared to doubt what she had believed all her life, and she stated her case in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1793 (p. 875). Boswell replied (p. 1009); and what he called their 'awkward and unpleasant squabbling' continued till he received another letter from Hector, and printed it in the *Magazine* for January 1794 (p. 34):

'The true history (which I could swear to) is as follows. Mr. Morgan Graves, the elder brother of a clergyman near Bath [Richard Graves, author of *The Spiritual Quixote*], with whom I was acquainted, waited upon a lady in this neighbourhood, who, at parting, presented him the branch. He shewed it me, and wished much to return the compliment in verse. I applied to Johnson, who was with me, and in about half an hour dictated the verses which I sent to my friend.'

With this letter, which is reprinted in full in the third edition of the *Life*, Hector enclosed 'the original manuscript', written by himself at Johnson's dictation. He says that it bore the date 1731. As he retained it till 1794, what Morgan Graves received was, as might be expected, a copy.

The later texts derive from that in *The London Chronicle*, which is here adopted with one correction. The new readings in 1785 are apparently editorial, and were reproduced by Hawkins. Mrs. Piozzi, never a scrupulous transcriber, introduced a new reading, and Boswell copied her.

*On a LADY's presenting a Sprig of MYRTLE
to a GENTLEMAN*

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The Myrtle (ensign of supreme command
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair, 5
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's pray'r:
In Myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,
In Myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The Myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the Myrtle spreads; 10
O! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO MISS HICKMAN PLAYING ON
THE SPINET

Manuscript in the Adam collection.

Transcript by Malone in his copy of Boswell's *Life*, 1807 (British Museum 10854. d. 3).

Title. *Museum*: On a Lady's . . . Gentleman. By Mr. Hammond *Union*: On the Author's receiving a Sprig of Myrtle from a young Lady *Derrick*: Verses, written at the request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle. 1785. See also introductory note. 1 hopes] Fears *Museum*, *Union*, *Derrick* thy] this 1785 2 uncertain] my future *Derrick* 4 to Venus by 1785 5 a] the *Derrick* 6 Now grants, and now rejects *Piozzi*, *Boswell* a lover's pray'r] the Lover's Care *Museum*, *Union*: the poet's pray'r *Derrick* 7 groves *Museum*, *Union*, *Derrick*] shades, 1768, 1785 &c. 9-10 The Myrtle crowns . . . spreads; *om.* *Derrick* 10 lover's grave *Piozzi*: lovers' grave *Boswell* 12 ease] cure *Museum*, *Union* throbbing *Derrick* 13 must] shall *Derrick* bough] sprig 1785 his] its 1785

Works, 1787, xi. 371.

The manuscript, which is reproduced in facsimile in *The R. B. Adam Library* (vol. i, after p. 189), bears the following note on the back:

Written by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson
on my Mother, when Miss Hickman, playing
on the Spinnet

J Turton

The poem was first printed by Hawkins, who states that it was communicated to him by Dr. Turton.

Dorothy Hickman (born 13 February 1714) was the daughter of Gregory Hickman (1688–1748) of Stourbridge, to whom Johnson sent his first known letter on 30 October 1731. Johnson had been befriended by Hickman in an unsuccessful application for the post of usher in the Grammar School of Stourbridge, and the letter shows that Hickman had been struck with his facility in making verses, and had suggested that a new theme might be found in the recent failure. To this Johnson replied 'that versifying against one's inclination is the most disagreeable thing in the world, and that one's own disappointment is no inviting subject' (*Letters*, i. 1). The verses to Dorothy Hickman may have been written during the visit to Stourbridge in 1731, when she was aged eighteen.

Johnson was connected with the Hickmans by marriage. His uncle Dr. Joseph Ford married the widow of Dorothy's grandfather, and his uncle Nathaniel Ford married one of Dorothy's aunts (see Aleya Lyell Reade, *The Reades of Blackwood Hill*, 1906, pp. 149, 150, and pedigrees XXVII and XXIX).

Dorothy Hickman married Dr. John Turton, of Wolverhampton, in 1734, and was the mother of Dr. John Turton, the fashionable London physician who attended Goldsmith in his last illness.

The text here given follows the manuscript.

To Miss Hickman playing on the Spinnet

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal Reign,
Too well You know to keep the Slaves You gain.
When in your Eyes resistless Lightnings play,
Aw'd into Love, our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield, reluctant, to despotick Sway. } 5
But when your Musick sooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,
We bless the Tyrant, and we hug the Chain. }

When old Timotheus struck the vocal String,
 Ambitious Fury fir'd the Grecian King: 10
 Unbounded Projects lab'ring in his Mind,
 He pants for room, in one poor World confin'd.
 Thus wak'd to rage by Musick's dreadfull Pow'r,
 He bids the Sword destroy, the Flame devour.
 Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the Lyre, 15
 Soon had the Monarch felt a nobler fire,
 No more delighted with destructive War,
 Ambitious only now to please the Fair,
 Resign'd his Thirst of Empire to her Charms,
 And found a Thousand Worlds in Stella's Arms. 20

FRIENDSHIP; AN ODE

Transcript, c. 1740, in the handwriting of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in an album belonging to her (ff. 50 v, 51), and now in the possession of the Earl of Harrowby.

The Gentleman's Magazine, July 1743, p. 376.

The Scots Magazine, July 1743, p. 319.

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1766, p. 90.

The London Magazine, June 1766, p. 321.

The Gentleman's Magazine, June 1785, p. 477.

Works, 1788, xiv. 547.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 84 (1934, i. 158).

Works, 1816, i. 409.

This poem was first printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* along with Johnson's 'Young Author' and his translation of Horace's 'Integer Vitæ'. Boswell was the first to reprint it as it had then appeared, and introduced it thus:

'I should think myself much wanting, both to my illustrious friend and my readers, did I not introduce here, with more than ordinary respect, an exquisitely beautiful Ode, which has not been inserted in any of the collections of Johnson's poetry, written by him at a very early period, as Mr. Hector informs me, and inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of this year' (1743; *Life*, i. 158).

Another version, which Boswell overlooked, had been included in Anna Williams's *Miscellanies*; and yet another version had been contributed to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1785 by 'B. W.', who says:

'I do not believe the following Verses have ever appeared in print; but I am

10 Ambitious Fury] Ambition's fury *Works*

9-20. Suggested by Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*.

not certain of it. They were written by the worthy Dr. Johnson, in his younger days, at the request of Mrs. Porter, his future wife.'

Johnson's authorship of the poem 'at a very early period' and 'in his younger days' before his marriage (i.e. before July 1735) is thus attested by Hector and 'B. W.' independently.

The poem was copied by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu into an album containing current verse. The subject-matter of the other poems and the uniformity of the handwriting indicate that she filled this album mainly between 1735 and 1740. She afterwards inserted a few dates and names of authors, and to one poem towards the conclusion she added the date 1743; but there is no reason for placing her transcription of Johnson's poem later than 1740. Her version was not derived from the printed version of 1743, and must have been taken from a manuscript now lost.

Lady Louisa Stuart was the first to draw attention to the presence of this poem in her grandmother's album. Writing in 1837, at the age of eighty, she quoted the whole poem, not quite accurately, in her 'introductory anecdotes' in Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works (i. 53-4), and attributed it to Mary Astell, who died in 1731. But there is no mention of Mary Astell in the album, and the ascription of this poem to her must be put down to a lapse of memory. Of the author or date of the poem Lady Mary says nothing.

The poem as she transcribed it has the heading 'Ode on Friendship address'd To the Lady—'; and in the third line Friendship is said to be 'To W—— and to Angels given,'—a reading which does not agree well with the argument of the poem, and has the appearance of being substituted by an admirer intent on paying her a compliment. The fifth stanza differs wholly from the fifth stanza in the printed version of 1743, but is devoid of the obvious purpose to be expected in a substitution.

The explanation of the difference is supplied by the version published by 'B. W.' in 1785. He was wrong in thinking that he was printing the poem for the first time, but the terms of his letter leave no doubt that he was following an early manuscript. His version contains the two stanzas which might have been taken for alternatives but are now seen to belong equally to the poem as it was originally written, containing seven stanzas in all. Lady Mary's version has stanzas 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7; *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1743 has stanzas 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 7.

The stanza omitted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* may have been cut out by the editor or printer, so that the poem could be fitted in at the bottom of the second column of the closely packed page. The fifth stanza is there made to conclude with a long dash. The obvious if not the only meaning to be attached to this dash is that something has been omitted.

The resemblance of the version in Lady Mary's album (the third line excepted) to the version printed in 1766 in Anna Williams's *Miscellanies* cannot so easily be explained. Johnson must then have made use of a manuscript, and in all probability one that he had not seen for many years. There

is no means of knowing whether it contained six or seven stanzas, but the poem as he printed it in 1766 omits the stanza which is omitted in the album.

Of no other poem by Johnson can we deduce the existence of so many written copies. Two were used by him for the printed texts of 1743 and 1766, and a third was used by B. W. in 1785. Lady Mary's copy alone survives, and it must have been taken from yet another copy. We can only guess how it came to her hands. She is not known ever to have seen Johnson, and the social circles in which they moved were far apart. Her only known reference to him concerns *The Rambler* and is not complimentary. She cannot have suspected that the essayist whom she described as a pack-horse following in the beaten road of his predecessors was the author of a poem which she had thought worth transcribing into her private album. It was not wholly as he had written it, and she may have been attracted by the inserted flattery. But who of Johnson's friends was at once on such terms with him as to know his unpublished poem and on such terms with her? Savage had dedicated his *Miscellaneous Poems* to her in 1726, and in 1729 in *The Wanderer* (Book V. 72) he had praised

Fair *Wortley's* angel-Accent, Eyes, and Mind.

Till we learn more about Savage's later life his use of Johnson's poem must remain only a surmise; but could it be established, we should know that Lady Mary transcribed the poem after Easter 1738, for Johnson did not become the friend of Savage till after he had written *London*.

The text is here given in its full form of seven stanzas, as printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1785.

AN

ODE on FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To Men and Angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd;

While Love, a stranger to the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike with raging fires.

5

Title, 1766. Ode on Friendship address'd To the Lady—1740: Friendship; an
Ode 1743: Dr. Johnson upon Friendship 1785 1 boon] Gift 1740, 1766
3 To W—— and to Angels given 1740 5 a stranger to] unknown
amongst 1740: unknown among 1743, 1766 6 thousand wild] Rage
and hot 1740, 1766 desire 1740 7 savage . . . human 1743
Inflames] Torments 1743 raging] equal 1740, 1766 Fire 1740

- With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
 Alike o'er all his lightnings fly; 10
 Thy lambent glories only beam
 Around the fav'rites of the sky.
- Directress of the brave and just,
 O guide me through life's darksome way,
 And let the tortures of mistrust 15
 On selfish bosoms only prey.
- Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descend;
 In vain for thee the monarch sighs,
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend. 20
- When Virtues kindred Virtues meet,
 And sister souls together join,
 Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
 Are all transporting, all divine.
- Oh, must their ardours cease to glow 25
 When souls to blissful climes remove?
 What rais'd our Virtues here below,
 Shall aid our Happiness above.

TO SYLVANUS URBAN

Editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*

The Gentleman's Magazine, March 1738, p. 156, and 1784, verso of title-page of Part I.

Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 90.

Works, 1787, xi. 388.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 56 (1934, i. 113).

9 gleam] gloom 1743 13-16 Om. 1740, 1766: after ll. 17-20 1743
 14 me] us 1743 16 prey.— 1743 19 monarch] tyrant 1743
 20 And] Who 1740 21-4 Om. 1743 22 sister-souls 1740, 1766
 23 permanent as great] lasting, as they're great 1740 25 Oh, must their
 ardours] Oh may this Flame neer 1740: Nor shall thine ardours 1743: O! Shall
 thy flames then 1766 26 When souls] till you 1740 blissful] happier
 1740, 1766 27 our] your 1740 Virtue 1740, 1743, 1766 28 our] yr 1740

The poem is understood to have been Johnson's first contribution to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, where it appeared unsigned, with an introductory note about the attacks on Cave by rival booksellers:

'All Men of Sense, as far as we can find, having condemn'd the rude Treatment given Mr Urban by certain Booksellers, whose Names are not worth the mention already made of them; we hope it will not be thought any Ostentation, to let the Reader see a few of the Pieces sent in his favour by Correspondents of all Degrees. . . .'

A translation signed 'Briton' followed in May (p. 268), and another, according to Nichols by William Jackson of Canterbury, was printed on the verso of the title-page of Part II, 1784. Hawkins and Boswell reprinted the first translation. In a note to the proof reader Boswell wrote: 'Be sure to compare Urbane etc both latin and english with the original' (see R. W. Chapman in *Johnson and Boswell Revised*, 1928, p. 24).

Ad URBANUM

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
URBANE, nullis victæ calumniis,
Cui Fronte Sertum in Erudita
Perpetuo viret et virebit;

Quid moliatur Gens Imitantium, 5
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
Vacare solis perge Musis,
Juxta Animo Studiisque felix.

Linguae procacis plumbea Spicula,
Fidens, Superbo frange Silentio; 10
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus Æmuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis 15
Participes operæ Camœnas.

1. Murphy cites the beginning of Casimir's Ode to Pope Urban:

Urbane, regum maxime, maxime
Urbane vatum.

'The Polish poet was, probably, at that

time in the hands of a man who had meditated the history of the Latin poets' (*Essay*, 1792, p. 42). The resemblance is confined to the first-word, and the metre.

Johnson's Poems

Non ulla Musis Pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare Mentem.

20

Texente Nymphis sarta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic Viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

TO RICHARD SAVAGE

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1738, p. 210.

The London Magazine, November 1741, p. 565.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 88 n. (1934, i. 162 n.).

This epigram immediately precedes Johnson's Greek epigram to Eliza in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It was attributed to Johnson in *The London Magazine*, to which it was probably sent by Savage; it follows two longer poems which are there said to be inserted at Savage's desire. Boswell was assured that Johnson wrote it, and Nichols agreed in the Preface to the General Index to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1821, p. xxi. Croker attacked the attribution (*Life*, 1831, i. 138 n. 2).

This epigram may cast doubt on Johnson's reported statement that he did not know Savage when he wrote *London*. On the other hand, the epigram cannot be taken to show more than slight and recent acquaintance; and *London* had been offered to the publisher a few weeks before the epigram was printed. It may be that Johnson met Savage in April 1738. See note on *London*, l. 2.

Ad RICARDUM SAVAGE, Arm.
Humani Generis Amatorem.

HUMANI studium generis cui pectore fervet,
O! colat humanum Te foveatque genus!

ON A RIDDLE BY ELIZA

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1738, p. 210.

Works, 1787, xi. 397.

In an undated letter which Johnson sent to Cave before 6 April 1738, he says, 'I have composed a Greek Epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand' (*Life*, 1934, i. 122). The epigram is an answer to a long English riddle by Elizabeth Carter in the February issue of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1738, p. 99.

Boswell marked both the Greek epigram and the Latin translation as acknowledged by Johnson, but erroneously attributed them to the following year (*Life*, i. 140).

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀυείρων
Ἄινυμα

Τῇ κάλλους δυνάμει τί τέλος; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν
Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτοῦ σκήπτρα μέμλε θεῶ.
'Εκ Διὸς ἔστιν ὄναρ, θεὸς ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὀμηρος,
'Αλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν ὄναρ.
Ζεὺς μόνος φλογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῶ,
Ὅμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἷσά τ' φέρει.

5

In ELIZÆ ÆNIGMA

QUIS formæ modus imperio? *Venus* arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ *Jovi*.
Ab *Jove* *Mæonides* descendere Somnia narrat:
Hæc veniunt *Cypriæ* Somnia missa *Deæ*.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravît fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant *Veneris* lumina tela *Jovis*.

5

TO ELIZABETH CARTER.

Montagu Pennington, *Memoirs of Elizabeth Carter*, 1807, i. 271 n.

This quatrain was printed by Pennington with this introduction: 'The following Epigram by Dr. Johnson, found among Mrs. Carter's papers, in his own hand-writing, and evidently addressed to her, has never, I believe, been published before.' Without more information it is impossible to date these verses, which may have been written almost any time after 1738.

QUID mihi cum cultu? Probitas inculta nitescit,
 Et juvat ingenii vita sine arte rudis.
 Ingenium et mores si pulchra probavit Elisa,
 Quid majus mihi spes ambitiosa dabit?

TO A LADY WHO SPOKE IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1738, p. 211; May 1787, p. 441.

The London Magazine, September 1739, p. 462.

Thraliana, iv (1781-6), pp. 95, 267; ed. 1941, pp. 538, 671.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 157.

Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 316.

Works, 1787, xi. 396.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, ii. 258 n. (1934, iii. 341 n.).

This epigram was addressed to Molly Aston. Boswell calls her 'a violent Whig', and adds that it was written 'in answer to her high-flown speeches for *Liberty*'. Johnson dictated it to Mrs. Thrale in July 1782 when talking about happiness, and what she then wrote in *Thraliana* she expanded into a characteristic account in the *Anecdotes*:

'When Mr Thrale once asked him which had been the happiest period of his past life? he replied, "it was that year in which he spent one whole evening with M—y As—n. That indeed (said he) was not happiness, it was rapture; but the thoughts of it sweetened the whole year." I must add, that the evening alluded to was not passed *tête-à-tête* [as she had said in *Thraliana*], but in a select company, of which the present Lord Killmorey was one. "Molly (says Dr Johnson) was a beauty and a scholar, and a wit and a whig; and she talked all in praise of liberty: and so I made this epigram upon her—She was the loveliest creature I ever saw! ! !"

Mary Aston, familiarly known as 'Molly', was the second daughter of Sir Thomas Aston, of Aston, Cheshire, third baronet. Her elder sister Catherine married the Hon. Henry Hervey, Johnson's friend, and her younger sister Magdalen married Gilbert Walmesley. Born 25 December 1706, she married David Brodie, captain in the Royal Navy, in 1753, and died about 1765. (See A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, v. 249 and vi. 186; her portrait is reproduced as the frontispiece to vi.) She is mentioned several times by Boswell, once as having explained a question in economics which had puzzled Johnson and Lord Kames (*Life*, iii. 340).

Verses by her are preserved in Johnson's handwriting. She had refused to give a copy to a cousin when Johnson, having only once heard them, twelve lines in all, asked for a bit of paper and wrote them down. The manuscript is now in the Bodleian Library.

In the second edition of the *Life*, 1793 (iii. 131), Boswell quotes from

a correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* who thought that Johnson was indebted to an epigram in *Menagiana*, ed. 1716, iii. 377:

On s'étonne ici que Caliste
Ait pris l'habit de Moliniste.
Puisque cette jeune beauté
Ote à chacun sa liberté,
N'est-ce pas une Janseniste ?

The similarity will be more readily granted than the debt.

A translation by T. Knight was published in *The London Magazine* for September 1739. Mrs. Thrale made an impromptu translation when the distich was dictated to her (*Thraliana*, p. 539, *Anecdotes*, p. 157). Others are given by Hawkins, by Boswell, and by Murphy, *Monthly Review*, May 1787, p. 369. For two Italian translations, see *Thraliana*, p. 671.

Text and title from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1738.

*To a Lady who spoke in Defence
of LIBERTY*

LIBER ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

TO ELIZA PLUCKING LAUREL

The Gentleman's Magazine, August 1738, p. 429.

These verses are ascribed to Johnson on the authority of Boswell's statement that he contributed to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1739 (a mistake for 1738) 'an Epigram both in Greek and Latin to Eliza, and also English verses to her' (*Life*, i. 140). The Greek and Latin epigrams were printed in the number for April 1738 (see above, p. 103). The English verses are a translation of yet another epigram, printed in July (p. 372), and of uncertain authorship, though Croker attributed it to Johnson on grounds of style:

Ad ELISAM POPI Horto Lauros carpentem.

*Elysios Popi dum hūdit leta per hortos,
En avida lauros carpit Elisa manu.
Nil opus est furto. Lauros tibi, dulcis Elisa,
Si neget optatas Popus, Apollo dabit.*

Boswell's statement may be taken to mean that Johnson did not write the Latin as well as the English; or it may be that Boswell had forgotten that the English was a translation from the Latin.

Title. *Ad foeminam quandam generosam quæ libertatis causæ in sermone patrocinata fuerat.* 1787 2 liber maneam, *London Mag.*

'He was a well-known character in Bury St. Edmund's, who went by the name of Count Bryan; and who had written several poetical pieces which were inserted in the Magazine, some of which are now curious for the allusions they make to the principal families then resident in his neighbourhood'. See vol. i, p. 445; iii. 657; v. 323, 325, 733; viii. 98, 99.

The following note is given in the 1785 edition of Johnson's poems:

This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Ewers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name, (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000 £) July [October] 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

See also *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737, p. 637, 1759, p. 146, and 1782, p. 359; G. E. C. *Complete Baronetage*, iv. 175; and A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, vi. 154-6. Sir Cordell Firebrace (1712-59) was M.P. for Suffolk from 1735 till his death.

Johnson had no associations with Suffolk that have been recorded, and for all that the verses tell us he may never have seen Lady Firebrace.

Text from *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

To Lady F——ce at Bury Assizes

AT length must *Suffolk's* beauties shine in vain,
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
 Thy charms at least, fair F——e, might inspire
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre.
 For such thy beauteous mind, and lovely face, 5
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a Muse and Grace.

ON THOMAS BIRCH

The Gentleman's Magazine, December 1738, p. 654.

Works, 1787, xi. 397.

This epigram was written when the Rev. Thomas Birch was editing *The General Dictionary, Historical and Critical* (1734-41), and contributing to it several hundred biographies. See J. M. Osborn, 'Thomas Birch and the General Dictionary', *Modern Philology*, August 1938, p. 25. Boswell marks the epigram as having been acknowledged by Johnson, but erroneously places it in 1739 (*Life*, i. 140).

Εἰς ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ

ΕἶΔΕΝ Ἀληθείη πρῆν χαίρουσα γράφοντα
 Ἑρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἡδὲ Σοφῶν,
 Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥύψῃς θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,
 Σοῦ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλ

TO POSTERITY

AN ANCIENT PROPHETICAL INSCRIPTION

Marmor Norfolciense: or an Essay on an Ancient Prophetical Inscription, In Monkish Rhyme, Lately Discover'd near Lynn in Norfolk, 1739, p. 8.

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1739, p. 269; June, p. 324.

The London Magazine, May 1739, p. 244.

These political verses are the nucleus of Johnson's *Marmor Norfolciense*, published in April 1739.

'In this performance', says Boswell, 'he, in a feigned inscription, supposed to have been found in Norfolk, the county of Sir Robert Walpole, then the obnoxious prime minister of this country, inveighs against the Brunswick succession, and the measures of government consequent upon it. To this supposed prophecy he added a Commentary, making each expression apply to the times, with warm Anti-Hanoverian zeal.' (*Life*, i. 141.)

Johnson's method corresponds to Swift's in *The Windsor Prophecy*, but his *Marmor Norfolciense* is a more elaborate performance. Whereas Swift feigns to have come upon a prophecy 'written in a black Old English Letter . . . about two hundred years ago', and printed it as a broadside, Johnson discovers an older prophecy of uncertain date, inscribed on stone in rhyming Latin verse, and this he edits with a translation and an ironically serious commentary in a pamphlet of some fifty pages. *Marmor Norfolciense* is Johnson's most bitter and sustained attack on the government of Sir Robert Walpole. The verses may be read as a companion piece to the loftier political passages in *London*.

The whole pamphlet was reprinted without Johnson's knowledge in 1775, when he was enjoying his pension and supporting the government of George III. But an adaptation of the English verses, in which the satire is directed against George III's minister, the Earl of Bute, had been printed before that in *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1769, iii. 29.

The original edition remains the sole authority for the text.

POST - GENITIS

CUM Lapidem hunc, magni
Qui nunc jacet Incola stagni,

Vel Pede Equus tanget,
Vel Arator vomere franget,

Sentiet ægra Metus, 5
Effundet Patria Fletus,

Littoraque ut Fluctu,
Resonabunt Oppida Luctu:

Nam fœcunda rubri
Serpent per Prata Colubri, 10

Gramina vastantes,
Flores Fructusque vorantes,

Omnia fœdantes,
Vitiantes, et spoliantes;

Quanquam haud pugnaces, 15
Ibunt per cuncta minaces,

Fures absque Timore,
Et pingues absque Labore.

Horrida dementes
Rapiet Discordia Gentes, 20

Plurima tunc Leges
Mutabit, plurima Reges

Natio, conversâ
In Rabiem tunc contremet Ursâ

Cynthia, tunc latis 25
Florebunt Lilia Pratis,

Nec fremere audebit
Leo, sed violare timebit,

Omnia consuetus
 Populari Pascua lætus. 30

Ante Oculos Natos
 Calcatos et Cruciatos

Jam feret ignavus,
 Vetitâque Libidine pravus.

En quoque quod Mirum,
 Quod dicas denique dirum, 35

Sanguinem Equus sugit,
 Neque Bellua victa remugit.

TO POSTERITY

WHENE'ER this Stone, now hid beneath the Lake,
 The Horse shall trample, or the Plough shall break,
 Then, O my Country! shalt thou groan distrest,
 Grief swell thine Eyes, and Terror chill thy Breast.
 Thy Streets with Violence of Woe shall sound, 5
 Loud as the Billows bursting on the Ground.
 Then thro' thy Fields shall scarlet Reptiles stray,
 And Rapine and Pollution mark their Way.
 Their hungry Swarms the peaceful Vale shall fright
 Still fierce to threaten, still afraid to fight; 10
 The teeming Year's whole Product shall devour,
 Insatiate pluck the Fruit, and crop the Flow'r:
 Shall glutton on the industrious Peasants Spoil,
 Rob without Fear, and fatten without Toil.
 Then o'er the World shall Discord stretch her Wings, 15
 Kings change their Laws, and Kingdoms change their
 Kings.

32 *Calcatos emend.*: *Calceatos* 1739

13 peasant's *Gent. Mag.*, *London Mag.*

7-14. The familiar attack on the standing army.

Shorter Poems

The Bear enrag'd th' affrighted Moon shall dread;
 The Lilies o'er the Vales triumphant spread;
 Nor shall the Lyon, wont of old to reign
 Despotic o'er the desolated Plain,
 Henceforth th' inviolable Bloom invade,
 Or dare to murmur in the flow'ry Glade;
 His tortur'd Sons shall die before his Face,
 While he lies melting in a lewd Embrace;
 And, yet more strange! his Veins a Horse shall drain,
 Nor shall the passive Coward once complain.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDY PHILLIPS

The Gentleman's Magazine, September 1740, p. 464.

The Norfolk Poetical Miscellany, 1744, i. 363.

W. Toldervy, *Select Epitaphs*, 1755, ii. 222.

John Hackett, *Select and Remarkable Epitaphs*, 1757, i. 125.

The Festoon [ed. Richard Graves], 1766, p. 152.

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1766, p. 23.

25 vein G. M.

17. 'The Terror created to the Moon by the Anger of the Bear, is a strange Expression, but may perhaps relate to the Apprehensions related in the *Turkish Empire*, of which a Crescent or new Moon is the imperial Standard, by the increasing Power of the Empress of *Russia*, whose Dominions lie under the Northern Constellation called the *Bear*' (*Marmor Norfolciense*, 1739, pp. 36, 37).

18. 'The Lillies borne by the Kings of *France* are an apt Representation of that Country; and their flourishing over wide extended Valleys, seems to regard the new Increase of the *French* Power, Wealth and Dominions, by the Advancement of their Trade, and the Accession of *Lorain*' (*M.N.*, p. 37). By the treaty of Vienna, November 1738, the duchy of *Lorraine* was to pass to France on the death of Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV.

19-26. Commonplaces of the opposition to Walpole and the Court. England is 'represented as not daring to touch the Lillies, or murmur at their Growth' (*M.N.*, p. 38); 'tortur'd Sons' refers to the war with Spain. Cf. *London*, l. 54, n.

25. 'I might observe that a Horse is borne in the Arms of H——. But how then does the Horse suck the Lyon's Blood? Money is the Blood of the Body politic.—But my Zeal for the present happy Establishment will not suffer me to pursue a Train of Thought that leads to such shocking Conclusions. The Idea is detestable, and such as, it ought to be hoped, can enter into the Mind of none but a virulent Republican, or bloody Jacobite' (*M.N.*, p. 41). The horse courrant of Saxony was on the royal arms of England from the death of Anne to the accession of Victoria.

Johnson's Poems

Collection of the Most esteemed Pieces of Poetry (Mendez), 1767 and 1770, p. 209.

The Court Miscellany, November 1767, p. 610.

The Annual Register, 1767, p. 252.

The Weekly Magazine, Edinburgh, 15 June 1769.

T. Webb, *A new select Collection of Epitaphs*, 1775. i. 79.

The Gentleman's Magazine, December 1779, p. 608.

The Scots Magazine, January 1780, p. 42.

Garrick, *Poetical Works*, 1785, ii. 480.

Works, 1787, xi. 367.

Poetical Works, 1789, p. 205.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 78 (1934, i. 149).

This epitaph is signed 'G.' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, like the piece immediately preceding it, and was therefore sometimes supposed to be by Garrick. It was first said to be by 'S. Johnson' in Hackett's *Epitaphs* in 1757. All doubt was set at rest by Boswell:

'It has been ascribed to Mr. Garrick, from its appearing at first with the signature G; but I have heard Mr. Garrick declare, that it was written by Dr. Johnson, and give the following account of the manner in which it was composed. Johnson and he were sitting together; when, amongst other things, Garrick repeated an Epitaph upon this Phillips by a Dr. Wilkes, in these words:

Exalted soul! whose harmony could please
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease;
Could jarring discord, like Amphion, move
To beauteous order and harmonious love;
Rest here in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
And meet thy blessed Saviour in the skies.

Johnson shook his head at these common-place funeral lines, and said to Garrick, "I think, Davy, I can make a better". Then, stirring about his tea for a little while, in a state of meditation, he almost extempore produced the following verses: "Phillips, whose touch" etc.' (*Life*, i. 148.)

Wilkes's epitaph is inscribed on the memorial tablet which was placed by public subscription in the porch of St. Peter's Church, Wolverhampton, shortly after Phillips's death, and it follows these words:

Near this Place lies
Charles Claudius Phillips
Whose absolute Contempt of Riches
and inimitable Performance upon the Violin
made him the Admiration of all that knew him
He was born in Wales
made the tour of Europe
and after the Experience of both Kinds of Fortune
Died in 1732

The inscribed version differs in several places from the version given by Boswell; for example, the last line reads 'And join thy Saviour's Consort

(i.e. concert) in the Skies'. Johnson's epitaph is inscribed on another stone which was placed underneath sometime after 1800.

Dr. Richard Wilkes (1691-1760) began practice as a physician at Wolverhampton in 1720 and attained to eminence in his profession. His epitaph on himself, his portrait, and his account of Phillips are in Salt's *History of Staffordshire*, 1801, ii. 147-8, Appendix, p. 18.

Johnson's epitaph may have been sent to *The Gentleman's Magazine* by Garrick; but as Johnson was then actively engaged on the *Magazine* the 'G' is more probably a careless repetition from the previous piece. Hawkins says that the lines are recognized as Johnson's 'in a memorandum of his handwriting'. The memorandum has disappeared.

An adaptation of the epitaph as a glee for three voices ('O thou whose notes cou'd oft remove the pangs of woe or hapless Love', etc.) was set to music by Henry Harington: see *A Collection of Catches*, Edinburgh [1780], vol. iii, p. 92, and *A Favourite Collection of Songs* [1780?].

It is here printed as contributed to Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*.

An Epitaph on Claudy Phillips, a Musician

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here distress by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

TRANSLATION OF GREEK EPIGRAMS

Gentleman's Magazine, December 1740, p. 595.

The Idler, 1767, ii. 299, 300.

Works, 1787, xi. 419, 420.

In his *Essay on Epitaphs* Johnson included two inscriptions found in the

Title. An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudy Philips, Musician, who died very poor G.M. 1740: On Claudius Phillips, an excellent Musician at Bridgnorth, Salop; who died very poor Tolderay: Epitaph on Claude Phillips, an Itinerant Musician 1787, 1789 &c. 1 Philips G.M. Festoon, Webb, Boswell 1793 2 and] or Hackett, Mendez, Webb, Boswell 3 oppress'd Mendez 4 Here find G.M., Tolderay, Hackett, Festoon, Mendez, Webb, Boswell 5 Rest undisturb'd within this humble Mendez

Greek Anthology (vii. 553 and 676), 'one upon a Man whose Writings are well known, the other upon a Person whose Memory is preserved only in her EPITAPH, who both lived in Slavery, the most calamitous Estate in human Life'. To each he added a Latin translation in verse and an English translation in prose. The verses are included among the translations from the *Anthology* which he made late in life: see p. 212.

ZOSIMA, quæ solo fuit olim corpore Serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

'Zosima, who in her Life could only
'have her Body enslaved, now finds her
'Body likewise set at Liberty.'

SERVUS *Epictetus*, mutilatus corpore vixi
Pauperieque Irus, curaue prima Deum.

'Epictetus, who lies here, was a Slave
'and a Cripple, poor as the Begger in the
'Proverb, and the Favourite of Heaven.'

ON COLLEY CIBBER

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 78 (1934, i. 149).
Works, 1825, i. 132 n.

Boswell tells us that Johnson dictated this epigram to him at the inn at Blackshiels on 21 November 1773 when they were concluding their tour in Scotland. He had heard it repeated by Garrick. He says in his *Journal* (v. 350) that 'imperfect copies are gone about', and in the *Life* (i. 149) that the epigram 'has never yet appeared'; but he did not know its exact date. Hill assigned it to 1741, believing it to have been suggested by that year's Birthday Ode, which ends with this chorus:

While thus our Master of the Main
Revives Eliza's glorious Reign,
The great Plantagenets look down,
And see your Race adorn your Crown.

(See *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1741, p. 549.) But the satire applies to all the Odes of Cibber, who was Laureate from 1730 to 1757.

The Rev. John Hussey wrote the following note in his interleaved copy of Boswell's *Life*: 'I have heard Johnson speak respectfully and with kindness of Colley Cibber.'

AUGUSTUS still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.

TO LAURA

The Gentleman's Magazine, July 1743, p. 378

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 84 (1934, i. 157).

This quatrain was ascribed to Johnson by Boswell with this note: 'Mr. Hector was present when this Epigram was made impromptu. The first line was proposed by Dr. James, and Johnson was called upon by the company to finish it, which he instantly did.' James probably proposed not only the first line, but the first couplet.

James and Hector were both Johnson's school-fellows. In the same year as this epigram appeared Johnson wrote the Dedication for James's *Medicinal Dictionary*, and they remained close friends till James's death in 1776. Cf. Allen T. Hazen, 'Samuel Johnson and Dr. Robert James', *Bulletin of the Institute of the History of Medicine*, vol. iv, No. 6, June 1936.

Ad Lauram parituram Epigramma

ANGLIACAS inter pulcherrima Laura puellas,
Mox uteri pondus depositura grave,
Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
Neve tibi noceat prænitusse Deæ.

TRANSLATION OF POPE'S VERSES ON
HIS GROTTTO

The Gentleman's Magazine, October 1743, p. 550.

Transcript, c. 1775, by or for Thomas Percy (Bodleian Library).

Works, 1787, xi. 406.

Boswell marked this translation as acknowledged by Johnson (*Life*, 1934, i. 157), and Langton included it among Johnson's Latin poems. A prefatory note in *The Gentleman's Magazine* states that it was hastily written:

'Tho' several translations of Mr. Pope's Verses on his grotto have already appear'd, we hope that the following attempt, which, we are assured, was the casual amusement of half an hour, during several solicitations to procede, will neither be unacceptable to our readers, nor (these circumstances consider'd) dishonour the persons concerned by a hasty publication.'

Hill argued that this translation could not be Johnson's, as he 'was not the man to allow that haste of performance was any plea for indulgence' (*Life*, i. 157 n.); but Johnson did not ask for indulgence, and the joint witness of Boswell and Langton remains unshaken.

Pope's verses were first published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1741. Dodsley published in October 1743 a sixteen-page pamphlet containing the verses and two anonymous Latin translations with one in

Greek by Walter Harte. Neither Latin version resembles Johnson's.

The text is taken from *The Gentleman's Magazine*. The authority for Langton's variants is not known, but they are found in Percy's transcript.

QUISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
 Speluncæ late *Thamesis* prætendit opacæ,
 Marmoreo trepidant qua lentæ in fornice guttæ,
 Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis,
 Gemmaque luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti 5
 Pendet, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum:
 Ingredere O!—Magnam pura cole mente parentem,
 Auriferasque, auri metuens, scrutare cavernas.
 Ingredere! *Egeriæ* sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
 Hic, in se totum longe per opaca futuri 10
 Temporis *Henricum* rapuit vis vivida mentis;
 Hic pia *Vindamius* traxit suspiria, in ipsa
 Morte memor patriæ; hic *Marcmonti* pectore prima
 Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
 Temnere opes pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri 15
 Fortis, ades, solus tangas venerabile limen.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS HANMER

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 239.

W. Toldervy, *Select Epitaphs*, 1755, ii. 192.

John Hackett, *Select and Remarkable Epitaphs*, 1757, ii. 148.

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1766, p. 94.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 251.

T. Webb, *A new select Collection of Epitaphs*, 1775, i. 52, ii. 209.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 188.

Works, 1787, xi. 369.

This is the first of a group of six poems which are printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1747, each over the signature '****'. The authorship of some of them has been questioned (see *Life*, i. 177), but in a manuscript note signed 'J. R.' and dated March 1788 they are said to have been 'given to me by Johnson . . . in Mr. Hawkesworth's absence, who

3 Marmoreâ 1787 6 Pendet] Splendet 1787 7 Magnam] rerum
 1787 13 Marcmonti 1787 16 solus tangas] tibi sponte patet 1787

11. *Henricum*—Henry St. John, ham.
 Viscount Bolingbroke.

13. *Marcmonti*—the Earl of March-

12. *Vindamius*—Sir William Wynd-

mont.

then generally compiled Cave's poetical Miscellany'. 'J.R.' is John Ryland, Hawkesworth's brother-in-law, and his testimony may be accepted as final (*Life*, i. 242, iv. ed. Powell, 435; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, ix. 500). The note is written on a stray leaf from *The Cabinet of Genius*, 1788, containing 'The Winter's Walk'. Its discovery was announced by J. Reading in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* of 11 September 1937.

The poem was first assigned to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, but was omitted in the edition of 1775.

Hanmer died in May 1746 and was buried in the church of Hanmer in Flintshire, where he is commemorated in the Latin epitaph on which the poem is based. It is printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* before the poem. It was written by Robert Freind, who had been Hanmer's tutor at Christ Church, Oxford, and was appointed Headmaster of Westminster School a year or two before his pupil was elected Speaker of the House of Commons.

The poem is not a 'translation', and hardly even a 'paraphrase'. Though the words 'Or rather a Paraphrase' are part of the title in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the poem is an original composition on the lines suggested by the lapidary prose of the epitaph.

The text is taken from Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*.

A TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN EPITAPH On Sir THOMAS HANMER

WRITTEN BY DOCTOR FREIND

THOU, who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
His various worth, through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues, while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade; 16
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the Senator and Man.

Title. Written by Doctor Freind.] Or rather a Paraphrase. G.M.; Friend
Miscellanies. 2 at] on G.M.

In bus'ness dext'rous, weighty in debate,
 Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State;
 In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd, 15
 In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd.
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker, with united voice. 20
 Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
 When HANMER fill'd the chair, and ANN the throne.

Then, when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of State,
 The moderator firmly mild appear'd, 25
 Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
 Strict, on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
 With temp'rate zeal, and wise anxiety; 30
 Nor e'er from virtue's path was lur'd aside,
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.

Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
 And fame pursu'd him, where conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest, 35
 With honour sated, and with cares opprest;
 To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
 To rural grandeur, and domestick worth;
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
 The Patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend. 40

Calm conscience then his former life survey'd,
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
 Till nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
 And virtue's sorrow dignify'd his tomb.

31 paths 1785, *Works* lur'd] turn'd G.M.

20. Speaker of the House of Commons 1714-15.

37. His edition of Shakespeare oc-

cupied him for several years and appeared in 1743-4.

TO MISS — ON HER GIFT OF A NET-WORK PURSE

Transcript made by or for Henry Hervey, or Aston, in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 239.

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies*, 1766, p. 10.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 250.

St. James's Chronicle, 25 January 1785.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 167.

Works, 1787, xi. 356.

This poem is signed "***" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It was first attributed to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, but was omitted in the edition of 1775. Malone ascribed it to Johnson in his annotated copy of Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*, from which the text is here taken.

It is one of four poems by Johnson which are found in a collection of transcripts made by or for his friend Henry Hervey (who changed his name to Aston in 1744 when his wife, the sister of Molly Aston, succeeded to the family estates). In this transcript it is addressed "To Miss Carpenter". Similarly, the poem "To Miss — On her playing upon the Harpsicord" is addressed "To the Honble Miss Carpenter".

Alicia Maria Carpenter (1729-94) was the only daughter of the second Lord Carpenter, and was married on 12 March 1751 to the Earl of Egremont. Hervey, who had taken orders in 1743 after an undistinguished and spendthrift career in the army, induced Johnson to write for him the sermon which he delivered at St. Paul's before the Sons of the Clergy on 2 May 1745 (see L. F. Powell in *The Times* of 25 November 1938); and it may be that Johnson again helped him by writing two poems which he could send to an accomplished and attractive girl in her teens.

To MISS —

On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk
net-work Purse of her own weaving

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite,
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the vary'd work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine,

Thy hand that knows the subtler art, 5
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.
 Spread out by me, the roving coin,
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine,
 Nor can I hope thy silken chain
 The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain; 10
 Why, SYLVIA, was it then decreed,
 The heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed?

TO MISS ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD

Transcript made by or for Henry Hervey, or Aston, in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

The Museum, 1746, ii. 178 (Numb. xviii, 22 November 1746).

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies*, 1766, p. 104.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 253; 1775, iii. 247; 1783, iii. 249.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 168.

Works, 1787, xi. 357.

In *The Museum* and in Hervey's transcript this poem is addressed to Miss Carpenter. It may be read as a companion piece to the poem on the network purse. Both are included in Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*. Malone thought that it was 'perhaps' by Johnson. It was first said to be by Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, 1770.

Text from the *Miscellanies*.

To Miss —

On her playing upon the Harpsicord in a
 Room hung with some Flower-Pieces
 of her own Painting

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string
 In scenes of imitated Spring,
 Where Beauty lavishes her pow'rs
 On beds of never-fading flow'rs,

7 out by me] for their prey G.M., *Hervey transcript* coin G.M.: coin,
Hervey, Miscellanies. 8 catch] snare G.M., *Hervey* 11 SYLVIA]
 Stella *St. James's Chron., Poems, Works*.

Title To Miss *** *Miscellanies*: To the Hon. Miss Carpenter *Museum*,
Hervey transcript (Honble) Harpsichord 1785 ('Harpsicord' in the *Dictionary*).

And pleasure propagates around 5
 Each charm of modulated sound,
 Ah! think not, in the dang'rous hour,
 The nymph fictitious, as the flow'r;
 But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
 Nor tempt the snares of wily love. 10

When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,
 What thought of flight, or of defence?
 Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
 For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
 Delighting, as the youth draws nigh, 15
 To point the glances of her eye,
 And forming, with unerring art,
 New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on these regions of delight,
 Might Truth intrude with daring flight, 20
 Could STELLA, sprightly, fair and young,
 One moment hear the moral song,
 Instruction with her flow'rs might spring,
 And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes 25
 Thou see'st one pleasing form arise,
 How active light, and thoughtful shade,
 In greater scenes each other aid;
 Mark, when the diff'rent notes agree
 In friendly contrariety, 30
 How passion's well-accommoded strife
 Gives all the harmony of life;
 Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
 Consistent still, though not the same,
 Thy musick teach the nobler art 35
 To tune the regulated heart.

7 hour] Bower Museum, Hervey
 Hervey 19 those 1785

18 chains to hold] Tortures for Museum,
 21 Could] Wou'd Museum.

STELLA IN MOURNING

Transcript made by or for Henry Hervey, or Aston, in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 239.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 170.

Works, 1787, xi. 361.

The evidence for Johnson's authorship is the signature '* * *' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, from which the text is here taken. See p. 116.

STELLA *in* MOURNING

WHEN, lately, *Stella's* form display'd
 The beauties of the gay brocade,
 The nymphs, who found their pow'r decline,
 Proclaim'd her, not so fair as fine.
 'Fate! snatch away the bright disguise, 5
 'And let the goddess trust her eyes.'
 Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
 And fate malicious heard the pray'r.
 But brighten'd by the sable dress,
 As virtue rises in distress, 10
 Since *Stella* still extends her reign,
 Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
 Th' adoring youth, and envious fair,
 Henceforth shall form one common pray'r,
 And Love and Hate alike implore 15
 The skies, that *Stella* mourn no more.

THE WINTER'S WALK

Transcript made by or for Henry Hervey, or Aston, in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 240 (two issues).

Fawkes and Woty, *The Poetical Calendar*, 1763, i. 17.

Collection of esteemed Pieces of Poetry (Mendez), 1767 and 1770, p. 208.

The Court Miscellany, November 1767, p. 607.

The London Magazine, December 1767, p. 643.

The Universal Magazine, December 1767, p. 329, and November 1779, p. 263.

The Scots Magazine, December 1767, p. 643.

The Annual Register, 1767, p. 265, and 1779, p. 175.

The Weekly Magazine, Edinburgh, 22 June 1769.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 244; 1775, iii. 242; 1783, iii. 244.

The Oxford Magazine, January 1773, p. 26.

The Lady's Poetical Magazine, 1781, i. 176.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 162.

Works, 1787, xi. 355.

The Cabinet of Genius, 1788 (with 'Stella' as frontispiece to poem).

This poem is signed "****" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It was first said to be by Johnson in the *Collection* of 1767. Boswell remarks that 'it has never been controverted to be his'.

The reprint in *The Poetical Calendar* contains a new reading in the last line; and there is no reason for holding that it was not introduced by Johnson. Boswell thought that the original form was 'more Johnsonian. . . . A horror at life in general is more consonant with Johnson's habitual gloomy cast of thought' (*Life*, i. 179). To this Croker replied that 'Johnson's habitual horror was not of life, but of death' (*Life*, 1831, i. 154 n.).

Text from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, except last line.

The WINTER'S WALK

BEHOLD my fair, where-e'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise,
The naked hills, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies.

Nor only through the wasted plain, 5
Stern winter, is thy force confest,
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy pow'r usurp my breast.

Enliv'ning hope, and fond desire, 10
Resign the heart to spleen and care,
Scarce frightened love maintains his fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

3 hills] hill *Mendez*, *Pearch*, 1785, *Works* 5 through . . . , is] 'thought . . .
in *Pearch*, 1785, *Works* 1787-1801 11 his] her *G.M.* (first issue), *Farwakes*
and all later

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year, 15
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my *Stella*, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life. 20

AN ODE

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 240.

Fawkes and Woty, *The Poetical Calendar*, 1763, iv. 3.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 236.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 155.

Works, 1787, xi. 350.

This poem is signed '***' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It was first attributed to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, from which it was omitted in the edition of 1775. Boswell thought that the 'learned description of the gout' was 'very characteristic'; but he found a difficulty in the footnote, 'The Author being ill of the Gout', for 'Johnson was not attacked with that distemper till at a very late period of his life'. He suspected a poetical fiction. 'Why may not a poet suppose himself to have the gout', he asks, 'as well as suppose himself to be in love?'

The footnote may have been supplied by 'J. R.', who sent the poem to the press (see p. 116), in the belief that readers of the *Magazine* would welcome some explanation of 'arthritic tyranny'.

Text from *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

An ODE

STERN winter now, by spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long-continu'd strife,
 And nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

20 And screen . . . ills] And hide . . . sight G.M., Hervey transcript, as an alternative to For there are all the Joys of Life.

Title] Spring. An Ode. 1785, *Works*

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation paints the plain. 5

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns,
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines. 10

Yet, tho' my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where ——'s humble turrets rise. 15

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart. 20

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend;
Once more great nature's work review,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife, 25
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd,
Here let me learn the use of life,
Then best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat, 30
The gen'rous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

8 paints] plants *Pearch*, 1785, *Works* 23 work review] works review
Fawkes: work renew *Pearch*: works renew 1785, *Works* 28 Then] When
Pearch, 1785, *Works*

10. 'The Author being ill of the Gout' *Magazine*; omitted in *The Poetical*
added as a footnote in *The Gentleman's Calendar*.

When Pride, by guilt, to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share. 35

But, lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me *Curio's* art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart. 40

TO LYCE

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1747, p. 240.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 172.

Works, 1787, xi. 364.

This is the last of the six pieces signed "****" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*; see p. 116. Boswell had doubts if it was by Johnson:

'I have also some difficulty to believe that he could produce such a group of conceits as appear in the verses to Lyce, in which he claims for this ancient personage as good a right to be assimilated to *heaven*, as nymphs whom other poets have flattered; he therefore ironically ascribes to her the attributes of the *sky*, in such stanzas as this: "Her teeth the *night* with *darkness* dies" etc.' (*Life*, i. 179.)

Boswell's hesitation has been shared by others. The piece is unlike Johnson in spirit. But it is a free imitation of Horace's Ode iv. 13, and it may be early work. The note by 'J.R.' suggests that the group of six poems was given to help him over an editorial difficulty, and Johnson may well have collected stray pieces that he had by him.

Text from *The Gentleman's Magazine*; in line 12 one issue has 'rain' in error for 'show'rs'.

To LYCE, an elderly Lady

Y^E nymphs whom starry rays invest,
 By flatt'ring poets giv'n;
 Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,
 In all the pomp of heav'n;
 Engross not all the beams on high,
 Which gild a lover's lays,
 But as your sister of the sky,
 Let *Lyce* share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
 Her brows a cloudy show, 10
 Striped rainbows round her eyes are seen,
 And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er,
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies, 15
 And can with thunder roar.

But some *Zelinda* while I sing
 Denies my *Lyce* shines,
 And all the pens of *Cupid's* wing
 Attack my gentle lines. 20

Yet spite of fair *Zelinda's* eye,
 And all her bards express,
 My *Lyce* makes as good a sky,
 And I but flatter less.

TRANSLATIONS OF MOTTOES AND QUOTATIONS IN 'THE RAMBLER'

The mottoes in *The Rambler*, as in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, were given without translation in the original issues. Steele had begun No. 370 of *The Spectator* (5 May 1712) by remarking that:

'Many of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them.'

But he and Addison continued to provide no assistance in the sheets that were served up at tea-tables and in coffee-houses. Assistance had to be sought elsewhere. A little book had just appeared called *The Motto's of the Five Volumes of Tatlers, and the Two Volumes of the Spectator, Translated into English* (April 1712); and it was to be supplemented as new volumes of the collected numbers of *The Spectator* were published. It was reissued in 1735 as *The Mottoes of the Spectators, Tatlers and Guardians*, and in 1737 with the mottoes of *The Freeholder* added.

Johnson thus conformed to the established custom in leaving his mottoes untranslated in the original folio issues; but when *The Rambler* was reprinted in duodecimo (vols. i-iv, January 1752; vols. v and vi, July 1752) each volume was furnished with translations of its mottoes in six additional

pages; and similarly six pages of translations were prefixed to each of the two volumes of the 1753 collection of the folio numbers. The translations were first printed immediately below the mottoes and quotations in the Dublin reprint of 1752; of the editions with which Johnson was directly concerned, the first to include them in this manner was the edition of 1756.¹

It is questionable whether Johnson would not have been content to leave the mottoes untranslated had not James Elphinston translated them in the edition which he brought out at Edinburgh. 'With a laudable zeal', says Boswell, 'at once for the improvement of his countrymen, and the reputation of his friend, he suggested and took charge of an edition of these essays at Edinburgh, which followed progressively the London publication'. Elphinston's rare edition has many points of interest. It is the only edition which reproduces *The Rambler* as it first appeared, without Johnson's emendations; and it was the first edition to be published in volumes, Nos. 1-158 being collected in six very small octavos by November 1751 while they were still uncollected by the London publishers. But the chief interest attaches to the 'Version of the Mottoes' which is appended to each of the six volumes, and of which Elphinston was the sole author. Johnson read these versions and saw where they could be bettered; and before Elphinston brought out the last two of his eight volumes (July 1752) the last volumes of Johnson's own revised edition had appeared with Johnson's authorized translations of all the mottoes and quotations in the 208 numbers. In his last two volumes Elphinston adopted the translations in the London edition.

Johnson's list, unlike Elphinston's, is composite. He selects renderings from well-known authors, relies on some of his acquaintances for others, and himself provides the remainder. The evidence for his authorship, apart from style, is the absence of attribution to any other writer. Johnson was always punctilious in acknowledging assistance, and what he leaves unassigned is to be accepted as his own. He adopted thirty-six of Elphinston's translations, introducing new readings in some of them.² The Rev. Francis Lewis, of Chiswick—of whom all that Boswell could learn was that 'he lived in London and hung loose upon society'—supplied thirty-four. Two were by Anna Williams (Nos. 75 and 172). Two others (Nos. 150 and 166) were by 'E.C.'—initials which are expanded in the edition of 1756, not into Elizabeth Carter but, unexpectedly, into 'Edw. Cave'. A large number are from Francis's *Horace* and from Dryden's *Virgil* or *Juvenal*. Of about two hundred and sixty verse renderings Johnson himself supplied over sixty.

The translations for Nos. 31-57 are reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1752, pp. 468-70 (in continuation of Nos. 1-30 by

¹ The habit of inserting the translation immediately under the Latin or Greek in reprints of the periodical essays had begun in the forties, e.g. *The Freeholder*, 1744. But in original issues the Greek or Latin continued to

be given without translation, e.g. *The Adventurer*, 1752-4, and *The Connoisseur*, 1754-6. The quotations in *The Idler* have remained untranslated.

² The most serious changes are in the motto of No. 130. See p. 382.

Elphinston, September 1750, pp. 406-9), and begin with the following note:

'The translations signed J.E. were previously published in the *Edinburgh* edition; those signed J. are by the author, and those F. Lewis, by the Rev. Francis Lewis of Chiswick, and the others are from the books cited.'

The translations 'signed J.' correspond to those which are unsigned in the duodecimo and folio editions of 1752 and 1753. Further confirmation that the unsigned translations in these editions are by Johnson is provided by a note written by Thomas Percy about 1764 in his copy of the 1756 edition: 'Those without any annexed name by the Author himself.'

The reprint in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1752 concludes with Johnson's new translation of the mottoes to Nos. 7 and 12, and with the wish that 'he would oblige the world with more of his poetical compositions'. The former, from Boethius, was singled out for quotation by Boswell, as showing how well Johnson would have executed a translation of this philosophical poet (*Life*, i. 139).

Johnson told Boswell that he intended to add to his two imitations of Juvenal's satires, 'for he had them all in his head' (*Life*, i. 193). His translations of the mottoes preserve a few fragments, and fewer than might have been expected. He gives Dryden's rendering oftener than his own.

Many of the translations are only single lines, and some might lose their point if printed without the original Latin or Greek, but all have a right to be brought together and included, as they now are for the first time, among his poetical works.

NUMB. 6. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1750

Ni vitiiis pejora fovens

Proprium deserat ortum. [BOETHIUS, III. VI.]

UNLESS the soul, to vice a thrall,
Desert her own original.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1750

O quæ perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,

Terrarum cælique sator!—

Disjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,

Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,

Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,

Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem. BOETHIUS [III. IX].

O THOU whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,

On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast 5
 With silent confidence and holy rest:
 From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1750

—*Media inter prælia semper
 Sideribus, cœlique plagis, superisque vacavi.* [LUCAN, x. 185-6.]

AMID the storms of war, with curious eyes
 I trace the planets and survey the skies.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1750

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo. VIRG. [*Ecl.* vii. 17].

FOR trifling sports I quitted grave affairs.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1750

—*Miserum parvâ stipe facilat, ut pudibundos
 Exercere sales inter convivia possit.*—

Tu mitis, & acri

*Asperitate carens, positoque per omnia fastu,
 Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
 Obsequiumque doces, & amorem quæris amando.*

LUCANUS *ad Pisonem* [126-132].¹

UNLIKE the ribald, whose licentious jest
 Pollutes his banquet and insults his guest;
 From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
 Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend:
 We round thy board the cheerful menials see, 5
 Gay with the smile of bland equality;
 No social care the gracious lord disdains;
 Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

¹ See Baehrens, *Poetae Latini Minores*, 1879, i. 230.

NUMB. 17. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1750

—*Ridetque sui ludibria trunci.* [LUCAN, ix. 14.]

AND soaring mocks the broken frame below.

NUMB. 21. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1750

*Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit; & urticae proxima sæpe rosa est.*

OVID [*Rem. Amor.* 45].

OUR bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.

NUMB. 32. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1750

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum est. [OVID, *Her.* v. 7.]

LET pain deserv'd without complaint be borne.

NUMB. 33. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1750

Quod caret alternâ Requie durabile non est. OVID [*Her.* iv. 89].

ALTERNATE rest and labour long endure.

NUMB. 39. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1750

Infelix—nulli bene nupta marito. AUSONIUS [*Epit. Herozum* xxx].

UNBLEST, still doom'd to wed with misery.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1750

*Ἦπερ μέγιστη γίγνεται
Ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ,
Νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα.* EURIPIDES [*Medea* 14].

THIS is the chief felicity of life,
That concord smile on the connubial bed ;
But now 'tis hatred all.—

NUMB. 46. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1750

—*Genus, et p* , *et quæ non fecimus ipsi,*
ea nostra voco. OVID [*Met.* xiii. 140–1].

NOUGHT from my birth or ancestors I claim;
 All is my own, my honour and my shame.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1750

—*Projecere animam! quam vellent æthere in alto*
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!
 [VIRG. *Aen.* vi. 436–7.]

FOR healthful indigence in vain they pray,
 In quest of wealth who throw their lives away.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1750

Tu-ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linquis, Erasme,
Ante meus quam sit conciliatus amor?
 J. C. SCALIGER [*Epit. in Laud. Erasmi*].

ART thou too fall'n? ere anger could subside
 And love return, has great *Erasmus* died?

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1750

—*Garrit anilis*
Ex re fabellas.——— HOR. [*Sat.* II. vi. 77].

THE chearful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
 Conceals the moral council in a tale.

—*χείμαρροι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες*
Ἐς μιγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τῶνδε τέ τηλόσε δούπων ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.
 [HOM. *Il.* iv. 452–5.]

WORK'D into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
 Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
 The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

NUMB. 67. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1750

*Αἰ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ.*

EURIP. [*Phoen.* 396-7].¹

EXILES, the proverb says, subsist on hope.
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that mocks approach.

NUMB. 71. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1750.

*Τὸ ρόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον. ἦν δὲ παρελθὼν
Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βᾶτον.* [*Anthol.* xi. 53.]²

SOON fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

NUMB. 81. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1750

Discite Justitiam moniti— VIRG. [*Aen.* vi. 620].

HEAR, and be just.

NUMB. 82. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1750

Omnia Castor emit, sic fiet ut omnia vendat. MART. [VII. xcvi].

WHO buys without discretion, buys to sell.

NUMB. 83. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1751

Nisi utile est quod facias stulta est gloria. PHAEDRUS [III. xvii. 12].

ALL useless science is an empty boast.

NUMB. 85. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1751

*Otia si tollas periire Cupidinis arcus
Contemptæque jacent, et sine luce faces.*

OVID [*Rem. Amor.* 139-40].

At busy hearts in vain love's arrows fly;
Dim, scorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

1. Substituted in the duodecimo edition, 1752, for another Greek motto.

2. Translated by Johnson also into Latin: see his 'Translations from the Greek Anthology', *post*, p. 223.

NUMB. 89. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1751

Dulce est disipere in Loco. HOR. [Od. iv. xii. 28].

WISDOM at proper times is well forgot.

NUMB. 90. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1751

In tenui labor. VIRG. [Georg. iv. 6].

WHAT toil in slender things!

NUMB. 93. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1751

—*Experiar quid concedatur in illos*

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina. JUV. [i. 170-1].

MORE safely truth to urge her claim presumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

NUMB. 96. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1751

Quod si Platonis musa personat verum,

Quod quisque discit, immemor recordatur. BOETHIUS [III. xi. 15].

TRUTH in platonic ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

NUMB. 104. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751

—*Nihil est quod credere de se*

Non possit—

JUV. [iv. 70-1].

NONE e're rejects hyperbolies of praise.

NUMB. 105. TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1751

—*Animorum*

Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti. JUV. [x. 350-1].

VAIN man runs headlong, to caprice resign'd;
Impelled by passion, and with folly blind.¹

¹ Not from *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; see ll. 345-6.

NUMB. 106. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1751

—Non unquam dedit
Documenta fors majora, quam fragili loco
Starent superbi.— [SENECA, *Troad.* 4-6.]

INSULTING chance ne'er call'd with louder voice,
 On swelling mortals to be proud no more.

NUMB. 111. TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1751

Φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς, οὐκ ἀσφαλεῖς.
 SOPHOC. [*O. T.* 617].

DISASTER always waits an^r early wit.

NUMB. 117. TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1751

Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cùm fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi! [TIBUL. I. i. 45-8.]

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
 Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs!

NUMB. 122. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1751

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit. OVID [*Pont.* I. iii. 35].

By secret charms our native land attracts.

NUMB. 127. TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1751

Cœpisti melius quàm desinis: ultima primis
Cedunt: dissimiles hic vir, et ille puer. OVID [*Her.* ix. 23-4].

SUCCEEDING years thy early fame destroy;
 Thou, who began'st a man, wilt end a boy.

NUMB. 128. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1751

Αἰὼν δ' ἀσφαλὴς
 Οὐκ ἐγένετ', οὔτ' Αἰακίδα παρὰ Πηλεΐ,
 Οὔτε παρ' ἀντιθέῳ
 Κάδμῳ. λέγονταί γε μὰν βροτῶν
 * Ολβον ὑπέρτατον οἷ
 Σχεῖν. PIND. [*Pyth.* iii. 153-8].

FOR not the brave, or wise, or great,
 E'er yet had happiness compleat;
 Nor *Peleus*, grandson of the sky,
 Nor *Cadmus*, scap'd the shafts of pain,
 Though favour'd by the pow'rs on high,
 With ev'ry bliss that man can gain.

NUMB. 129. TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1751

ic, *Dædale, dixit,*
Materiam, qua sis ingeniosus, habes.
Possidet en terras, et possidet æquora Minos:
Nec tellus nostræ, nec patet unda fugæ.
Restat iter cælo: cælo tentabimus ire.
Da veniam cæpto, Jupiter alte, meo.
 OVID [*Ars Am.* ii. 33-8].

NOW *Dædalus*, behold, by fate assign'd,
 A task proportion'd to thy mighty mind!
 Unconquer'd bars on earth and sea withstand;
 Thine, *Minos*, is the main, and thine the land.
 The skies are open—let us try the skies:
 Forgive, great *Jove*, the daring enterprize.

NUMB. 132. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1751

—*Dociles imitandis*
Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus.— JUV. [xiv. 40-1].
 THE mind of mortals, in perverseness strong,
 Imbibes with dire docility the wrong.

NUMB. 135. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1751

Cælum non animum mutant. HOR. [*Ep.* i. xi. 27].

PLACE may be chang'd; but who can change his mind?

NUMB. 138. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1751

—*tecum libeat Mihi sordida rura*

Atque humiles habitare casas, et figere cervos.

VIRG. [*Ecl.* ii. 28–9].

With me retire and leave the pomp of courts
For humble cottages and rural sports.

NUMB. 139. TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1751

—*Sit quod vis simplex dumtaxat et unum.* HOR. [*Ars Poet.* 23].

LET ev'ry piece be simple and be one.

NUMB. 140. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1751

—*Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est*

Ut non hoc fateatur? HOR. [*Sat.* i. x. 2–3].

WHAT doating bigot to his faults so blind,
As not to grant me this, can *Milton* find?

NUMB. 141. TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1751

Hilarisque, tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT. [*Silv.* ii. iii. 65].

GREATNESS with ease, and gay severity.

NUMB. 143. TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1751

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem

Lenis in hostem. HOR. [*Car. Sec.* 51].

LET *Cæsar* spread his conquests far,
Less pleas'd to triumph than to spare.

NUMB. 153. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1751

*Turba Remi sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos.* JUV. [x. 73].

THE fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes;
Wealth still finds followers, and misfortunes foes.¹

NUMB. 156. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1751

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit. JUV. [xiv. 321].

FOR wisdom ever echoes nature's voice.

NUMB. 160. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1751

—*Inter se convenit ursis.* JUV. [xv. 164].

BEASTS of each kind their fellows spare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

NUMB. 161. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1751

Οἷη γὰρ φύλλων γενεή, τοιγὰρ καὶ Ἄνδρῶν.
HOM. [Il. vi. 146].

FRAIL as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

Quantulacunque estis, vos ego magna voco.
[OVID, *Amor.* III. xv. 14.]

How small to others, but how great to me.

—*Ὅς ὑπέρτατα δώματα ναίει.* [HESIOD, *Op.* 8.]

THIS habitant th' aerial regions boast.

NUMB. 164. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751

—*Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.* MART. [II. lxxxix. 2].

Gaurus pretends to *Cato's* fame;
And proves, by *Cato's* vice, his claim.

¹ Not from *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; see l. 79.

NUMB. 168. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1751

-*Decipit*

*Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.*

PHAEDRUS [IV. ii. 5-7].

THE tinsel glitter, and the specious mein,
Delude the most; few pry behind the scene.

-*Si robora sacra ferirent,
In sua credebant redituras membra secures.* [LUCAN, iii. 430-I.]

NONE dares with impious steel the grove to rend,
Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend.

NUMB. 169. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751

*Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ*

Gaudia famæ. [STATIUS, *Silv.* IV. vii. 26-8.]

POLISH'D with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to *Mantuan* praise.

NUMB. 170. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1751

Confiteor; si quid prodest delicta fateri. OVID [*Amor.* II. iv. 3].

I GRANT the charge; forgive the fault confess'd.

NUMB. 171. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1751

Tædet cœli convexa tueri. VIRG. [*Æn.* iv. 451].

DARK is the sun, and loathsome is the day.

NUMB. 173. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1751

Quo Virtus, quo ferat Error. HOR. [*Ars. Poet.* 308].

Now say, where virtue stops and vice begins?

NUMB. 176. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1751

—*Naso suspendere adunco.* HOR. [*Sat.* i. vi. 5].

ON me you turn the nose.—

NUMB. 178. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1751

Pars Sanitatis velle sanari fuit. SENECA [*Hippolytus*, 248].

To yield to remedies is half the cure.

. 180. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1751

Ταῦτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἔσθι, μάρτην δ' Ἐπικούρου ἔασον

Ποῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνας αἱ μονάδες.

AUTOMEDON [*Anthol.* xi. 50].¹

ON life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void.

NUMB. 182. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1751

—*Dives qui fieri vult,*

Et cito vult fieri. JUV. [xiv. 176–7].

THE lust of wealth can never bear delay.

NUMB. 183. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1751

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque Potestas

Impatiens consortis erat. LUCAN [i. 92–3].

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

NUMB. 188. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1752

—*Si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.* MART. [ii. lv. 3].

THE more I honour thee, the less I love.

¹ For Johnson's Latin translation of from the Greek Anthology', *post*,
the whole epigram, see 'Translations p. 222.

NUMB. 199. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752

*Decolor, obscurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Cesariem Regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu;
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula Saxi,
Tunc superat pulchros cultus, & quicquid Eois
Indus Littoribus rubra scrutatur in alga.*

CLAUDIANUS [xlviii. 10-15].

OBSCURE, unpriz'd, and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the search of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor sparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But search the wonders of the dusky stone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of state,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

NUMB. 208. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

*Ἡράκλειτος ἐγὼ τί με ὦ κάτω ἔλκετ' ἄμουσοι;
Οὐχ ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δέ μ' ἐπιστατένοισ.
Εἰς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τρισμῦριοι· οἳ δ' ἀνάρητοι
Οὐδείς· ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ.*

DIOG. LAERT. [ix. i. 16].

BE gone ye blockheads, *Heraclitus* cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise,
By wit, by knowledge, studious to be read,
I scorn the multitude, alive and dead.

Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιός εἴη ἀμοιβή
[DIONYSIUS, *Periegesis*, 1186.]

CELESTIAL pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

Park, 1871, p. 99. The occasion of Johnson's visit is not known, but as Anson died 6 June 1762 the epigram may be dated *c.* 1760.

The only reference to Anson recorded by Boswell was made on 16 March 1779, when Johnson asked the writer of an *Ode to the Warlike Genius of Britain*, 'Why do you praise Anson?'

An unsigned translation followed the couplet in *The St. James's Chronicle*, and no fewer than eight translations in *The European Magazine*.

GRATUM animum laudo; Qui debuit omnia ventis,
Quam bene ventorum surgere templa jubet!

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ

Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library and (Bk. III, Metre 3) in the possession of Lord Harmsworth.

Piozzi, *Letters to and from Samuel Johnson*, 1788, ii. 418-24.

The Edinburgh Magazine, April 1788, p. 310. Bk. II, Metre 2, and Bk. III, Metre 6, only.

These translations were added by Mrs. Piozzi to her edition of Johnson's letters, in the preface to which she says:

'The verses from Boethius will be accepted as a literary rarity; it was about the year 1765 when our Doctor told me that he would translate the Consolations of Philosophy, but said, I must do the Odes for him, and produce one every Thursday: he was obeyed; and in commending some, and correcting others, about a dozen Thursdays passed away.—Of those which are given here however, he did many entirely himself; and of the others—I suffered my own lines to be printed, that his might not be lost. The work was broken off without completion, because some gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, took it in hand; and against him, for reasons of delicacy—Johnson did not chuse to contend.'

In the unpublished memoirs which she began to write in 1810 under the name *Piozziana*, conveniently called the *Mainwaring Piozziana*, she says (i. 68-70) that they 'went however but a little Way in the Business, because some poor Author had engaged in the Work—and he fear'd our Publication would be his Hindrance'. (Communicated by J. L. Clifford.)

The poor author may be identified as Daniel Bellamy, who for over fifty years had picked up a precarious livelihood by his pen. In 1768, to help him in the straitened circumstances of his old age, his son brought out a collection of some of his writings under the title *Ethic Amusements*, and was allowed to dedicate it to the King. 'This sabbath of his days', says his son's preface, 'it is his utmost ambition to maintain with some degree, or, at least, some appearance of decent Independency'. The first place in the volume is given to 'The Comforts of Philosophy' translated by 'William

1 Gratum . . . Qui] Qui nil Virtuti, sed *St. James's Chron.*, *Eur. Mag.*

Causton, Esq; and Mr. Bellamy'. It is only a reprint of the translation published by Causton in 1730, with slight editorial additions and a quotation from *The Idler* in its title. Possibly Bellamy found himself unequal to the task of giving a new translation, for he was then eighty years old, but the knowledge that he was busied somehow with a translation was sufficient to make Johnson abandon his project. (Philip Ridpath began his translation of Boethius as early as 1761 and eventually published it in 1785, but he was a Scottish minister, not a 'poor author': see the *Diary of George Ridpath*, ed. Paul, Edinburgh, 1922, p. 367.)

In 1738 Johnson had advised Miss Carter to translate Boethius (*Life*, i. 139), and in 1752 had himself translated three quotations from Boethius in *The Rambler*.

The lines printed in italics, here as in the *Letters*, were composed by Mrs. Thrale.

Texts from the manuscripts, but the punctuation of the printed copy has occasionally been adopted.

BOOK II. METRE 2

THOUGH countless as the Grains of Sand
 That roll at Eur^{us} loud command;
 Though countless as the lamps of night
 That glad us with vicarious light;
 Fair plenty, gracious Queen, shou'd pour 5
 The blessings of a golden Show'r,
 Not all the gifts of Fate combin'd
 Would ease the hunger of the mind,
 But swallowing all the mighty Store,
 Rapacity would call for more; 10
 For still where wishes most abound
 Unquench'd the thirst of gain is found;
 In vain the shining Gifts are sent,
 For none are rich without content.

BOOK II. METRE 4

Wouldst thou to some stedfast Seat,
 Out of Fortune's Pow'r retreat?
 Wouldst thou when fierce Eur^{us} blows
 Calmly rest in safe Repose?
 Wouldst thou see the foaming Main, 5
 Tossing rave but rave in vain?

Shun the Mountain's airy Brow,
 Shun the Sea-sapp'd Sand below;
 Soon th' aspiring Fabric falls,
 When loud Auster shakes her Walls, 10
 Soon the treachrous Sands retreat,
 From beneath the cumbrous Weight;
 Fix not where the tempting Height
 Mingles Danger with Delight;
 Safe upon the rocky Ground, 15
 Firm and low thy Mansion found;
 There, mid Tempests loudest roars,
 Dashing Waves and shatter'd Shoars,
 Thou shalt sit and smile to see
 All the World afraid but thee, 20
 Lead a long and peaceful Age,
 And deride their utmost Rage.

BOOK III. METRE 1

*The prudent Hind intent on Gain
 Must clear the Ground to sow the Grain,
 And Ceres richest gifts abound
 Where late the rankest Weeds were found;
 To him whom painful Tastes annoy, 5
 Sweet honey yields a double Joy;
 The Tempest gives the Calm delight,
 The Morning owes her Charms to night;
 And thus the Mind tormented long
 With wild Vicissitudes of Wrong, 10
 Contemns at length the treachrous toys,
 And real Happiness enjoys.*

BOOK III. METRE 3

*Through Gripus' Grounds let rich Pactolus roll,
 No golden Sands can satisfy his Soul;*

Metre 3. The manuscript of this, with lines 5 and 6 as Mrs. Thrale wrote them deleted and with Johnson's couplet added in his own hand,

is preserved in the copy of the *Letters* which formerly belonged to Samuel Lysons and is now in the possession of Lord Harmsworth.

*Though Chains of Pearl bow down his pensive Head,
 Though a whole Hecatomb his Acres tread,
 No wealth his life from weary care can save, 5
 No care his wealth can carry to the grave.*

BOOK III. METRE 4

*Vainly the Tyrian Purple bright,
 Vainly the Pearl's pellucid white,
 The Tyrant Nero strove t' adorn,
 Who liv'd our hatred and our Scorn;
 His Choice our sacred Seats disgrac'd, 5
 His Conduct Human Kind debased:
 If such on Earth can Bliss bestow,
 Say what is happiness below?*

BOOK III. METRE 5

The Man who pants for ample Sway
 Must bid his Passions all obey;
 Must bid each wild Desire be still,
 Nor yoke his Reason with his Will:
 For tho' beneath thy haughty Brow 5
 Warm India's supple Sons should bow,
 Tho' Northern Climes confess thy Sway,
 Which erst in Frost and Freedom lay,
 If Sorrow pine or Av'rice crave,
 Bow down and own thyself a Slave. 10

BOOK III. METRE 6

I

All Men throughout the peopled Earth
 From one sublime Beginning spring;
 All from one Source derive their Birth
 The same their Parent and their King.

Book III. Metre 6. 'The next we did Stanza. I made him take the first of together—for a Joke—Stanza by course.' *Piozziana*, loc. cit.

2

At his Command proud Titan glows,
And Luna lifts her Horn on high;
His hand this Earth on Man bestows
And strews with Stars the spangled Sky. 5

3

From her high Seats he drew the Soul,
 And in this earthly Case confin'd;
 To wondring Worlds produc'd the whole,
 Essence Divine with Matter join'd. 10

4

Since then alike All Men derive
From God himself their noble Race,
Why should the witless Mortals strive
For vulgar Ancestry and Place? 15

5

Why boast their Birth before his Eyes,
 Who holds no human Creature mean;
 Save him whose Soul enslav'd to Vice
 Deserts her nobler Origin. 20

BOOK III. METRE 12

Happy he whose Eyes have view'd
 The transparent Fount of Good;
 Happy whose unfetterd Mind
 Leaves the Load of Earth behind.

10 Case] cage Letters

1-4

Happy He of human Race
Who in Truth's pellucid Glass
Virtue's Fountain clear and true
His reflected Face can view.
'Mong all Mortals happy He
Who from worldly Fetters free
Can behold with Brow serene
Fickle Fortune's changing Scene.

19-20. Cf. Johnson's translation of
 the quotation in *The Rambler*, No. 6
 (p. 129).

Metre 12. Mrs. Thrale made a com-
 plete translation. Johnson dictated
 his revisions, and she wrote them in

Tho' when Orpheus made his Moan 5
 For his lovely Consort gone,
 Tho' the Hind approach'd to hear
 Where the Lyonesse stood near,
 And attentive to the sound
 Hares forgot the following hound, 10
 Round him danc'd the listning Woods,
 Silent Wonder stopt the Floods;
 Grief and Madness unrepress'd
 Rag'd within the Master's Breast

5-12

*No such Sage poor Orpheus prov'd
 When he lost the fair he lov'd,
 When he groan'd and when he sigh'd
 Till the pitying Woods reply'd,
 When his Griefs harmonious Sound
 Drew the listning Forests round,
 When his sweet lamenting Strain
 Stopt the Rivers as they ran,
 Made the Hind approach to hear
 Tho' the Lyon's self were near,
 And attentive to his Woe
 Headless of her former Foe
 Made the tim'rous Hare be seen
 With the Hound upon the Green.*

Johnson's first revision, cancelled:

Tho' when Orpheus sweetly sighing
 Woods to evry Sigh replying,
 Hebrus heard her Poet groan,
 For his lovely Consort gone,
 Listning forests learnt the Strain,
 Rivers rested as they ran,
 Tho' the

6. Two cancelled lines follow:

Listning Forests learnt the Strain
 Rivers rested as they ran.

11 danc'd] above crowd cancelled

13-18

*Nature thus thro' every Part
 Yielded to the Poets Art,
 While his Passions kept their Course
 Still encreasing in their Force:*

the margin, appending his initials to each except lines 37-8 and 53-8. They are all condensations and, with the exception of the last, are introduced in this manner:—'These 8 should be 4

as', 'these 14 should be 8 or 10 at most as', 'These should be 2 only as'. Thereafter she wrote a fair copy, incorporating his revisions. Her discarded passages are printed in italics.

While t' assuage the Pangs of Love 15
 Verse and Music vainly strove;
 Now he sighs to heav'n, and now
 Rushes on the Realms below.
There he breath'd his am'rous Fire,
There he touch'd his trembling Lyre, 20
Warbling there his softer Sorrows
From his Parent Muse he borrows
Notes to touch each tender Feeling,
Numbers to each Bosom stealing,
Sighs that silent Measure keep, 25
Groans that grieve and Words that weep.
These the hapless Poet tries
To regain his beauteous Prize;
Nor in vain—the Strings obey,
Love and Music bear the sway, 30
Cerberus Rage their Powers disarm,
Stern Alecto feels the Charm,
Tears from fierce Megæra flow;
While attentive to his Woe
Sudden stops Ixion's Wheel, 35
Hell's fierce Hawk forgets her Meal.
 Tantalus astonish'd stood
 Scorning now th' o'erflowing Flood,
 Till at length stern Pluto cried,

Mad with Anger mad with Love
Since no Tears the Gods can move,
Rashly now he speeds his Flight
To the Realms of endless Night
To the murky Shades of Hell
Where eternal Horrors dwell:

34 *And all Attention reigns below.—cancelled*

36 *her] his—Letters.*

37-8 *Openmouth'd as when he stood*
Near the now-neglected Flood,
Fix'd in Wonder at the Sound
Thirsty Tantalus is found;

39-46 *And the King at length confest*
Soft Emotions in his Breast.
Quickly take thy beauteous Bride,
Take her hence stern Pluto cried;

Conquering Poet take thy Bride! 40
 Purchas'd by thy powerful Song,
 All her Charms to thee belong;
 Only this Command obey,
 Look not on her by the way;
 Tho' reluctant still refrain, 45
 Till the Realms of Light you gain.
 But what Laws can Lovers awe?
 Love alone to Love is Law:
 Just emerging into Light,
 Orpheus turn'd his eager Sight, 50
 Fondly view'd his following Bride,
 Viewing lost and losing died.
 To You whose gen'rous Wishes rise
 To court Communion with the Skies,
 To you the Tale is told; 55
 When grasping Bliss th' unsteady mind
 Looks back on what She left behind,
 She faints and quits her hold.

*Vanquish'd by thy Music's Power,
 Death and Hell their Prey restore:
 Only this Command obey
 Look not on her by the Way,
 Tho' reluctant still refrain
 Till the Realms of Light you gain.*

41 thy] the Letters

47-52

*But for Lovers who shall find
 Links to last, or Laws to bind?
 That which feeds their present Flame
 Love alone is Law to them,
 Thus, the distant Daylight rising,
 Orpheus all Behests despising
 On those fatal Charms to look
 For which fair Daylight he forsook
 Turning tow'rd th' Infernal Coast,
 Look'd Alas! but look'd and lost.*

52 losing] loving in fair copy, and Letters.

53-8

*To You then whose Sublime Desire
 Would fain to heav'nly Heights aspire
 This Fable we address;
 For he whose Eyes once backward cast
 Regrets the Regions that He past
 Shall ne'er that Heav'n possess.*

THE ANT

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1766, p. 1.

The Monthly Review, June 1766, p. 265.

Works, 1787, xi. 372.

Works, ed. Murphy, 1792, i. 157.

'The Ant' is the first piece in Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*, which Johnson helped to collect and see through the press. Hawkins printed a slightly different version 'from the original in Dr. Johnson's own handwriting'. Boswell says 'I have a copy in his own handwriting' (*Life*, ii. 25), but does not quote it, and we do not know whether it was the copy which Hawkins used or that which had been used for the *Miscellanies*, or neither.

The version in the *Miscellanies* must be taken to have been authorized by Johnson, and was the only one printed during his lifetime. It is here adopted. Hawkins's version has hitherto been followed in collected editions.

Proposals for the *Miscellanies* had been issued as early as September 1750 (see *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1750, p. 432), and had been written or revised by Johnson; but we do not know when he wrote 'The Ant'.

THE ANT

From PROVERBS, chap. vi. ver. 6

TURN on the prudent Ant, thy heedful eyes,
 Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise.
 No stern command, no monitory voice
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice,
 Yet timely provident, she hastes away 5
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
 She gleans the harvest, and she stores the grain.
 How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
 Dissolve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers? 10
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose,

Title. vii. 1766 (*misprint*): Paraphrase of Proverbs, Chap. VI. Verses
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. 'Go to the Ant thou Sluggard'. 1787 &c. 8 gleans]
 crops 1787 10 Dissolve] Unnerve 1787 pow'rs? 1787: pow'rs; 1792
 12 repose. 1787: repose? 1792

Amidst the drousy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year, with unremitted flight,
 Till want, now following fraudulent and slow, 15
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

IN THEATRO

Transcript by Mrs. Thrale presented to Boswell, and now in the possession of Mr. Harold Murdock of Boston.

Transcript made for Mrs. Thrale now in the John Rylands Library.

Thraliana, ii (1777-8), p. 95; ed. 1941, p. 214.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 73.

Works, 1787, xi. 392.

These verses are introduced thus in Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*:

'One evening in the oratorio season of the year 1771, Mr. Johnson went with me to Covent-Garden theatre; and though he was for the most part an exceedingly bad playhouse companion, as his person drew people's eyes upon the box, and the loudness of his voice made it difficult for me to hear any body but himself; he sat surprisingly quiet, and I flattered myself that he was listening to the music. When we were got home however he repeated these verses, which he said he had made at the oratorio, and he bid me translate them.'

A similar but briefer account introduces the verses in *Thraliana*. The account in the unpublished *Piozziana* (i, 78-9), written about 1810, differs in details:

'His verses composed one Night at the Opera whither he *would absolutely* accompany me, made some Amends for the contemptuous Clatter he made while the Music was going on. . . . It was an English Opera of Doctor Arne and perform'd at Covent Garden Theatre—but such was his Behaviour I little dream'd he was making these Sapphics the while, but the Instant we got home he repeated, and bad me translate them by Breakfast Time next Day.'

The transcript which she gave to Boswell contains her translation on the reverse, and underneath it is written 'Mrs Thrale gave me this, 1775. James Boswell'. This version of her translation was first printed in *Notes and Queries*, 4 March 1905; the version in her *Anecdotes* was slightly revised.

The oratorio performed at Covent Garden on 8 March 1771 was Handel's *Messiah*.

Text from the transcript given to Boswell.

In Theatro

March 8, 1771

TERTII verso quater orbe lustrī,
 Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
 Quam decet canos male literatos
 Sera voluptas.

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris? 5
 Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
 Tene per pictas oculo elegante
 Currere formas?

Inter equales, sine felle liber,
 Codices, veri studiosus, inter 10
 Rectius vives, sua quisque carpat
 Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
 Luxus oblectat Juvenem theatri,
 At Seni fluxo sapienter uti 15
 Tempore restat.

EPITAPH ON HOGARTH

Manuscript (facsimile in Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Catalogue for 15 May 1922).

Garrick Correspondence, 1831, i. 446.

Letters, ed. Hill, i. 186.

First stanza only:

Transcript by Mrs. Thrale in the John Rylands Library.

Thraliana MS. i (1776-7), p. 67; ed. 1941, p. 41.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 136.

The Gentleman's Magazine, March 1786, p. 249; February 1789, p. 112.
Works, 1787, xi. 379.

This epitaph was sent in a letter of 12 December 1771 to Garrick, who had been asked by Mrs. Hogarth to write an epitaph on her husband and had sent a draft of three stanzas to Johnson for his opinion and help. 'An

epitaph is no easy thing', Johnson replied, and criticized Garrick's verses severely. 'Suppose you worked upon something like this', he said, introducing his own two stanzas, which are here printed from the original letter as reproduced in facsimile in Messrs. Sotheby's Catalogue of 15 May 1922.

Garrick submitted a new draft on 22 December (*The R. B. Adam Library*, i, Letters of Garrick, pp. 6-7 ff.). His final version, as inscribed on the monument in Chiswick Churchyard, runs thus:

Farewel, great Painter of Mankind!
 Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
 Whose *pictur'd* *Morals* charm the Mind,
 And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay:
 If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
 If neither move thee, turn away,
 For HOGARTH's honour'd dust lies here.

'How much prettier', says Mrs. Thrale in *Thraliana*, 'is Johnson's little Epitaph which he intended for Hogarth than that which Garrick wrote and put upon his Tombstone'. She must have got her single stanza from Johnson, and as the variants are too serious to be explained by her inaccuracy, what she preserved was probably dictated by Johnson on the spur of the moment. She reproduced it in the *Anecdotes*, and from there it passed into all editions of Johnson's works.

The first stanza alone did not fulfil Johnson's requirements for a good epitaph. In his *Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pope* he said that the omission of the name of the person commemorated is a fault which 'scarcely any beauty can compensate'. He had brought in Hogarth's name in the second stanza.

THE Hand of Art here torpid lies
 wav'd
 That traced th' essential form of Grace,
 Here death has clos'd the curious eyes
 That saw the manners in the Face.
 If Genius warm thee, Reader, stay,
 If Merit touch thee, shed a tear,
 Be Vice and Dulness far away
 Great Hogarth's honour'd Dust is here.

6 Merit written above an obliterated word

2. The 'essential form of Grace' is Hogarth's 'one precise line, properly to be called the line of *Beauty*'; see his *Analysis of Beauty*, 1753, p. 49. It was

a 'waving line'; hence the suggested variant 'wav'd' instead of 'traced', which was too near 'Grace'.

[Version in *Thraliana* and *Anecdotes*]

THE hand of him here torpid lies
That drew th' essential Form of Grace;
Here clos'd in Death th' attentive Eyes
That saw the Manners in the Face.

TRANSLATION OF PSALM 117

Manuscript in the Isham Collection.

Works, 1787, xi. 403.

This translation was written in the Johnson diary in the Isham Collection on a blank page between the entries for 22 December 1771 and 11 August 1777.

Psalmus 117

NNI quà volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.

Patrem cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique Gentes
Sancto dicite carmine.

In lecto.

MOTTO FOR A GOAT

Thraliana ii (1777-8), p. 95; ed. 1941, p. 213.

Transcript made for Mrs. Thrale in the John Rylands Library.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 70.

Works, 1787, xi. 396.

The European Magazine, July 1789, p. 5.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 351 (1934, ii. 144).

Boswell printed the distich and a translation 'by a friend' along with this letter from Johnson to Sir Joseph Banks:

2 That] Who *Rylands transcript*

2, 5 Patrem] *Regem, with *utrobique Patrem at foot, in line with and after In lecto. MS. 2 pepetuo MS. 5 blandior above lætior uncanceled MS.

'Sir,

I return thanks to you and to Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your Goat, but have given her one. You, Sir, may perhaps have an epick poem from some happier pen than, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
Sam. Johnson.'

Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
Feb. 27, 1772.

Dr. L. F. Powell points out that the letter as printed in *The European Magazine*, July 1789, p. 5, is dated 'March 26, 1772' and contains two better readings: 'given her a distich' and 'may some time have an epic poem from some happier hand than that of' (*Life*, 1934, ii. 492).

The *Anecdotes* gives this account, based on the account in *Thraliana*:

'The inscription on the collar of Sir Joseph Banks's goat which had been on two of his adventurous expeditions with him, and was then, by the humanity of her amiable master, turned out to graze in Kent, as a recompence for her utility and faithful service, was given me by Johnson in the year 1777 I think, and I have never yet seen it printed.'

But, to quote Dr. Powell, 'Banks went round the world once only, with Capt. Cook in the Endeavour. In the so-called "Specimens of a Diary" published by Thomas Byerley ("Stephen Collet") in *Relics of Literature*, 1823, p. 310, it is stated that the goat accompanied Capt. Wallis in the Dolphin (1766-8), and Capt. Cook in the Endeavour (1768-71), and died, at Mile End, 28 April 1772'.

Versus Collari Capræ Banks
inscribendi

PERPETUI, ambita bis terra, præmia lactis
Hæc habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis.

PARODIES OF THE HERMIT OF
WARKWORTH

The Hermit of Warkworth. A Northumberland Ballad. In three fits or cantos, 1771, was an original poem by Thomas Percy composed in the traditional measure of the old ballads which he had edited in his *Reli*

Title *Works*; Inscription on the collar of Mr. Banks's Goat; March 27:1772
Rylands transcript. 1 Perpetua Boswell.

1. 'Perpetui'—because the goat never in 'perpetua præmia'.
failed to give milk. The point is lost

Shorter Poems

On 20 March 1771 Johnson wrote to Langton: 'Dr. Percy has written a long ballad in many *sits*; it is pretty enough. He has printed, and will soon publish it.' Under the date 3 April 1773 Boswell records that 'the conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned' (*Life*, ii. 212). Three parodies by him have been preserved.

I

Thraliana MS. iii (1778-81), p. 127; ed. 1941, p. 398.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 66.

Works, 1787, xi. 377.

This parody was written in *Thraliana* on 1 August 1779, with this comment: 'These Verses which were meant to make Fun of Dr. Percy's Poem called The Hermit of Warkworth got about, and made Percy angry—but he soon came to himself.' Percy could not be named in the *Anecdotes*: 'Some of the old legendary stories put in verse by modern writers provoked him to caricature them thus one day at Streatham; but they are already well known, I am sure.'

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

II

Boswell's manuscript in the Isham collection.

The St. James's Chronicle, 13 January 1785.

The European Magazine, January 1785, p. 51.

Cooke, *Life of Johnson*, 1785 (second edition), p. 150.

The London Magazine, April 1785, p. 254.

Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 389.

Wordsworth, *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, Preface.

Cradock, *Literary Memoirs*, 1826, p. 207.

Boswell Papers, vi. 97; ix. 265.

Boswell first heard this parody from Garrick on 9 May 1772. Garrick's version was

With my hat upon my head
I walked into the Strand;
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand.

Johnson's Poems

On 7 April 1773 Boswell repeated these lines to Johnson, telling him that he had them from Garrick. "Then he has no ear", said Johnson, and gave Boswell the version here printed. Boswell never published the parody because of Percy's sensitiveness to ridicule. Cradock says:

'I think Dr. Percy had received very great cause to take real offence at Dr. Johnson, who, by a ludicrous parody on a stanza in the *Hermit of Warkworth*, had rendered him contemptible. It was urged, that Johnson only meant to attack the metre; but he certainly turned the whole Poem into ridicule. . . . Mr. Garrick, in the Postscript of a letter to me, soon afterwards asked me, "Whether I had seen Johnson's criticism on the *Hermit*? it is already", said he, "over half the town".'

Steevens (in *The St. James's Chronicle* and *European Magazine*), Hawkins, and Wordsworth mistakenly assumed that the parody was aimed at Percy's *Reliques*. Steevens gives the place of composition as Miss Reynolds's tea table, with Percy present. Wordsworth quoted the parody as Boswell received it from Johnson; where he found it is not known.

I PUT my hat upon my head
And walk'd into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Who's hat was in his hand.

III

The St. James's Chronicle, 13 January 1785.

The European Magazine, January 1785, p. 51.

Cooke, *Life of Johnson*, 1785 (second edition), p. 150.

The London Magazine, April 1785, p. 254.

Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, 1787, p. 389.

According to Steevens this parody was improvised immediately after the preceding and in Percy's presence: 'And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas till the Reverend Critic cried out for quarter.'

I THEREFORE pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

x As with my Steevens, Cooke, Hawkins

Cooke, Hawkins

hat in Steevens, Cooke, Hawkins, Cradock

1 I pray thee, gentle Renny Hawkins

2 I walk'd along the Steevens,

3 I there did meet Steevens, Cooke, Hawkins

4 With his

3 soften'd] temper'd Hawkins

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

TRANSLATION OF THE BEGINNING OF 'RIO VERDE'

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 92; ed. 1941, p. 211.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 66.

Works, 1787, xi. 377.

The brief account of this translation in *Thraliana*—'likewise the famous *Rio Verde* of the Spanish Poet which he render'd Impromptu thus'—is thus expanded in the *Anecdotes*:

'A famous ballad also, beginning *Rio verde, Rio verde*, when I commended the translation of it, he said he could do it better himself—as thus. . . . But Sir, said I, this is not ridiculous at all. "Why no (replied he), why should I always write ridiculously?"'

The Spanish poem (Pérez de Hita, *Guerras civiles de Granada*, xvii) and Percy's translation had been printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, i. 318-23.

water, glassy water,
U Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ

Manuscript, in the collection of Mr. A. Edward Newton.

Works, 1787, xi. 389.

The text is taken from the manuscript, which is dated 12 December 1772.

The poem was written after Johnson's careful revision of the *Dictionary* for the fourth edition. Beattie alludes to it in his *Diary*, 24 May 1773: 'I sat two hours with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was in exceedingly good humour and spirit; showed me some Latin verses he had lately composed, on finishing the last edition of his *Dictionary*, and allowed me to take a copy' (Margaret Forbes, *Beattie and his Friends*, 1904, p. 78).

The allusion to Scaliger is explained by the epigram on dictionary makers which the younger Scaliger wrote in his Arabic lexicon:

Si quem dura manet sententia iudicis olim,
 Damnatum ærumnis suppliciisque caput:
 Hunc neque fabrilī lassent ergastula massa,
 Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus.
 Lexica contexat, nam cætera quid moror? omnes
 Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.

(*Josephi Scaligeri Poemata Omnia*, 1615, *Poemata Propria*, p. 35.) This epigram is printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, p. 8, and is said by Murphy to have been 'communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson'; but it was given as a note to an article which was not written by Johnson.

A translation is printed in Murphy's *Life*, 1792, p. 82.

σεαυτον

Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.)

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
 Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
 Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,
 Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
 Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam. 5

Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus, et acer,
 Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
 Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
 Gesserat et quicquid Virtus, Sapientia quicquid
 Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus, 10
 Ingentemque animo seclorum volverat orbem.

Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
 Ima tuas credit permitti, Scaliger, iras.
 Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum,
 Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis, 15
 Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint

Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit Natura minorem.

Te sterili functum cura, vocatione salebris
Tuto eluctatum spatiis Sapientia dia 20
Excipit æthereis, Ars omnis plaudit amica,
Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circumsonat ore magistrum.

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore 25
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens 30
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustror,
Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri 35
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium, nisi materiem Doctrina ministret,
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat 40
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non Rationis opes Animus, nunc parta recensens,
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,

21 amica] amico *Works* 22 ex struck out after omni *MS.* 35-47
These lines were written below the date at the end, and replace the following cancelled lines:

Notior ipse mihi fieri, pectusque fateri
Incultum Studiis, et paucis dotibus auctum
Materies arti, sua desunt arma labori
Ingeniumque sui cohibet penuria census.
Nec miratur opes, celsa speculator ab arce
Congestas animus, lætos aut sumit horores

(aut above neque struck out)

37 ministret] ministrat *Works* 42 Rationis . . . recensens above Animus
sero nimium dum parta recenset *MS.* 43 Conspicit aggestas above Versat
opum cumulos *MS.*

Nec sibi de gaza præsens quòd postulet usus
 Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce; 45
 Non operum serie, seriem dum computat ævi,
 Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
 Ipse sui iudex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
 Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
 Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces, 50
 Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
 Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
 Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

12. Dec. 1772.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO DR. LAWRENCE

Transcript by Mrs. Thrale in the John Rylands Library.

Piozzi, *Letters*, 1788, ii. 415.

Mainwaring *Piozziana*, i. 81.

Johnson had serious eye trouble in May and June 1773: see his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 24 May, *Prayers and Meditations* 22 July (*Miscellanies*, i. 67), *Life* ii. 264, and the quotation from Baretti's letter to Mrs. Thrale of 5 June, given in *The R. B. Adam Library*, iii. 15. The verses may be dated about 24 May 1773. 'The copy of verses in Latin hexameters, as well as I remember, which he wrote to Dr. Lawrence, I forgot to keep a copy of', says Mrs. Piozzi in her *Anecdotes*, p. 74; but she included them in her edition of the *Letters*, along with her own translation. In *Piozziana* she says that she 'wrote them down as *he repeated* them . . . so perhaps there may be Mistakes'.

The poem was set up from the transcript now in the John Rylands Library. The title was added by Mrs. Piozzi on sending it to the press.

VERSES *addressed to Dr. LAWRENCE, composed
by Dr. JOHNSON, as he lay confined with
an inflamed Eye.*

SANGUINE dum tumido suffusus flagrat ocellus,
 SDeliciasque fugit solitas solitosque labores;

44 Nec *above* Non *MS.* postulet] postulat *Works*
 . . . ævi *above* Non numerat palmas, aut *unfinished*

46 Non operum

Damnatus tenebris, lectoque affixus inertī,
 Quid mecum peragam, quod tu doctissime posses
 Laurenti saltem facili dignarier aure?
 Humanæ mentis, rerum se pascere formis,
 Est proprium, et quavis captare indagine verum
 Omnibus unus amor, non est modus unus amoris.
 Sunt qui curriculo timidi versantur in arcto,
 Quos soli ducunt sensus, solus docet usus;
 Qui sibi sat sapiunt, contenti noscere quantum
 Vel digiti tractant, oculus vel sentit et auris:
 Tantundem est illis, repleat spatia ardua cœli
 Materies, vastum an late pandatur inane.
 Scire vices ponti facile est, nihil amplius optant
 Nec quærunt quid, luna, tuo cum fluctibus orbi.
 Sic sibi diffusi, lenta experientia cursum
 Qua sulcat, reptant tuti per lubrica vitæ.
 Altera pars hominum, sanctæ rationis alumni,
 Permissum credit nudas sibi sistere causas,
 Materiemque rudem, magnæque parentis adesse
 Conciliis, verique sacros recludere fontes.
 Gens illa, impatiens per singula quæque vagandi
 Tentat iter brevius, magno conamine summam
 Naturæ invadens, mundique elementa refigens
 Lævia serratis miscens, quadrata rotundis,
 Corpora cuncta suis gestit variare figuris,
 Particulasque locans, certas certo ordine, pulchram
 Compagem edificat, cœlorum atque ætheris ignes
 Accendit, rerumque modos ac fœdera ponit.
 Hi sunt quos animi generosa insania magni
 In sublime rapit, queis terra et pontus et aer
 Sub pedibus subjecta jacent; queis ultima primis
 Nexa patent; hi sunt quos nil mirabile turbat,
 Nil movet insolitum, sub legibus omnia fictis
 Dum statuunt, causisque audent prefigere metam.

11 sapient Rylands
1788

14 Materies emend.: Materia Rylands, Piozziana,
19 New paragraph, 1788

24 ita Rylands, with iter above
in another hand

ON RECOVERING THE USE OF HIS EYES

Works, 1787, xi. 383.

The edition of 1787 is the authority for the text and the date. But the introductory note to the previous poem indicates that 'Jan.' in that edition is a misprint for 'Jun'.

Jun. 20, 21, 1773

[Æ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos 5
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos,
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi,
Qua te laude, Deus, qua prece prosequare? 10
Sacri discipulus libri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam :
Grates, summe Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

TRANSLATION OF ROBIN OF DONCASTER'S EPITAPH

Works, 1787, xi. 404.

Langton printed this note on the verses: 'These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster"; and which are as follows:

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.'

But 'John of Doncaster' is an error for 'Robin of Doncaster'. The lines were carved on the border of an altar-shaped tomb in St. George's Church, Doncaster:

Howe nowe who is heare
I Robyn of Doncaster and Margaret my feare
That I spent that I had
That I gave that I have That I left that I losse.

In the centre, beneath the date 'A.D. 1579', were the words: 'Quod Robertus Byrkes who in this worlde dyd reyne thre skore yeares and seaven and yet lyved not one'. The monument was raised by Robin himself during the lifetime of his first wife; he lived to marry three other wives, and died in 1590. He was an alderman of Doncaster, and three times mayor.

The monument perished when the church was destroyed by fire in February 1853; but it is fully described in John Edward Jackson's *History of St. George's Church at Doncaster*, 1855, pp. 99-101, and illustrated, Plate viii. The inscription is in T. Webb's *New Select Collection of Epitaphs*, 1775, ii. 1.

Johnson visited the church on his way to Scotland. He quotes the epitaph on 'the monument of Robert of Doncaster' in his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 12 August 1773. The translation may have been made then.

Several other instances of the same or similar lines are on record, as in Camden's *Remains*, ed. 1605, p. 53, and Weever, *Ancient Funerall Monuments*, 1631, pp. 423, 581. See Jackson, *op. cit.*, and Joseph Hunter, *South Yorkshire*, 1828, i. 43; and cf. Southey, *The Doctor*, ch. xlii, 1834, ii. 91.

HABEO, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdididi.

ODE UPON THE ISLE OF SKYE

Boswell, *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 1785, p. 173.

The Gentleman's Magazine, February 1786, p. 156.

Works, 1787, xi. 394.

The text is taken from Boswell's *Journal*. 'I am inclined to think', he says, 'that it was on this day [Sunday, 5 Sept. 1773] he composed the following Ode upon the *Isle of Skye*, which a few days afterwards [9 Sept.] he shewed me at Rasay'. Boswell was allowed on 20 September to take the copy that he printed (*Journal*, ed. Pottle and Bennett, p. 193).

The manuscript has disappeared, but Boswell records the alterations which Johnson had made in l. 2 and in ll. 15, 16. In the version given by Langton in the *Works* the rejected couplet is restored, and other changes are made. It would appear that Langton used the original manuscript but edited it to his own liking.

An unsigned translation was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February 1786, p. 156; another, by 'B', in April 1792, p. 365; and yet another in *The Scots Magazine*, April 1799, p. 261.

O D A

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,
 Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
 Quam grata defesso virentem
 Skia sinum nebulosa pandis.

His cura credo sedibus exulat;
 His blanda certe pax habitat locis:
 Non ira, non mœror quietis
 Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavata rupe latescere,
 Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
 Prodest vagari, nec frementes
 E scopulo numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit,
 Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
 Parare posse, ut Stoicorum
 Secta crepet nimis alta fallax.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum,
 Rex summe, solus tu regis arbiter,
 Mentisque, te tollente, surgunt,
 Te recidunt moderante fluctus.

Title] *Skia* 1787. 2 'In the manuscript, Dr. Johnson, instead of *rupibus obsita*, had written *imbribus uvida*, and *uvida nubibus*, but struck them both out.' Boswell 12 E scopulo] In specula 1787 15, 16 'Instead of these two lines, he had written, but afterwards struck out, the following:

Parare posse, utcunque jactet
 Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.' Boswell.

This reading was adopted in 1787 19 surgunt] fluctus 1787 (printer's error) 20 recidunt Malone's *Errata*] recedunt Boswell: resident 1787

ODE ADDRESSED TO MRS. THRALE

Manuscript in the Adam Collection.

Transcript made for Mrs. Thrale in the Rylands Library.

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 97; ed. 1941, p. 215.

Boswell, *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 1785, p. 177.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 163.

Works, 1787, xi. 394.

Piozzi, *Letters*, 1788, i. 178.

The original manuscript—which is reproduced in *The R. B. Adam Library*, i, after p. 115—closes with 'Scriptum in Skiâ. Sept. 6' [1773]. Under that date Boswell wrote in the *Journal*: 'Dr. Johnson being fatigued with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale.' In his letter to Mr. Thrale from Inverary, 23 October 1773, Johnson says that he has 'inclosed an ode which I wrote in the isle of Sky'. Boswell probably received his copy from Mrs. Thrale; Johnson had refused to give him one, but added that he 'might get it from her if she pleased' (*Journal*, ed. Pottle and Bennett, p. 136). The authority for Langton's reading in the last stanza as printed in the *Works* is not known.

A translation signed 'B' and dated 1786 appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1792, p. 260. Miss Cornelia Knight's translation was printed by Robert Carruthers in his edition of Boswell's *Journal*, 1851, p. 120. Yet another translation was supplied by Lord Houghton to Hayward's *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, 1861, i. p. 29, and was reprinted by Hill, *Life*, v. 424.

O D A

PERMEO terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes, hominum ferorum
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tugurîque fumis
Fœda latescit.

Title] None, MS., *Thraliana*, *Anecdotes*: Oda Tour: Ode, De Skia Insula
1787 5 gentes above terras erased in MS. 7 tugurîque MS.,
Rylands, *Thraliana*, *Anecdotes* (corrected in Errata), 1787.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
 Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
 Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,
 Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,
 Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
 Sive cum libris novitate pascit
 Sedula mentem;

Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
 Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
 Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
 Littora Sciaë.

Scriptum in Skiâ. Sept. 6.

VERSES UPON INCHKENNETH

Boswell, *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 1785, p. 407.

Works, 1787, xi. 393.

Boswell printed the poem under the date Sunday 17 October 1773: 'Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he afterwards wrote the following Latin verses upon Inchkenneth.' Johnson sent them to Boswell in a letter dated 21 January 1775: '... as you love verses, I will send you a few which I made upon Inchkenneth; but remember the condition, that you shall not show them, except to Lord Hailes, whom I love better than

12 Thralia] Thralea *Errata Anec.* (also 19) dulcis ?] dulcis. *MS.*, *Rylands*,
Thraliana, *Letters*. 15 pascet *Tour* 17, 18 merces . . . constans] solvat
Fida mercedem 1787

20. 'The classical reader will not have failed to observe how much his [Johnson's] taste, and even his Latinity, have improved since the days of the ode *Ad Urbanum*, and the epigrams to *Savage* and *Eliza*. His verses *In Theatro*, and those in *Sky* and in

Inchkenneth, and this ode to Mrs. Thrale are, if the Editor may venture to give his opinion, much more natural in their thoughts, and more elegant in their expressions, than his earlier attempts in this line.' (*Croker, Life*, 1831, ii. 388 n.)

any man whom I know so little. If he asks you to transcribe them for him, you may do it, but I think he must promise not to let them be copied again, nor to show them as mine.' (*Life*, ii. 293.)

The version printed by Langton in the *Works* is based on an earlier manuscript, which was shown to Croker by Langton's grandson in 1831 but has since disappeared. Croker says that it bore the date '2d Dec. 1773'. His description of it shows that it was not a fair copy; if the date is correct, Johnson was engaged on the poem after his return to London. What Johnson sent to Boswell in 1775 was evidently a revised version from which two couplets were omitted.

According to Croker the manuscript proved that one of the lines as printed in 1787 'was manufactured by Mr. Langton from two variations which Dr. Johnson had, it seems, successively rejected'; but Langton gives other readings for which Croker's description of the manuscript does not account.

Boswell's version is here followed. The variants in the manuscript are given on Croker's authority (*Life*, 1831, iii. 528).

A translation by Sir Daniel Sandford, written 1833, was printed in Lachlan Maclean's *Account of Iona*, ed. 1841, p. 134, and reprinted in *The Book of Highland Verse*, ed. Dugald Mitchell, 1912, p. 204.

INSULA SANCTI KENNETHI

PARVA quidem regio, sed relligione priorum
 Nota, Caledonias panditur inter aquas;
 Voce ubi Cennnethus populos domuisse feroces
 Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
 Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula cursu
 Scire locum volui quid daret ille novi.
 Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
 Leniades magnis nobilitatus avis:
 Una duas habuit casa cum genitore puellas,
 Quas Amor undarum fingeret esse deas:
 Non tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
 Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet;

Title] Insula Kennethi, Inter Hebridas 1787 2 Nota] Clara 1787 inter]
 intra *Journal* edd. i. ii (misprint) 6 locum . . . ille] locus . . . iste 1787
 9 habuit] tenuit *MS.*: cepit 1787 10 fingeret] crederet 1787 11 Non]
 Nec 1787

8. *Leniades*, i.e. McLean,—Sir Allan McLean, the chief of his clan.

Mollia non deerant vacuæ solatia vitæ,
 Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
 Luxerat illa dies, legis gens docta supernæ
 Spes hominum ac curas cum procul esse jubet.
 Ponti inter strepitus sacri non munera cultus
 Cessarunt; pietas hic quoque cura fuit:
 Quid quod sacrifici versavit femina libros,
 Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces.
 Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est;
 Hic segura quies, hic et honestus amor.

TRANSLATION OF 'BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY'

Works, 1787, xi. 404.

This translation was made before 5 July 1774, when Johnson wrote to Langton: 'If you have the Latin version of *Busy, curious, thirsty fly*, be so kind as to transcribe and send it' (Boswell, *Life*, ii. 281). Mrs. Thrale had been asked to give up her copy: 'he obliged me to resign his translation of the song beginning *Busy, curious, thirsty fly*, for him to give Mr. Langton,

13 deerant] desunt 1787 15 Luxerat] Fulserat 1787 15, 16 gens
 . . . ac . . . cum] qua . . . et . . . gens 1787 16 jubet] velit MS.
 After this line 1787 reads:

Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
 Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.

17 sacri non] non sacri 1787 18 After this line 1787 reads:

Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
 Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.

19 libros? 1787 20 Sint pro legitimis pectora pura sacris cancelled MS.:
 Legitimas faciunt pura labella preces cancelled MS.: Sint pro legitimis pura
 labella sacris 1787.

19. 'Miss McLean read the evening service, in which we all joined.' Boswell.

20. Boswell wrote to Johnson on 2 February 1775 that Lord Hailes 'is charmed with your verses on Inchken-

neth, says they are very elegant, but bids me tell you he doubts whether 'Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces' be according to the rubrick: but that is your concern; for, you know, he is a Presbyterian'.

with a promise *not* to retain a copy. I concluded he knew why, so never enquired the reason' (*Anecdotes*, p. 75). The manuscript is lost, and the translation survives as Langton printed it.

The English verses were first published in *The Scarborough Miscellany*, 1732, with the title 'The Fly, An Anacreontick'. They were by William Oldys, Johnson's associate on *The Harleian Catalogue*.

SEU te sæva sitis, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus, 5
Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducit eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit! 10
Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

EPITAPH ON GOLDSMITH

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, ii. 93 (1934, ii. 282).

Works, 1825, i. 153 n.

Johnson included these verses in his letter to Langton of 5 July 1774, written on the morning of the day on which he set out on his Welsh tour. Goldsmith had died on 4 April. They precede by two years the Latin epitaph in Westminster Abbey. Percy sent a copy to Boswell on 6 March 1787 (C. C. Abbott, *Catalogue of Papers at Fettercairn*, 1936, p. 110).

Boswell printed them without accents: see R. W. Chapman, *Johnson and Boswell Revised*, p. 28. Accents were added in the third edition of the *Life*, 1799, by Malone.

A translation is given in William Seward's *Anecdotes*, 1798, ii. 466.

ΤΟΝ τάφον εισοράας τὸν Ὀλιβαρίοιο, κονίην
Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνήν, Ξεῖνε, πόδεσσι πάτει·
Οἷσι μέμλε φύσις, μέτρων χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
Κλαίετε ποιητὴν, ἱστορικόν, φυσικόν.

1 sitis om. *Works* 1792-1816: fames 1823, 1825.

1 *Life* 1, 2: Ὀλιβαρίοιο *Life* 3, 4, 5:

Ὀλιβαριο *Life* 6, 1811

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Works, 1787, xi. 427.

This cannot be dated; most of the pieces that are known only in Langton's text were written late in Johnson's life.

Langton says that it is a version of a Latin epigram on the great Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini:

Haud alio vultu fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

ΟΙΟΣ ἄρης βορολογὸς ἐνὶ πτο.
Καὶ τοῖος Παφίην πλήξεν ἔρωτι Θ.

FRENCH DISTICHS

Manuscript of Mrs. Thrale's French Journal, 1775, in the John Rylands Library.

Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, July 1931, xv. 486.

The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Doctor Johnson, ed. Tyson and Guppy, 1932, p. 79.

On 15 September 1775 Mrs. Thrale set out with her husband and Johnson on their French tour, and on 22 September, when they were at Rouen, she made the following entry in her *Journal*: 'Mr Johnson has made a little Distich at every Place we have slept at, for example . . .'

A CALAIS
Trop de frais.

S^t. Omer
Tout est cher.

Arras
Helas !

A Amiens
On n'a rien.

Au Mouton¹
Rien de Bon.

¹ Explained in the Diary as 'The Sign of the Mouton D'Or a(t) Neuf Chatel'.

TRANSLATION OF VERSES FROM A FRENCH PANTOMIME

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 90; ed. 1941, p. 209.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 68.

The original of this impromptu translation is given thus in *Thraliana*:

'These foolish French Verses too—in a Pantomime:

Je suis Cassandre descendu des Cieux

Pour vous faire entendre, Mesdames et Messieurs,

Que Je suis Cassandre descendu des Cieux—

which he translated thus—Improviso.'

In the *Anecdotes* the first and third lines have 'descendüe', and 'Cassander' in Johnson's translation becomes 'Cassandra'; but 'Bystander' shows that Johnson said 'Cassander'.

The French verses appear to be derived from the seventh Entrée of Benserade's *Balet de Cassandre* (*Œuvres*, 1698, ii. 8):

Je suis Cassandre

Descenduë des Cieux,

Je suis Cassandre,

Non pas pour vos beaux yeux, &c.

The impromptu may have been made during Johnson's visit to Paris with the Thrales in October 1775. According to the *Anecdotes* the French verses were 'quoted' to him. His own diary does not record any visit to a theatre while he was in France, but Mrs. Thrale went to the theatre and opera, and she gives her impressions of an allegorical farce (*The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Doctor Johnson*, ed. Tyson and Guppy, 1932, p. 140).

I AM Cassander, come down from the Sky,
To tell each Bystander, what none can deny,
That I am Cassander come down from the Sky.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPITAPH ON A DOG

Thraliana, MS. i. 17; ed. 1941, p. 10.

The Latin epigram of which this is a translation is printed in *Menagiana*, ed. 1713, ii. 162:

Johnson's Poems

'Du Belley a fait cette belle Epigramme sur un Chien qui étoit de bonne garde contre les voleurs, mais qui laissoit entrer les Amans sans abboyer :

*Latratu fures excepti; mutus, amantes:
Sic placui Domino; sic placui Dominae.'*

Menagiana adds an Italian translation, and *Thraliana* gives it also as well as one in French. As the passage occurs near the beginning of *Thraliana*, Johnson's translation—which is introduced with the words 'Johnson translates it thus'—cannot be later than 1776 and may belong to that year. It is not included in the *Anecdotes* or *British Synonymy*. (See Du Bellay, *Poésies françaises et latines*, ed. E. Courbet, 1918, i. 511.)

TO Robbers furious, and to Lovers tame,
I pleas'd my Master, and I pleas'd my Dame.

TRANSLATION OF LINES IN BARETTI'S 'EASY PHRASEOLOGY'

Transcript by Baretti, in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 91; ed. 1941, p. 210.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 69.

Works, 1787, xi. 378.

Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, 1932, p. xv, and *The Queeney Letters*, 1934, p. xiii.

'He likewise translated those Pretty Italian Lines of Mr. Baretti at the End of the small Talk very elegantly and all in a Minute' (*Thraliana*, ii. 91). Baretti's lines are:

Viva! viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

Baretti's *Small Talk for the use of Young Ladies that wish to learn the colloquial part of the Italian Language* (published as *Easy Phraseology*, &c. with a preface by Johnson) was printed in 1775, and the translation was written in *Thraliana* before the end of 1777. The 'padrona' was Queeney Thrale, whose name, like her mother's, was Hester.

In April 1794 Mrs. Piozzi noted in *Thraliana* (vi. 49; ed. 1941, p. 877) that the verses were 'coming out now set to musick'. In a marginal note in the copy of *Anecdotes* presented to Sir James Fellowes in 1816 she says: 'I heard these verses sung at Mr. Thomas's by three voices, not three weeks ago' (A. Hayward, *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, 1861, i. 29).

The text is from the *Anecdotes*. Baretto's transcript of the lines, printed in Lord Lansdowne's *Johnson and Queeney*, reads as follows:

Long may live our charming Hetty
 Always young and always pretty:
 Live our charming Hetty long
 Always pretty always young;
 Always young and always pretty
 Long may live our charming Hetty!
 Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
 Always young and always pretty,
 Always pretty, always young,
 Live my lovely Hetty long!
 Always young and always pretty;
 Long may live my lovely Hetty!

TRANSLATIONS FROM METASTASIO

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), pp. 92-4; iv. 100; ed. 1941, pp. 211, 212, 542.
 Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, pp. 166-7.

Works, 1787, xi. 381-2.

These two impromptu translations were written in *Thraliana* towards the end of 1777 and introduced thus:

'This Italian Song too of Metastasio as Baretto and I were commending it, he turned into English instantly

Deh! se piacermi vuoi
 Lascia i Sospetti tui;
 Non mi turbar con questo
 Molesto dubitar:
 Chi ciecamente crede
 Impegna a serbar Fede;
 Chi sempre Inganno aspetta,
 Alletta ad Ingannar.

... Another favourite Passage too in the same Author, which Baretto made his Pupil, my eldest Daughter, get by heart, Johnson translated into Blank Verse *sur le Champ*: Baretto wrote it down from his Lips, and I write it now from Baretto's Copy, which is almost worne out with lying by in the folds.

Parlata D'Emirena al falso Cortigiano Aquilio—
 Ah, tu in Corte invecchiasti, . . .

The first passage is from *La Clemenza di Tito*, 1. ii, the second from *Adriano in Syria*, 11. i. Both translations must be earlier than June 1776, when Baretto left the Thrale household.

The second translation was again inserted in *Thraliana* on 28 August 1782. In her *Anecdotes* Mrs. Piozzi says 'it is probably printed before now, as I think two or three people took copies'. But all the known printed texts derive from the *Anecdotes*, which is here followed.

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
 Bid your teizing doubts depart;
 He who blindly trusts, will find
 Faith from every generous mind:
 He who still expects deceit, 5
 Only teaches how to cheat.

II

Grown old in courts, thou art not surely one
 Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
 Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,
 To sink the fatal precipice before him,
 And then lament his fall with seeming friendship: 5
 Open to all, true only to thyself,
 Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious praise,
 Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
 And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
 That leave the blame of rigour to the prince, 10
 And of his every gift usurp the merit;
 That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
 And only build upon another's ruin.

TRANSLATION OF A DISTICH ON THE DUKE OF MODENA

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 89; ed. 1941, p. 209.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 69.

Works, 1787, xi. 379.

II 2 Who] That *Thraliana* i, ii 4-5 him . . . his] them . . . their
Thraliana i. 8 Excuse *Thraliana* i 9 drive] chase *Thraliana* ii
 11 And yet of every *Thraliana* i, ii.

Mrs. Thrale included this distich in *Thraliana* towards the end of 1777 and introduced it thus:

'Baretti and I were talking one Day of the Art of Improvisation: Johnson, says he, can do it as well as any Italian of us all if he pleases; I once repeated him these Lines of an Improvisatore spoken when the Duke of Modena ran away for Fear of the Comet

Se al venir vostro i Principi sen' vanno,
Deh venga ogni Di,—durate un Anno.—

which he instantly rendered thus. . . .

A comet was seen in February and March 1742, and in May the Duke of Modena withdrew from his dominions before the attack of the Sardinians (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1742, pp. 106, 210, 334).

Johnson reminded Mrs. Thrale of the Italian distich in his letter to her of 6 October 1783.

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets! come every day—and stay a year.

TO MRS. THRALE, ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR

Mrs. Thrale's manuscript in the John Rylands Library.

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 91; ed. 1941, p. 211.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 164.

Works, 1787, xi. 380.

Mrs. Thrale was born on 27 January 1740/1. According to *Thraliana* this poem was written for her birthday in 1777:

'And this Year 1777 when I told him it was my Birthday and that I was then thirty five Years old, He repeated me these Verses which I wrote down from his Mouth as he made them.'

A fuller account, less trustworthy in detail, is given in her *Anecdotes*:

'As I went into his room the morning of my birth-day once, and said to him, Nobody sends me any verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old; and Stella was fed with them till forty-six, I remember. My being just recovered from illness and confinement will account for the manner in which he burst out suddenly, for so he did without the least previous hesitation whatsoever, and without having entertained the smallest intention towards it half a minute before. . . . "And now (said he, as I was writing them down), you may see what it is to come for poetry to a Dictionary-maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly".'

The poem probably belongs to 1776. When copying it into *Thraliana*

at the very end of 1777, Mrs. Thrale might easily have underestimated the time that had elapsed since she received it.

Text from Mrs. Thrale's manuscript.

OFT in Danger yet alive
 We are come to Thirtyfive;
 Long may better Years arrive,
 Better Years than Thirty five;
 Could Philosophers contrive
 Life to stop at Thirtyfive, 5
 Time his Hours should never drive
 O'er the Bounds of Thirtyfive:
 High to soar and deep to dive
 Nature gives at Thirtyfive; 10
 Ladies—stock and tend your Hive,
 Trifle not at Thirty five:
 For howe'er we boast and strive,
 Life declines from Thirtyfive;
 He that ever hopes to thrive 15
 Must begin by Thirty five:
 And those who wisely wish to wive,
 Must look on Thrale at Thirtyfive.

CHARADE

Manuscript in the library of the Earl of Crawford.

Boswell, *Life*, 1793, i. *xviii (1934, iv. 195).

This charade was written on a card now in the possession of Lord Crawford, and is here printed from a transcript made by Dr. L. F. Powell. The date is Friday, 17 January 1777. Johnson was prevented from dining with the Club on that day for the reason given in his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 15 January, and left the card on Dean Barnard, who was about to go to Ireland. Barnard had been appointed Dean of Derry in 1769 and in 1780 became Bishop of Killaloe.

The charade was printed by Boswell in 1793, among the additions

3 Long] *Oft Thraliana*

17 those] all *Anecdotes*

14. Cf. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Thrale, 14 August 1780: 'If you try to plague me, I shall tell you that,

according to Galen, life begins to decline from *Thirty-five*.'

'recollected and received after the second edition was printed'; and in the third edition it was inserted under the year 1783.

At the top of the card Johnson wrote: 'Mr. Johnson, not being to dine at the Club this day, as he intended, waits on the Dean of Derry to take leave, and wish him a prosperous voyage. Friday Jan: 17th.'

Charade!

MY first, shuts out Thieves from your house or your
Room,
My second, expresses a Syrian perfume;
My whole, is a Man in whose converse is shar'd,
The strength of a Bar, and the sweetness of Nard.

Lines written in ridicule of THOMAS WARTON'S POEMS

Thraliana, ii (1777-8), p. 89; ed. 1941, p. 209.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 64.

Works, 1787, xi. 375.

Thraliana gives the name which was suppressed in the *Anecdotes*:

'When Tom Warton published his Poems in Jan: 1777.—nobody read 'em. Warton's Poems are *come out* says Mr. Johnson; yes replied I, and this cold Weather has *struck them in* again: I have written Verses to abuse them says he, but I can repeat but two or three of them, and those you must say nothing of, for I love Thomas look you—tho' I laugh at him.'

Thraliana also contains this marginal note opposite the verses:

'These Verses have of late run about the Town. I gave them Pepys and he has shew'd off with them for a whole Winter.'

WHERESOEVER I turn my View,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless Labour all along,
Endless Labour to be wrong;
Phrase that Time has flung away,
Uncouth Words in Disarray:
Trickt in Antique Ruff and Bonnet,
Ode and Elegy and Sonnet.

PARODY OF THOMAS WARTON

Thraliana ii (1777-8), p. 89; iii (1778-81), p. 126; ed. 1941, pp. 209, 398.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 66.

Works, 1787, xi. 377.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, ii. 147 (1934, iii. 159).

The full story of the composition of this parody is given by Boswell under the date 18 September 1777 (*Life*, iii. 158-9)

'He observed, that a gentleman of eminence in literature had got into a bad style of poetry of late. "He puts (said he) a very common thing in a strange dress till he does not know it himself, and thinks other people do not know it." BOSWELL. "That is owing to his being so much versant in old English poetry." JOHNSON. "What is that to the purpose, Sir? If I say a man is drunk, and you tell me it is owing to his taking much drink, the matter is not mended. No, Sir, ——— has taken to an old mode. For example; he'd write thus:

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray.

Gray evening is common enough; but *evening gray* he'd think fine.—Stay;—we'll make out the stanza. . . .

Boswell added a note on the second stanza:

'When Dr. Johnson and I were sitting *tête-à-tête* at the Mitre tavern, May 9, 1778, he said, "*Where* is bliss", would be better. He then added a ludicrous stanza, but would not repeat it, lest I should take it down. It was somewhat as follows; the last line I am sure I remember:

While I thus	cried,
	seer;
The hoary	reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.	

In spring, 1779, when in better humour, he made the second stanza, as in the text. There was only one variation afterwards made on my suggestion, which was changing *hoary* in the third line to *smiling*, both to avoid a sameness with the epithet in the first line, and to describe the hermit in his pleasantry. He was then very well pleased that I should preserve it.'

The two stanzas were inserted in *Thraliana* in the margin opposite the verses beginning 'Wheresoe'er I turn my view', and with this introduction: 'Long after this, he, in scorn of the same Author Tom Warton, composed extempore the following comical Lines.' They were inserted a second time on 1 August 1779, when this remark was added:

'They are meant to ridicule Tom Warton; Mr Boswell has 'em however, I remember seeing him write them down one day in our Library at Stretham.'

Warton's name was suppressed in the *Anecdotes* as well as in Boswell's *Life*, from which this text is taken.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life's evening gray;
 Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
 Where is bliss? and which the way?
 Thus I spoke; and speaking sigh'd;
 —Scarce repress'd the starting tear;—
 When the smiling sage reply'd—
 —Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

5

TRANSLATION OF A SONG IN WALTON'S 'COMPLEAT ANGLER'

Manuscript in the Adam Collection.

Works, 1787, xi. 405.

The manuscript, dated 'Febr. 1777', is reproduced in facsimile in *The R. B. Adam Library*, i, after p. 189. The lines are a translation of a part of John Chalkhill's song in *The Compleat Angler* (i. xvi):

Or we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
 That defends us from a shower,
 Making earth our pillow;
 Where we may
 Think and pray,
 Before death
 Stops our breath:
 Other joys
 Are but toys,
 And to be lamented.

Text and title from the manuscript, with additions to the punctuation.

Waltoni Piscator perfectus

NUNC, per gramina fusi,
 Densâ fronde salicti
 Dum defenditur imber,
 Molles ducimus horas.

3 Smite] Strike *Thraliana* i, ii, *Anecdotes*
 What *Thraliana* ii, *Anecdotes*.

4 Where *Thraliana* i, *Boswell*:
 7 smiling] hoary *Thraliana* i, ii, *Anecdotes*.

Title] E Waltoni Piscatore Perfecto excerptum. *Works*

1, 2. Cf. Warton, Ode on 'The First The morning hoar, and evening chill.
 of April' (*Poems*, 1777, p. 36):

Hic, dum debita morti
 Paulum vita moratur,
 Nunc rescire priora,
 Nunc instare futuris,
 Nunc summi prece sancta
 Patris Numen adire est.
 Quicquid quæritur ultra,
 Cæco ducit amore,
 Vel spe ludit inani,
 Luctus mox pariturum.¹
 Febr. 1 777

BURLESQUE OF LINES BY LOPE DE VEGA

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 90; ed. 1941, p. 210.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 67.

Works, 1787, xi. 378.

The occasion of this impromptu burlesque is thus described in *Thraliana*:

'Another more humorous Instance of his Powers of Improvisation. I was praising these Verses of Lope de Vega,

Si a quien los Leones vence,
 Vence una Muger hermosa;
 El de mas flaco s'averguence
 O ella de ser mas furiosa.

They are well enough, replied Johnson, but the Conceit is not clear: the Lady as we all know does not conquer as the Lyon does—'tis merely a Play of Words as if I should say

If the Man etc.'

This passage was written by Mrs. Thrale towards the end of 1777, but how much earlier the verses were made is not known. In his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 2 April 1773 Johnson says, 'To-day I have been learning Spanish of Baretti'; on the other hand, when he was on his visit to Percy at Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, in the summer of 1764, his regular reading

¹ 'The metre . . . is a curious choice, as such lines are usually employed in combination with others and not by themselves throughout the whole of a piece. But George Buchanan, whom Johnson called 'a great poetical genius',

puts in his tragedy of 'Jephthes' twenty-five consecutive lines of this measure in the mouth of the Chorus.' (Edward Bensly, *Notes and Queries*, 5 Sept. 1925, p. 170.)

was 'the old Spanish romance of *Felixmarte of Hircania*'. The Spanish quatrain is from Lope's *Arcadia*, iv (*Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, vol. 38, *Colección . . . de Obras No Dramáticas de Lope* . . ., Madrid, 1926, p. 115).

The substance of the passage in *Thraliana* is reproduced in the *Anecdotes*, as is also the substances of this continuation:

'This is of the same Species of Humour as his reply to Sheridan who was commending with ridiculous Vehemence the following Line

Who rules oer Freemen should himself be free:
to be sure, Sir, replied Johnson hastily, and
Who drives fat Oxen should himself be fat.'

The line which is parodied concludes Act I of Henry Brooke's *The Earl of Essex*, produced in 1761; the parody appears to have been first printed in the account of Johnson in *The Westminster Magazine* for September 1774, p. 445-

Text from the *Anecdotes*.

IF the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION OF LINES BY BENSERADE

Thraliana MS. ii (1777-8), p. 94; ed. 1941, p. 213.
Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 70.
Works, 1787, xi. 379.

This translation was given impromptu, according to *Thraliana*, 'when somebody was praising Benserade's Verses à son lit.

Theatre des Ris et des Pleurs,
Lit ou je nais et ou je meurs;
Tu nous fais voir comment Voisins
Sont nos Plaisirs et nos Chagrins.'

Mrs. Thrale had already given her own translation in *Thraliana*, i. 206 (ed. 1941, p. 121):

Bed where first I drew my Breath,
Bed of Love, and Bed of Death;
Thine 's the Theatre to show
How near allied are Bliss and Woe.

The first volume of *Thraliana* (September 1776–September 1777) contains no allusion to Johnson's translation, which was apparently made after hers, sometime late in 1777.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may shew
Of human bliss to human woe.

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON'S 'DOVE'

Thraliana MS. iii (1777–8), p. 123; ed. 1941, p. 233.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 46.

Works, 1787, xi. 374.

This poem was written in *Thraliana* on 15 January 1778, and is thus introduced:

'Mr. Johnson told me today that he had translated Anacreon's Dove, and as they were the first Greek Verses that had struck him when a Boy; so says he they continue to please me as well as any Greek Verses now I am Three score: I hope added he, I have done them as well as Frank Fawkes;—seeing me laugh at that—nay nay says he, Frank Fawkes has done them very finely. here however are Johnson's.'

This was supplemented two months later by the following marginal note:

'25: March. Johnson said to me—so you have writ out my translation of the Dove in the *Thraliana* I warrant; I have so, said I; but have you mention'd says he that I intended doing it at sixteen, and never did till I was 68, for that's most remarkable.'

These two passages are the basis of the account in the *Anecdotes*, where it is added that the poem was taken down to Johnson's dictation,—'if you will get the pen and ink, I will repeat to you Anacreon's Dove directly'.

The only copy of Anacreon in Johnson's Sale Catalogue, lot 617, was published by the Foulis Press at Glasgow in 1761, and was in all probability the copy which Boswell procured for Johnson in 1772 (*Life*, ii. 202).

The translation by Francis Fawkes (1720–77) was published in 1760. Johnson was a subscriber to his *Original Poems and Translations*, 1761. He was the joint editor of *The Poetical Calendar*, 1763, which contains two of Johnson's poems and his account of Collins.

The text here printed is from the *Anecdotes*, but the variants in *Thraliana* have been restored, and occasionally the punctuation.

Anacreon, Ode IX

LOVELY courier of the sky,
 Whence or whither dost thou fly?
 Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way:
 Is it business? is it love? 5
 Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove.
 "Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
 "Vows to Myrtale the fair;
 "Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
 "Blushing nature, smiling art. 10
 "Venus, courted with an ode,
 "On the bard her Dove bestow'd.
 "Vested with a master's right
 "Now Anacreon rules my flight:
 "His the letters which you see, 15
 "Weighty charge consign'd to me:
 "Think not yet my service hard,
 "Joyless task without reward:
 "Smiling at my master's gates,
 "Freedom my return awaits, 20
 "But the liberal grant in vain
 "Tempts me to be wild again:
 "Can a prudent Dove decline
 "Blissful bondage such as mine?
 "Over hills and fields to roam, 25
 "Fortune's guest, without a home,
 "Under leaves to hide one's head,
 "Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed?
 "Now my better lot bestows
 "Sweet repast, and soft repose; 30
 "Now the generous bowl I sip
 "As it leaves Anacreon's lip,
 "Void of care, and free from dread
 "From his fingers snatch his bread,

"Then with luscious plenty gay 35
 "Round his chamber dance and play,
 "Or from wine as courage springs,
 "O'er his face extend my wings;
 "And when feast and frolic tire,
 "Drop asleep upon his lyre. 40
 "This is all;—be quick and go,
 "More than all thou canst not know;
 "Let me now my pinions ply,
 "I have chatter'd like a pye."

TO DR. LAWRENCE

Manuscript in the Huntington Library.

Works, 1787, xi. 391.

Thomas Lawrence, for many years Johnson's physician and friend, was President of the Royal College of Physicians from 1767 to 1774. He retired to Canterbury after a paralytic stroke in 1782, and died there 6 June 1783. 'He was a man of strict piety and profound learning, but little skilled in the knowledge of life or manners, and died without having ever enjoyed the reputation he so justly deserved' (Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, p. 76; cf. Hawkins, *Life*, p. 401).

A translation of the Ode while it was still unpublished was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1784, p. 934, signed 'J. D.'—perhaps John Desmoulins, a witness to Johnson's will and a legatee.

The present text is taken from the manuscript which Lawrence received. Langton apparently used another manuscript, and may have added the explanatory title.

Ad T.L. M.D.

FATERIS ergo quod populus solet
 Crepare vācors, nil sapientiam
 Prodesse vitæ, literasque
 In trepidis dare terga rebus.

Title] Ad Thomam Laurence, Medicum Doctissimum, Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur. *Works* 4 trepidis] dubiis
Works

44 Cf. the last line of Fawkes's translation, 'I have chatter'd like a Jay'.

Tu, quæis laborat sors hominum, mala	5
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius;	
Te mille succorum potentem	
Destituit medicina mentis.	
Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,	
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,	10
Torpesque languescisque curis	
Sollicitus nimis, heu! paternis.	
Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,	
Exsurge fortis, nunc animis opus,	
Te docta, Laurenti, vetustas	15
Te medici revocant labores.	
Permitte summo res hominum Patri,	
Permitte fidens, ac muliebribus,	
Amice, majorem querelis,	
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.	20
Cal. Jun. 1778	

EPILOGUE TO HORACE'S CARMEN SECULARE

Baretti, *The Carmen Seculare of Horace* [1779], pp. 18, 19.

A Collection and Selection of English Prologues and Epilogues, 1779, iv. 254.

Translation only.

The European Magazine, June 1787, p. 451.

Works, 1788, xiv. 546.

Works, 1823, i. 415.

Towards the end of 1778 Baretti ventured on the experiment of setting Horace's *Carmen Seculare* to music, and secured the collaboration of Philidor, who happened then to be in London. On 21 November Johnson said in a letter to Mrs. Thrale: 'Baretti has told his musical scheme to Burney, and Burney will neither grant the question nor deny. He is of opinion, that if it does not fail it will succeed, but if it does not succeed he conceives it must fail.' Three performances were given at the Free-Masons Hall, in Great Queen Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, on 26 February and 5 and 12 March. 'The Learned and the Elegant', said the announcement in *The Public Advertiser*, 'are invited to this Exhibition as to a new

Johnson's Poems

Mode of Pleasure, arising from the Union of ancient Poetry with modern Music'. Financially the exhibition was successful: see Baretti's note, quoted by Hill, *Life*, iii. 373.

Baretti was responsible for the choice and arrangement of the words and for the English translation; and he obtained an Epilogue for the occasion, in both Latin and English. This Epilogue was first attributed to Johnson in print by George Colman, in a review of the Rev. William Tasker's translation of the *Carmen Seculare*, in *The Monthly Review* for April 1779, p. 315:

'Though the learned have, in general, found Sanadon's arrangement of the odes of Horace, in order to construct the *Carmen Seculare*, to be more ingenious than solid, yet it is not wonderful that Sig. Baretti and Mons. Philidor, whose chief object was to present the Public with a new musical entertainment, should have adopted the idea of Sanadon, which, by comprehending additional matter, gave more scope to the composer, and afforded at least a longer, if not more rational, amusement to the auditor: nor is it wonderful, considered in that light, that the Rev. Mr. Tasker should inform us that "it is Mr. Baretti's edition, without any variation, that is here attempted to be translated." He has, accordingly, followed that edition down to the *Epilogue Baretti*, as Mr. Tasker calls it, but rather (as we are told it should be styled) the *Epilogus JOHNSONIANUS*.'

The translation was erroneously attributed to Garrick, who died on 20 January, in *Prologues and Epilogues*. Both Latin and English were included in the fourteenth volume of the *Works*.

The Latin and English texts are here printed from the libretto or programme of the performance. The copy in the Bodleian Library has corrections in the English Epilogue, which are in a hand that has not been identified, and were adopted in *Prologues and Epilogues*.

Epilogus

Q fausta Romæ dixit Horatius,
Hæc fausta vobis dicimus, Angliæ
Opes, triumphos, et subacti
Imperium pelagi precantes.

Epilogue

SUCH strains as, mingled with the lyre,
Could Rome with future greatness fire,
Ye Sons of England, deign to hear,
Nor think our wishes less sincere.

2 future greatness] generous ardour *MS. correction, Prol. and Epil.*
land] Britain *MS. cor., Prol. and Epil.*

3 Eng-

May ye the varied blessings share
 Of plenteous peace, and prosp'rous war;
 And o'er the globe extend your reign,
 Unbounded Masters of the main.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF MRS. MONTAGU

Works, 1787, xi. 373.

Hawkins's edition is the sole authority for this poem, which was probably printed, like the two which there precede it ('The Ant' and the translation of Horace, *Od.* iv. 7), from Johnson's manuscript. Hawkins entitles it 'On seeing a Bust of Mrs. Montague'. But the first line shows that it was written as an inscription for a framed portrait. The last lot in Johnson's sale catalogue contained a portrait of Mrs. Montagu 'framed and glazed'.

Mrs. Montagu began an annual allowance to Johnson's indigent and blind friend Anna Williams in 1775. Sometime in that year she sat for a cameo by James Tassie, and in 1776 a medallion portrait, probably from the cameo, was published by T. Wright. (The medallion was engraved by Thomas Holloway in 1785; see *The European Magazine*, 1800, ii. 243.) On 15 October 1778 Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: 'There is a print of Mrs. Montagu, and I shall think myself very ill rewarded for my love and admiration if she does not give me one; she will give it nobody in whom it will excite more respectful sentiments.' Writing again on 18 March 1779, he says 'I called for the print, and got good words'. The date of the poem is probably 1779. Johnson must have received the portrait before their temporary estrangement over the life of Lyttelton.

In *The Monthly Review* for July 1787, p. 69, in the course of a review of Hawkins's edition of the *Works*, Murphy said that 'the verses to Mrs. Montague are well known to be the production of Mr. Jerningham'. He may have confounded them with the lines on Mrs. Montagu ('Minerva') included in Jerningham's *Poems*, 1796, i. 199. The verses were omitted in Murphy's edition of the *Works*, 1792, and were restored by Chalmers in the edition of 1816.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
 Adorn'd in Rôman time the brightest days,
 In every dome, in every sacred place,
 Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,

5 the varied] th' alternate *Prol. and Epil.*
Prol. and Epil.

8 Masters] Rulers *MS. corr.*,

And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
 "This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES

Johnson made three translations of a favourite passage in one of his favourite authors—lines 193–203 of the *Medea* of Euripides: the first seriously for publication, the second in ridicule of the style of another translator, and the third into Latin.

Charles Burney, *General History of Music*, 1782, ii. 340.

A New Review, ed. Maty, August 1782, p. 111.

The Town and Country Magazine, September 1794, p. 386.

The Carlton House Magazine, October 1794, p. 386.

James Savage, *The Librarian*, December 1808, facsimile of a transcript by Porson, p. 274.

Works, 1816, i. 411.

This translation appears to have been written specially for Burney's *History of Music*, where the author is not named. 'I am obliged', says Burney, 'to a learned friend for this elegant translation'. It was first ascribed to Johnson in *The Town and Country Magazine*; and it was first included in Johnson's *Works* in 1816, with this note by James Boswell the Younger: 'It has always been ascribed to Johnson; but to put the matter beyond a doubt, Mr. Malone ascertained the fact by applying to Dr. Burney himself.'

The translation was made before the end of July 1779. On 1 August Mrs. Thrale entered in *Thraliana* that Johnson had translated some verses of Euripides 'seriously' and had 'given them Burney for his *History of Musick*'. She says that she does not have a copy of the translation, but that it is to be printed in Burney's second volume,—'so no matter for writing it out if one had it,—'tis very elegant I remember'.

THE rites deriv'd from ancient days
 With thoughtless reverence we praise,
 The rites that taught us to combine
 The joys of music and of wine,
 And bad the feast, and song, and bowl, 5
 O'erfill the saturated soul;
 But ne'er the Flute or Lyre apply'd
 To cheer despair, or soften pride,

Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells
 Where Want repines, and Vengeance swells,
 Where Hate sits musing to betray,
 And Murder meditates his prey.
 To dens of guilt and shades of care
 Ye sons of Melody repair,
 Nor deign the festive dome to cloy
 With superfluities of joy.
 Ah, little needs the Minstrel's pow'r
 To speed the light convivial hour;
 The board with varied plenty crown'd
 May spare the luxuries of sound.

II

Thraliana MS. iii (1778-81), pp. 125-6; ed. 1941, p. 397.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 65.

Works, 1787, xi. 376.

This burlesque of the style of Robert Potter, translator of Aeschylus, had been recently composed when it was transcribed into *Thraliana* on 1 August 1779:

'Johnson has been diverting himself with imitating Potter's Aeschylus in a translation of some Verses of Euripides—he has translated them seriously besides, and given them Burney for his History of Musick. Here are the Burlesque ones—but they are a *Caricatura* of Potter whose Verses are obscure enough too. . . . Poor Potter! he does write strange unintelligible Verses to be sure, but I think none as bad as these neither. . . . Johnson has an agreeable Talent of imitating people's Verses, but he will always render them *too* ridiculous.'

For the full story we are indebted to a letter written by Susan Burney to her sister Fanny, also on 1 August 1779, and after a visit to Streatham with her father:

'I followed my father into the library, which was much such a room as I expected;—a most charming one. There sat Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, the latter finishing his breakfast upon peaches. . . . Dr. Johnson interrupted Mrs. Thrale by telling my father Mrs. Thrale had desired *Mr. Potter* to translate some verses for him, which he (Dr. J.) had before undertaken to do. "How so?" said my father. "*Why Mr. Potter?*" "Nay, Sir, I don't know. It was Mrs. Thrale's fancy." Mrs. Thrale said she would go and fetch them. . . . Then came back Mrs. Thrale, with the *verses*, which she had been copying out. . . . The verses were then given to my father. After he had read the first stanza, "Why, these are none of Potter's!" said he, "these are *worse* than Potter. They beat him at his own weapons." Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale laugh'd very much, and the verses proved to be the *former's*, and were composed, in a comical humour, the evening before, in derision of Potter. They are admirable, you

Johnson's Poems

will see them at Streatham, and perhaps procure a copy, which my father could not do. Dr. Johnson is afraid of having them spread about as some other verses were he wrote in the same way to ridicule poor Dr. Percy' (*The Early Diary of Frances Burney*, 1889, ii. 256-8).

Potter's translation of Aeschylus was published in 1777 and republished in 1779. Under the date 9 April 1778 Boswell recorded a conversation in which Johnson said, 'I thought what I read of it *verbiage*: but upon Mr. Harris's recommendation, I will read a play. (To Mr. Harris.) Don't prescribe two' (*Life*, iii. 256). It was the first complete translation of Aeschylus into English, and it held its place unchallenged till well into the nineteenth century.

When Johnson wrote this burlesque, Potter was engaged on his complete translation of Euripides, which appeared in 1781-3. There is no reason to think that Potter knew of the parody during Johnson's lifetime, or before its publication in 1786. A story of Johnson's rudeness to Potter when they were introduced by Mrs. Montagu is told, evidently on the authority of Dr. Parr, in E. H. Barker's *Literary Anecdotes*, 1852, i. 1. Potter was the author of *An Inquiry into some Passages in Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, particularly his Observations on Lyric Poetry and the Odes of Gray*, 1783, and *The Art of Criticism, as exemplified in Dr. Johnson's Lives*, 1789. Horace Walpole, writing to Mason on 9 June 1783, pointed out that the true object of the former book was 'to revenge the attack on Lord Lyttelton at the instigation of Mrs. Montagu'.

Text from the *Anecdotes*, corrected by *Thraliana*.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes ;
And scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke with curling play 5
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string, or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-ennamour'd Mischief dreads the Sun, 15
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd. schemes the wound.

Shorter Poems

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour,
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to Music's soothing pow'r. 20

III

Works, 1787, xi. 426.

The Latin translation is known only by being included by Langton in the *Works*. It might have been written about the same time as the English translations, but there are no means of dating it.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm vœcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen. 5
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus clavis exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset; 10
Namque, ubi mensas onerant
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

PRAYER ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1779

Works, 1787, xi. 383.

The manuscript which Langton followed is lost.

Dec. 25, 1779.

NUNC dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Johnson's Poems

Christe, da tutam trepido quietem,
Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

ON HEARING MISS THRALE DELIBERATE ABOUT HER HAT

Thraliana MS. iii (1778-81), p. 153; ed. 1941, p. 416.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 165.

Works, 1787, xi. 381.

These lines were written in *Thraliana* on Wednesday 5 January 1780, and are thus introduced:

'Hester was deliberating whether she should put on her fine new dressed hat to dine at Mrs. Montagus next Fryday—*do* my darling says Johnson
Wear the Gown, etc.'

The lines are cited in the *Anecdotes* as an instance of Johnson's 'almost Tuscan power of improvisation'. Hester, or Queeney, then aged seventeen, is there said to have been 'consulting with a friend about a new gown and dressed hat she thought of wearing to an assembly'.

They were omitted in Murphy's edition of the *Works*, 1792, and were not restored by Chalmers, nor are they in the edition of 1825.

Text from the *Anecdotes*.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

A SHORT SONG OF CONGRATULATION

Manuscript in the Huntington Library.

Thraliana MS. iii (1778-81), p. 205; ed. 1941, p. 451.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 196 (4th stanza only).

Transcript by Samuel Lysons.

Piozzi, manuscript of *British Synonymy* in the John Rylands Library.

Piozzi, *British Synonymy*, 1794, i. 359.

Shorter Poems

The Town and Country Magazine, October 1794, p. 427.

The British Critic, November 1794, p. 511.

The Annual Register, 1794, p. 419.

The Scottish Register, 1795, iii. 301.

The Kentish Register, February 1795, p. 71.

Boswell, *Life*, 1799, iv. 441 (1934, iv. 413).

Chalmers, *English Poets*, 1810, xvi. 611.

Works, 1823, i. 363.

Johnson sent the poem to Mrs. Thrale on 8 August 1780, along with a covering letter in which he says:

'You have heard in the papers how Sir John Lade is come to age. I have enclosed a short song of congratulation, which You must not shew to any body. It is odd that it should come into any bodies head. I hope you will read it with candour, it is, I believe, one of the authours first essays in that way of writing, and a beginner is always to be treated with tenderness.'

The present text is taken from the manuscript, now in the Huntington Library. Previously printed texts all derive from that in *British Synonymy*, which differs in several places both from the original and the transcript in *Thraliana*. A transcript by Lysons inserted in Lord Harmsworth's copy of Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters*, ii. 174, contains additional variants, and may have followed yet another transcript by Mrs. Piozzi.

John Hoole stated in *The European Magazine* for September 1799 that Johnson repeated the poem to a few friends 'with great spirit' on 30 November 1784, a fortnight before his death, and told them that 'he never gave but one copy'. Boswell quoted this in the first two editions of the *Life*, adding in the second that he had read the poem, presumably in the days when he was on good terms with Mrs. Thrale, and 'found it to be a piece of exquisite satire, conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings'. But he was unable to quote the poem till it was published in *British Synonymy*, and from this book it was copied into the posthumous third edition of the *Life*.

Sir John Lade was the son of Thrale's sister, and was born after his father's death in the hunting-field. The birth is thus announced in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1759: 'Aug. 1. Relict of Sir John Lade, Bt.—of a son and heir, who is immediately entitled to a very large estate.' He was the young gentleman of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* who called out suddenly in the Streatham drawing-room, 'Mr. Johnson, would you advise me to marry?' and received the reply, 'I would advise no man to marry, Sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding'. Thrale and Johnson had some notion of marrying him to Fanny Burney, but in 1787 he married a notorious woman named Laetitia Darby. He followed Johnson's predictions, squandered a great fortune, and died without issue in 1838. Cf. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 79; *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 213; *Life*, iv. 412, 552; and W. P. Courtney, *Temple Bar*, February 1902, pp. 199–215.

Johnson's

A Short Song of Congratulation

LONG-EXPECTED one and twenty
Ling'ring year at last is flown,
Pomp and Pleasure, Pride and Plenty
Great Sir John, are all your own.

Loosen'd from the Minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather
Bid the slaves of thrift farewell.

Call the Bettys, Kates, and Jennys
Ev'ry name that laughs at Care,
Lavish of your Grandsire's guineas,
Show the Spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly,
Here the Gamester light and jolly
There the Lender grave and sly.

Wealth, Sir John, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
See the Jocky, see the Pander,
Bid them come, and take their fill.

When the bonny Blade carouses,
Pockets full, and Spirits high,
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Title. From Johnson's letter to Mrs. Thrale: None, MS., *Thraliana*, *Synonymy*,
Boswell: One and Twenty 1810: Improviso on a young heir's coming of age.
1823 2 Years at length are *Lysons* last] length *Synonymy* 3 Pride and
Synonymy all] now *Thraliana*, *Synonymy* 4 Sir John] ———
9 Bettys] Betsys *Thraliana*: Betseys *Synonymy*: Betsies *Lysons* 10 All the
Names that laugh at *Thraliana*: All the names that banish *Synonymy*, *Lysons*
11 your] thy *Lysons* 13—20 *Lysons* reverses the order of these stanzas
13 And all . . . in vice or *Anecdotes*: on Vice or *Thraliana*, *Synonymy*: in vice and
Lysons 15 Here] There *Synonymy* (*printed copy*) 17 Sir John] my
lad *Synonymy* 18 as] if *Lysons* 19 See . . . see] Call . . . call *Synonymy*,
Lysons 20 Come my lads and take your fill *Lysons* 21 When]
Whilst *Lysons*

If the Guardian or the Mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel and their pother,
You can hang or drown at last.

ON MRS. THRALE

Manuscript in the John Rylands Library.

The John Rylands Library Bulletin, 1932, p. 60.

This couplet was written by Johnson on an odd scrap of paper, and cannot be dated. It was too personal to print; but Mrs. Thrale kept it, to herself.

HOSTEM odit tacitè, sed amicum ridet apertè
Thralia. Quid mavis? tutius hostis eris.

A SUMMONS TO DR. LAWRENCE

Manuscript in the Huntington Library.

These hitherto unpublished lines are the sole contents of a note which Johnson addressed 'To Dr. Lawrence'. Thus Johnson summoned his doctor to attend one of his friends—certainly a woman, probably a member of his household, and perhaps Miss Williams.

They were presumably written before Lawrence's paralytic stroke in March 1782.

PHŒBE fave, ægrotat quæ te colit, ulla nec usquam est
Quam magis exoptes arte valere tua.

TRANSLATION OF THE COLLECT FOR ASH WEDNESDAY

Manuscript.

Works, 1787, xi. 384.

The manuscript, which was given by Langton's son to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on 21 June 1922, and is

25 Should the guardian friend or mother *Synonymy*: Should the guardian or the Mother *Lysons* 26 woes] spoils *Lysons* 27 counsel and] Counsel scorn *Thraliana*, *Synonymy*: Nonsense scorn *Lysons*

described in Messrs. Tregaskis's Catalogue for November 1922. Johnson wrote alternative readings at the foot of the translation. These were adopted by Langton and are adopted here. The manuscript has not been traced.

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creasti,
 Judice quo scelerum est pœnituisse salus,
 Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
 Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

In Lecto, die Passionis. Ap. 13, 1781.

ANAPÆSTICS ADDRESSED TO DR. LAWRENCE

Manuscript in the Huntington Library.

A Voyage to Abyssinia . . . to which are added other tracts, ed. George Gleig, (*Works*, xv), 1789, p. 499.

This text is taken from the undated manuscript in the Huntington Library. The poem is the main part of a letter to Dr. Lawrence.

Gleig appends the date 'March 21, 1782', but his authority for it is not known. In the short prose sequel to the poem Johnson says, 'I go to Streatham to-morrow' (cf. ll. 20-22). His *Prayers and Meditations* show that he was at Streatham from 21 to 23 March 1782. Gleig's '21' may be a mistake for '20'. In a letter to Miss Lawrence of 22 May 1782 Johnson asks for a copy of 'those short lines which I sent to the Doctor'.

e anapæsticæ in lecto lusæ.

Medico Æger S.

NUNC mihi facilis
 Liberiori
 Cursu spiritus
 Itque reditque;
 Nunc minus acris
 Seu thoracem
 Sive abdomen
 Laniat tussis;
 Tantum prodest

5

2 Cuique loco recti pœnituisse mali est *MS.* (recte *Catalogue*)
 culpas *MS.*

3 noxas]

ANAPÆSTICS. Title. cusæ Medico Ægro. S. Gleig

Tempore justo
 Secare venam;
 Tantum prodest
 Potente succo
 Dulce papaver.
 Quid nunc superest?
 Ut modo tentem
 Quantum strictam
 Mollia laxent
 Balnea pellem,
 Cras abiturus
 Quo revocârit
 Thralia suavis.
 Hoc quoque superest
 Ut tibi, gentis
 Medicæ Princeps,
 Habeam grates;
 Votaque fundam
 Ne, quæ prosunt
 Omnibus, artes
 Domino desint.
 Vive valeque.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET

Thraliana, iv (1781-6), pp. 86-8; ed. 1941, p. 532.

Transcript by Elizabeth Carter.

The Gentleman's Magazine, August 1783, p. 695.

The British Magazine and Review, August 1783, p. 136.

The Universal Magazine, August 1783, p. 104.

The London Magazine, September 1783, p. 232.

The Weekly Magazine, 18 September 1783.

The Annual Register, 1783, p. 189.

The Scots Magazine, January 1784, p. 44.

The New Foundling Hospital for Wit, 1784, 1786, vi. 62.

The European Magazine, January 1785, p. 56.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 184.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 118 (5th stanza only).

Hawkins, *Life*, 1787, p. 554.

Works, 1787, xi. 365.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, ii. 414 (iv. 137).

Levet died on 17 January 1782, in his seventy-seventh year, and the poem was written before 18 April, when it was entered in *Thraliana*:

'Doctor Johnson has been writing Verses on his old Inmate Mr. Levett he tells me: that poor Creature was 84 or 85 years old this Winter, when after an uninterrupted Series of Health he died suddenly by a Spasm or Rupture of some of the Vessels of the Heart. He lived with Johnson as a sort of *necessary Man*, or Surgeon to the wretched Household he held in Bolt Court; where Blind Mrs. Williams, Dropsical Mrs. Desmoulines, Black Francis and his White Wife's Bastard, with a wretched Mrs. White, and a thing that he called Poll, shared his Bounty, and increased his Dirt. Levett used to bleed one, and blister another, and be very useful, tho' I believe disagreeable to all: he died while his Patron was with me in Harley Street—and very sorry he was—in his way of being sorry—and he wrote these Verses.'

Other accounts of Levet may be found in *The London Magazine*, Sept. 1783 (signed 'S. Y.');

The St. James's Chronicle, 18–20 Jan. 1785; *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1785, p. 101 (said to be by George Steevens); and Boswell's *Life*, i. 243 n. 3; iv. 137 n. The memoir signed 'S. Y.' is not by Boswell; see Pottle, *The Literary Career of James Boswell*, p. 299.

Boswell says that on 21 March 1783 Johnson 'repeated to me his verses on Mr. Levett with an emotion which gave them full effect'; but the version which he prints is not said to have been given him by Johnson, or to have been dictated. He adds in a note that Johnson repeated l. 20 to him thus,

And Labour steals an hour to die,

and 'afterwards altered it to the present reading'.

Johnson gave a copy to Miss Reynolds 'with his own hand', but it has disappeared; the transcript which she made for her *Recollections* contains a variant recorded by Hill (*Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ii. 250). Another transcript, by Miss Carter, bound in a copy of Johnson's *Journey*, was sold by the Brick Row Book Shop of New York in 1927. The texts are discussed by S. C. Roberts in *The Review of English Studies*, October 1927, p. 442; that given here is from *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

On the Death of Dr. ROBERT LEVET

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See LEVER to the grave descend;
 Official, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
 Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
 The modest wants of ev'ry day
 The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

9 fills] fill'd *Osborne and Griffin* 1785 11 arrogance] ignorance *Hawkins's*
Life 17 caverns] cavern's *Gent. Mag.*: cavern *Poems, Works* 18 use-
 ful care] useful aid *Lond. Mag.*: ready help *Boswell* 19 Where] When *Lond.*
Mag. pour'd his] pours her *Anec.*: pour'd the *Lond. Mag.* 20 retir'd]
 retires *Anec.* 21 mock'd] shock'd *Reynolds* 22 gain] gains *Boswell*
 26 left] felt *Carter* 27 th'] the *Carter, Hawkins's Life* 28 The]
 His *New Found. Hosp., Boswell*

7. officious. Mrs. Piozzi (*British* in the modern sense. It here means
Synonymy, ii. 79) understood this word 'full of good offices'.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by; 30
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain, 35
 And free'd his soul the nearest way.

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH VERSES ON SKATING

Thraliana, iv (1781-6), p. 108; ed. 1941, p. 548.

Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, pp. 143-4.

The Gentleman's Magazine, March 1786, p. 249.

Works, 1787, xi. 380.

Mrs. Piozzi told the story of these verses in her *Anecdotes*:

'We had got a little French print among us at Brighthelmstone, in November 1782, of some people skating, with these lines written under:

Sur un mince chrystal l'hiver conduit leurs [vos] pas,
 Le précipice est sous la glace;
 Telle est de nos [vos] plaisirs la légère surface;
 Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas.

And I begged translations from every body: Dr. Johnson gave me this [*the first*]; . . .

'He was however most exceedingly enraged when he knew that in the course of the season I had asked half a dozen acquaintance to do the same thing, and said, it was a piece of treachery, and done to make every body else look little when compared to my favourite friends the *Pepyses*. . .'

Johnson made the second translation impromptu after seeing this translation by William Pepys:

Swift o'er the level how the skaters slide,
 And skim the glitt'ring surface as they go:
 Thus o'er life's specious pleasures lightly glide,
 But pause not, press not on the gulph below.

The two translations by Johnson were preserved in *Thraliana*, under the

29 peaceful] cheerful *Carter* 33 throbbing fiery] throbs of fiery *Thraliana*,
Carter, *Lond. Mag.*, *Boswell*: fiery, throbbing *Poems*, *Works*: throb of fiery
Hawkins's Life 36 free'd] forc'd *Gent. Mag.*, *Ann. Reg.*, *New Found.*
Hosp., *Poems*

date 4 November 1782, along with others. One of these is 'by H. L. T.', and is printed in her *British Synonymy*, 1794, ii. 259.

The 'little French print' is an engraving by Larmessin of a painting by Lancret. A copy is in the Cannan collection of skating prints in the British Museum. It is reproduced, without the verses, in *The Poetry of Skating*, by Edgar Wood Syers, 1905, p. 42. The verses were by Pierre Roy.

Text from the *Anecdotes*.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

II

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

CHRIST TO THE SINNER

Works, 1787, xi. 384.

These verses, and almost all the Latin poems which follow, are known only in Langton's text.

In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

ON HOPE

Works, 1787, xi. 395.

The day was Wednesday of Holy Week. The error in the last line indicates that Langton sent the original manuscript to the printer. Johnson's 'ca' could easily be confused with 'lu'.

Spes

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA sic peragit citata cursum ;
 Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem !
 Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
 Spondens omnia credulis homullis ;
 Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
 Lux angit miseros cadens homullos.

PRAYER ON LOSING THE POWER OF
SPEECH*Works*, 1787, xi. 384.

This prayer was written during the night when Johnson was deprived of speech by a paralytic stroke, and is thus referred to in his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 19 June 1783:

'On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.'

Langton notes the different readings in the manuscript, now lost, but does not make clear which Johnson wrote first.

A translation is given in *Notes and Queries*, 14 Nov. 1903, p. 389.

Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783.

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum de corpore Numen
 Hoc statuatur, precibus Christus adesse velit:
 Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogasse,
 Qua solum potero parte, placere tibi.

6 angit miseros cadens *emend.*: angit, miseros ludens *Works*

Variants in Johnson's MS. 1 tuum . . . Numen . . . statuatur] tuæ . . .
 leges . . . statuatur] 2 precibus] votis 3 rogasse] precari 4
 placere] litare

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS

Works, 1787, xi. 386.

Undated, and known only in Langton's text.

QUI cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.

Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.

Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis leges sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens; aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta reposcit.

Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

Johnson's

PRAYERS

Works, 1787, xi. 385, 387, 402.

Only two of these seven Prayers are dated in Langton's text. Four are based, in whole or in part, on Collects in *The Book of Common Prayer*.

I
PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva :
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face 5
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
Veniamque sancta pacis adde gaudia :
Sceleris ut expers omnis, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam : 10
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

II
Æterne rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator ;
Felicitationis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet ; 5
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi ;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine 10
Mentem benignus alleva.

III
O Qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis ;
Scelerum catena me laborantem gravi
Æterna tandem liberet clementia, 5
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

I. 9 omnis *emend.*: omni 1787-1825

III. 4 grav[] 1787: gravè *Works* 1792-1825

III. Cf. the last of the Prayers upon whose nature and property is ever to
Several Occasions, beginning, 'O God, have mercy'.

IV

Per vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
 Numine præsentī me tueare pater!
 Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
 Usque regat gressus gratia fida meos.
 Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne 5
 Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

V

Me, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cælo,
 Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant;
 Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
 Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
 Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit, 5
 Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

VI

Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.

Summe dator vitæ, naturæ æternæ magister,
 Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
 Respice quem subigit senium, morbique seniles,
 Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
 Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi; 5
 Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

VII

Jan. 18, 1784.

Summe Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
 In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
 Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset, 5
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
 Certa vetet dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
 Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.

v. 2 dira *Works* 1801: om. 1787

vi. 3 subiget *Works* 1792-1825

iv. Cf. the Collect for the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday after Trinity.

v. Cf. the Collect for the twenty-first

vi. Cf. the Collect for the second Sunday after Epiphany.

Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
 Et colere et leges semper amare tuas. 10
 Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
 Sanguine, peccanti promereare tuo!

A MEDITATION

Works, 1787, xi. 386.

Feb. 27, 1784.

Mens mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
 In summo ut videas numine læta patrem;
 Divinam in sontes iram placavit Jesus;
 Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Works, 1787, xi. 407.

These translations belong to the winter of 1783-4. Only one is known to survive in manuscript, and it bears the date '84—Jan 31'. Johnson mentioned them in his letter to Mrs. Thrale of 19 April 1784: 'When I lay sleepless, I used to drive the night along by turning Greek epigrams into Latin'; but as he also proposes to borrow her copy of the *Anthology* some of the translations that have been preserved may have been made subsequently. Boswell gives this account:

'During his sleepless nights he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the *Anthologia*. These translations, with some other poems by him in Latin, he gave to his friend Mr. Langton, who, having added a few notes, sold them to the booksellers for a small sum, to be given to some of Johnson's relations, which was accordingly done; and they are printed in the collection of his works' (*Life*, iv. 384).

Malone refers to them thus in his letter to Percy of 2 March 1785: 'Being of late very sleepless, he used to amuse himself with turning some Greek Epigrams into Latin, in bed, but I doubt whether productions composed in such a state of mind, are correct enough for publication.'

For most of the epigrams Langton's text gives page references to the edition by Brodæus published at Basle in 1549. The surviving scrap of the original manuscripts bears the page reference 'Br. 55' in Johnson's writing, and Langton may not have supplied the printer with more references than he found. There is no reason for thinking that he made a transcript; the scrap shows signs of having passed through the hands of the compositor.

Langton arranged the translations for which he knew the references in the order adopted by Brodæus; and that might have been the order in which Johnson wrote them. But they are here arranged under the numbers in modern editions of the *Anthology* since the publication of the edition by Friedrich Jacobs, Leipzig, 1813-17. Langton cannot have seen proofs. Typographical errors are corrected, and names of authors are supplied.

Johnson had long been familiar with the *Anthology*. He included Latin translations of two of the epigrams in his *Essay on Epitaphs*, 1740 (see p. 113); he introduced a quotation in the *Dictionary* under 'Grubstreet' (9.458); and two of the epigrams here translated into Latin (11.50 and 11.53) he quoted in the original Greek in *The Rambler*, Nos. 71 and 180, and afterwards turned into English (see pp. 133 and 140).

5. 67 CAPITO

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

5. 74 (or 73) RUFINUS

FLORIBUS in pratis legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores deponere superbos: 5
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

6. 1 PLATO

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

7. 128 ANONYMOUS

Br[odæus, 1549, p.] 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ,
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo; clamo nunc tumultatus idem.

7. 136 ANTIPATER

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles quale dedere manus.

7. 151 ANONYMOUS

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

7. 239 PARMENIO

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

7. 265 PLATO

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra jacet ecce colonus!
Idem Orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

7. 282 THEODORIDAS

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

7. 284 ASCLEPIADES

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax, modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.
Si forsan tumultum quo conditur Eumarus aufers,
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

7. 265. The first line is identical with that in the metrical version by Hugo Grotius, which was not printed till 1795.

7. 284. The second couplet is sepa-

rated from the first by several pages in Langton's text. Johnson probably wrote them on different scraps of paper.

7. 318 CALLIMACHUS

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

7. 319 ANONYMOUS

Et ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor Orci,
Cerberē, te morsu ne petat ille, cave.

7. 350 ANONYMOUS

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro;
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

7. 459 CALLIMACHUS

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrere peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami,
Blandam lanifici sociam, sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

7. 461 MELEAGER

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus, salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

7. 471 CALLIMACHUS

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro Ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

7. 461. Brodæus has *Αουγιένην*, which Johnson must have misread *Αουγιέννην*. The accepted reading is *Αιουγιέννην*.

7. 538 ANYTE

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

7. 553 DAMASCIUS

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

7. 560 PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces spreuit, quam surda querelas;
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

7. 590 JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

7. 669 PLATO

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint,
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

7. 676 ANONYMOUS

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deum.

7.533.1 quæ r8or: qua r787

7.553. Cf. p. 114.

the first couplet of the original.

7.560. Johnson has not translated

7. 676. Cf. p. 114 (two variants).

8. 137 ANONYMOUS

DICITE, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphilochi.

9. 13 PLATO JUNIOR

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

9. 18 GERMANICUS CÆSAR

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cælum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

9. 29 ANTIPHILUS

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, Audacia, prima,
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

9. 39 MUSICIUS

Br. 18.

AD Musas Venus hæc: Veneri parete, puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem: Sic Marti, diva, mineris;
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

9. 44 PLATO

Br. 162.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit laqueum.

9. 48 ANONYMOUS

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit Leda petita Jovem.

9. 50 MIMNERMUS

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene et ille male.

9. 54 MENEKRATES

Br. 31.

CUM procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

9. 55 LUCILLIUS, or MENEKRATES

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicumque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.

9. 65 ANONYMOUS

Br. 70.

TELLURI arboribus ver frondens, sidera cælo,
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

9. 66 ANTIPATER SIDONIUS

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

9. 54. 55. Langton prints the two translations together, but in reverse order, as if they formed one epigram. Johnson may have written them on the

same paper without clearly distinguishing them. The epigrams are not combined in the text of Brodæus.

9. 74 ANONYMOUS

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
 Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
 Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
 Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

9. 110 ALPHEUS

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut
 Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
 Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine:
 Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

9. 112 ANTIPATER THESSALONICENSIS

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
 Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
 Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherrimus ævi
 Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

9. 133 ANONYMOUS

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
 Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

9. 138 ANONYMOUS

Br. 126.

ME miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis
 Pauper eram, nummis diffuit arca senis;
 Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
 Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

9. 148 ANONYMOUS

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
 Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
 Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
 Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
 Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

5

9. 160 ANONYMOUS

EXCEPTÆ hospitio Musæ tribuere libellos
 Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

9. 163 ANONYMOUS

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
 Per Trojæ flammæ, densaque tela, patrem.
 Clamat et Argivis: Vetuli, ne tangite, vita
 Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

9. 250 ONESTES

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
 Quæ lyra. Quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

9. 288 GEMINUS

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
 Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.
 Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
 Omnia, dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
 Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
 Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

9. 304 PARMENIO

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus ; terris sit pelagoque pudor !

9. 359 POSIDIPPUS, or PLATO COMICUS

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ, ut possis ; rixisque dolisque
Perstrepat omne forum ; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat ; mare mille pericula terrent ;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes ;
Paupertas misera est ; multæ cum conjuge lites 5
Tecta ineunt ; cælebs omnia solus ages ;
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori. 10

9. 360 METRODORUS

ELIGE iter vitæ, ut mavis ; prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum ; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura ; levat maris aspera lucrum ;
Verte solum, donat plena crumena decus ;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa 5
Tecta ineunt, cælebs impedire minus ;
Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus ;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut periisse ; scatet vita benigna bonis. 10

9. 375 ANONYMOUS

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,

Labraque constrictus semesos, jamque terendos
 Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit,
 Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit, 5
 Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
 Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivium cantu
 Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

9. 394 PALLADAS

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum prolesque, Pecunia, curæ,
 Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

9. 444 ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
 Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
 Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
 Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

9. 523 ANONYMOUS

Br. 111.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
 Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

9. 530 ANONYMOUS

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
 At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

9. 573 AMMIANUS

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
 Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;
 Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
 Arridens domino collacrymansque tuo,
 Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam, 5
 Sed Milia ridens, atque dolens Milia.

Shorter Poems

9. 577 PTOLEMÆUS

Br. 92.

ÆVI sat novi quam sim brevis ; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus ; conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

9. 647 POMPEIUS

Br. 487.

Cum fugere haud possit fractis Victoria p
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

9. 648 MACEDONIUS

Br. 487.

Civis et externus grati ; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujas, quis pater, unde venis.

9. 654 JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS

Br. 488.

s, alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

9. 702 ANONYMOUS

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

10. 26 LUCIANUS

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis :
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

10. 27 LUCIANUS

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

10. 28 LUCIANUS

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

10. 30 ANONYMOUS

Br.

GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suò.

10. LUCIANUS

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

10. 58 PALLADAS

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

10. 60 PALLADAS

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis
In tumultum tecum, morte iubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

10. 31. 1 hic 1825

10.30. The manuscript of this translation is now in the collection of Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, of Corning, New York. The second line is written under 'Ut florem amittat gratia tota perit', which is struck out. The date at the top left-hand corner is '84—Jan 31'; opposite it at the right-hand is

'Br. 55'. To help the compositor, five difficult words in the first line are rewritten above, and all the words in the last line are rewritten below, in a clear and bold hand. (Reproduced in Tregaskis's catalogue, March 1928, p. 15.)

10. 72 PALLADAS

Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque; aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

10. 74 PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Br. 19.

PROSPERA sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit. 5

10. 84 PALLADAS

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

10. 93 PALLADAS

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

10. 98 PALLADAS

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

10. 108 ANONYMOUS

Br. 56.

SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne
Magne bonum, omne malum et poscentibus abnue nobis.

10. 113 ANONYMOUS

Br. 24.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

10. 119 ANONYMOUS

Br.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

10. 123 ÆSOPUS

Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis 5
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

10. 124 GLYCO

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur
Cuncta, cinis cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

11. 50 AUTOMEDON

Br. 30.

: ante alios nullius debitor æris;
Hunc sequitur cælebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam,
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra 5
Quales sint monades, quâ fit inane, sinas.

II. 53 ANONYMOUS

Br. 168.

VITA rosæ brevis est; properans si carpere nolis,
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

II. 118 CALLICTER

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit; mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

II. 145

EN Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente;
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

II. 167 POLLIANUS

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

II. 176 LUCILLIUS

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo. 5

II. 186 NICARCHUS

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans nycticorax moritur.

II. 213 LEONIDAS

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

II. 53. 1 Vita rosæ 1816: Vitæ rosa 1787, &c.

II. 53. Cf. 'The Mottoes and Quotations in *The Rambler*', No. 71, ante, p. 133.

Johnson's

II. 391 LUCILLIUS

MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi?
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

II. 430 LUCIANUS

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

II. 432 LUCIANUS

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat: Nunc me cernere desinitis.

13. 3 THEOCRITUS

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri procul marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

16 (APPENDIX PLANUDEA). I DAMACETUS

Br. 2.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent isti, mihi robore vivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

16. 16 ANONYMOUS

nimum est fit ineptum; hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

16. 87 JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus si retulere fabri.

16. 168 ANONYMOUS

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

16. 209 ANONYMOUS

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

16. 326 ANONYMOUS

DAR tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

16. 331 AGATHIAS

CLARA Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio Roma benigna tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteris, regio non tulit ulla parem.

16. 364 LEONTIUS

MENTE senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

SIMONIDES

Thucydides, vi. 59

PROLEM Hippi, et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
 Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
 Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
 Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.

CLEANTHES

Epictetus, *Enchiridion*, ad fin.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
 Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
 Sequar libenter; sin reluctari velim,
 Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

UNIDENTIFIED

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
 Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE WORLD

Manuscript in the Isham Collection.

Works, 1787, xi. 427.

These verses were written in Johnson's Latin diary for 1784, between the entries for 28 and 29 July, and have no connexion with the context.

Septem Ætates

PRIMA parit terras ætas; siccaturque secunda;
 Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
 Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta superbit;
 Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

3 superbit] supersit *Works* 1787-1825
 cancelled: above Cyrum sexta vocat, lætatur first three words cancelled: below
 Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo. MS.

Simonides. This epigram is in neither the Palatine nor Planudean manuscript of the *Greek Anthology*.

Cleantes. This epigram likewise is

4 Sexta dolet Babylona, et gaudet
 cancelled: below
 xviii. 107.

not in the *Anthology*. For Seneca's translation see *Epist. ad Lucilium*, xviii. 107.

1. siccaturque: see Genesis viii. 13, 14.

Shorter Poems

A MEDITATION

Manuscript in the collection of Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, of Corning, New York.

Works, 1787, xi. 388.

This poem is here printed from a photograph of the manuscript.

Noctu. Aug 8— 84

LUCE collustret mihi pectus almâ,
Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolere
Gratia Christi;

Me Pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi Sanctus socium beatum
Spiritus addat.

5

ON THE STREAM AT STOWE MILL, LICHFIELD

Works, 1787, xi. 389.

Stowe Mill was at the east end of Stowe Pool, near St. Chad's Church, and was worked by water from the stream, called Curborough Brook, which flows from the pool to the west of the churchyard. A branch flowing to the east and north of the churchyard is shown in John Snape's map of Lichfield, 1781. This branch no longer exists, but it explains 'diffluentem' in the title of the poem. The mill was demolished in 1856, when the South Staffordshire Waterworks Company converted the pool into a reservoir, and the present St. Chad's Road runs over its site. It is represented in a sketch of 'Stow 1720' inserted in the extra-illustrated copy of Thomas Harwood's *History of Lichfield* in the Gough Collection in the Bodleian Library. The place where Johnson was taught to swim by his father must have been some little distance below the mill, at or near the junction of the branch with the main stream.

The poem, which survives only in Langton's text, cannot be dated accurately, for Johnson paid several visits to Lichfield in later life. The destruction of trees which he laments is not on record, and, to judge from the poem, was more than a periodical lopping of willows; but the available evidence suggests that the bathing-place assumed larger dimensions and greater beauty in his mind's eye as he viewed it through the mist of memory.

In manhood Johnson was a strong swimmer: see Boswell, *Life*, ii. 299. and Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, 1786, p. 113.

*In Rivum a Mola Stoana Lichfeldiæ
diffluentem*

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia
 Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
 Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
 Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
 Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
 Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
 Nunc veteres duris periêre securibus umbræ,
 Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
 Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
 Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
 Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
 Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

EPIGRAMS

Works, 1787, xi. 388, 396.

None of these four epigrams is dated. The titles given to two of them in Langton's text were presumably in the manuscript.

I

Jejunium et Cibus

SERVIAT ut menti corpus, jejunia serva;
 Ut mens utatur corpore, sume cibos.

II

Jactura Temporis

Hora perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
 Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

12. The friend whom he addresses as Nisus was in all probability Edmund Hector, the friend alike of his youth and his old age. They met at Birmingham on Johnson's visits to Lichfield in 1781 and 1784. Hector told Boswell that at their last meeting 'he was very solicitous with me to recol-

lect some of our most early transactions, and transmit them to him, for I perceive nothing gave him greater pleasure than calling to mind those days of our innocence' (*Life*, iv. 375). The poem is an expression of these feelings.

III

Quas navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

IV

Quot vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

GEOGRAPHIA METRICA

Works, 1787, xi. 428.

Langton gives this footnote: 'To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica". As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe", and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done'. The notes here given are condensed from Langton's.

Thomas Templeman was a writing-master at Bury St. Edmunds, and his *Survey* was published posthumously in 1729. Johnson's lines might have been written at almost any time thereafter, but Langton's possession of the manuscript is strong evidence that they are late. They are probably contemporary with the last of the preceding epigrams. It would seem that at one time towards the end of his life Johnson found amusement in translating numbers into Latin hexameters.

Geographia

HIS Tempelmanni numeris descriperis orbem.
Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
Myrias Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem

III. The load of a ship should be half of the weight of the water which it can hold.

IV. Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet a second. This figure was arrived at by William Derham in 1708 (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1708, Numb.

313, p. 32), and was accepted throughout the eighteenth century.

2. Templeman sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

3. The square miles of Egypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

Imperium qua Turca ferox exercet iniquum. 5
 Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
 Sortitur Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
 Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
 Pastor Arabs: decies octo sibi Persa requirit.
 Myriades sibi pulcra duas, duo millia poscit 10
 Parthenope. Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
 Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
 Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus.
 Centuriâ Ligures augent duo millia quartâ.
 Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca secundæ. 15
 Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
 Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
 Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
 Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
 Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra colendas. 20
 Vult sibi vicens millesima myrias addi,
 Vicenis quinas, Asiam metata celebrem.
 Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
 Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa doctæ.
 Myriadas septem decies Europa ducentis 25
 Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
 Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
 Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis.
 Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
 Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque Anglia nectit. 30
 Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ

6, 28 decadas 1787: Johnson may have written decades.

5. The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

6-11. The Morea, in Templeman, is set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—Naples, at 22,000.

11. Sicily, at 9,400.

12. The Pope's dominions at 14,868.

13. Tuscany, at 6,640.

14. Genoa, at 2,400.

15. Lucca, at 286.

17. The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

18. Sardinia, at 6,600.

20. The habitable world, at 30,666,806.

22. Asia, at 10,257,487.

24. Africa, at 8,506,208.

25. Europe, at 2,749,349.

28. The British dominions, at 105,634.

30. England, at 49,450.

Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne,
 Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
 Millia Belga novem.
 Ter sex centurias Hollandia jactat opima
 Undecimum Camber vult septem millibus addi.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE ODES, Book IV. vii

Manuscript in the R. B. Adam Collection.

Hawkins, *Life*, 1787, p. 575.

Works, 1787, xi. 372.

The European Magazine, March 1787, p. 202.

The County Magazine, Salisbury, March 1787, p. 228.

The manuscript has been reproduced in facsimile in Tregaskis's *Caxton Head Catalogue*, May 1916, and in *The R. B. Adam Library*, i, following p. 189. The poem is written on two sides of a quarto leaf. It is dated 'Nov. 1784'. Hawkins must therefore be wrong in saying that it was written at Ashbourne (*Life*, 1787, p. 574). If Boswell is right in saying 'in the country' (*Life*, iv. 370), it must have been written at Lichfield, or on the return journey to London, which Johnson reached on 16 November, within a month of his death. It was his last English poem.

Text from the manuscript; a comma or full stop is occasionally inserted at the end of a line.

THE snow dissolv'd no more is seen,
 The fields, and woods, behold, are green,
 The changing year renews the plain,
 The rivers know their banks again,
 The spritely Nymph and naked Grace 5
 The mazy dance together trace.
 The changing year's successive plan
 Proclaims mortality to Man.
 Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way,
 Spring yield[s] to Summer['s] sovereign ray, 10
 Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign,

2 behold, *written above* again struck out
 10 yield to Summer MS.

6 mazy *written above* mazy d

32. Ireland, at 27,457.

35. Holland, at 1,800.

34. The United Provinces, at 9,540.

36. Wales, at 7,011.

And Winter chills the World again.
 Her losses soon the Moon supplies,
 But wretched Man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid, 15
 Is naught but Ashes and a Shade.
 Who knows if Jove who counts our Score
 Will toss us in a morning more?
 What with your friend you nobly share
 At least you rescue from your heir. 20
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
 Or Eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or Virtue shall replace on earth.
 Hippolytus unjustly slain 25
 Diana calls to life in vain,
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784

PRAYER

Works, 1787, xi. 403.

The date given by Langton, who presumably found it in the manuscript, was that on which Johnson received the sacrament for the last time, eight days before his death. In all probability this was his last poem. It is a free paraphrase of the collect of the Communion Service. Latin versions of other collects are on pp. 198, 206-7.

Dec. 5, 1784.

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
 Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
 Quem nil vafrities peccantium subdola celat;
 Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
 Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes 5
 Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
 Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
 Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet:
 Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
 Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit! 10

18 toss] rouse *Hawkins*

24 replace on] restore to *Works*

I R E N E¹

The Story

Irene is based on a story in *The Generall Historie of the Turkes*, by Richard Knolles, a book which Johnson always held in the highest regard, and praised in *The Rambler* as displaying 'all the excellencies that narration can admit'. But nowhere was he content to versify Knolles's prose, and from first to last his play is singularly deficient in allusions to be illustrated, or difficulties to be explained, by consulting the material on which he worked. It is the divergencies, not the similarities, that are of interest, and they are characteristic. In general we may say that Johnson was indebted to Knolles for little more than the suggestion of his *Irene*. He did not write with a book lying open before him, but once having found his subject let it take shape in his own mind.

The story which is told by Knolles in over three closely packed folio pages may thus be given here in brief; but there is one paragraph which must be quoted in full, not so much because it wins the attention of every reader and explains Johnson's praise of the narrative style, as because it shows why Johnson could not follow the story as he found it. He gave it a less violent climax, more in harmony with his idea of the moral purpose of the drama.

According to the story, Irene, a Greek of incomparable beauty and rare perfection, was made captive at the sack of Constantinople in 1453, and handed over to the Sultan Mahomet II, who took such delight in her that in a short time she became the mistress and commander of the great conqueror. 'Mars slept in Venus' lap, and now the soldiers might go play.' He neglected the government of his empire till the discontent of his subjects threatened the security of his throne. Mustapha Bassa, his companion from childhood and now his favoured counsellor, thereupon undertook to warn him of his danger, and performed the difficult duty without incurring the effects of his anger. Torn awhile by contrary passions, the Sultan came to a sudden decision, and summoned a meeting of all the Bassas for the next day.

'So the Bassa being departed, he after his wonted manner went in vnto the Greeke, and solacing himselfe all that day and the night following with her, made more of her than euer before: and the more to please her, dined with her; commanding, that after dinner she should be attired with more sumptuous apparell than euer she had before worne: and for the further gracing of her, to be deckt with many most precious jewels of inestimable valour. Whereunto the poore soule gladly obeyed, little thinking that it was her funerall apparell. Now in the meane while, *Mustapha* (altogither ignorant of the Sultans mind) had as he was commanded, caused all the nobilitie, and commanders of the men of

¹ Reprinted, with omissions and alterations, from *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, xiv, 1929.

warre, to be assembled into the great hall: euerie man much marueiling, what should be the emperors meaning therein, who had not of long so publickly shewed himselfe. But being thus together assembled, and euerie man according as their minds gaue them, talking diuersly of the matter: behold, the Sultan entred into the pallace leading the faire Greeke by the hand; who beside her incomparable beautie and other the greatest graces of nature, adorned also with all that curiositie could deuise, seemed not now to the beholders a mortal wight, but some of the stately goddesses, whom the Poets in their extacies describe. Thus comming together into the midst of the hall, and due reuerence vnto them done by al them there present; he stood still with the faire lady in his left hand, and so furiously looking round about him, said vnto them: *I vnderstand of your great discontentment, and that you all murmur and grudge, for that I, ouercome with mine affection towards this so faire a paragon, cannot withdraw my selfe from her presence: But I would faine know which of you there is so temperat, that if he had in his possession a thing so rare and precious, so louely and so faire, would not be thrice aduised before he would forgo the same? Say what you thinke: in the word of a Prince I giue you free libertie so to doe.* But they all rapt with an incredible admiration to see so faire a thing, the like whereof they had neuer before beheld, said all with one consent, That he had with greater reason so passed the time with her, than any man had to find fault therewith. Whereunto the barbarous prince answered: *Well, but now I will make you to vnderstand how far you haue been deceived in me, and that there is no earthly thing that can so much blind my senses, or bereaue me of reason as not to see and vnderstand what becometh my high place and calling: yea I would you should all know, that the honor and conquests of the Othoman kings my noble progenitors, is so fixed in my brest, with such a desire in my selfe to exceed the same, as that nothing but death is able to put it out of my remembrance.* And hauing so said, presently with one of his hands catching the faire Greeke by the haire of the head, and drawing his falcion with the other, at one blow strucke off her head, to the great terror of them all. And hauing so done, said vnto them: *Now by this iudge whether your emperour is able to bridle his affections or not.* And within a while after, meaning to discharge the rest of his choller, caused great preparation to be made for the conquest of PELOPONESVS, and the besieging of BELGRADE.¹

Such is the story which Johnson transformed in his *Irene*. This simple tale of lust and cruelty became in his hands a drama of the struggle between virtue and weakness. Irene is represented not as a helpless victim of the Sultan's passion, but as the mistress of her fate. Will she sacrifice her creed to attain security and power? She has freedom to decide.

Wilt thou descend, fair Daughter of Perfection,
To hear my Vows, and give Mankind a Queen?

To State and Pow'r I court thee, not to Ruin:
Smile on my Wishes, and command the Globe,

—so the Sultan woos her. In order that this freedom may be emphasized, she is placed in contrast to Aspasia, a new character for whom there is no warrant in the original story. Aspasia is the voice of clear and unflinching

virtue; and she is rewarded with her escape from slavery in company with the lover of her choice. But Irene yields, and pays the penalty. She hesitates, complies, and half repents, then is betrayed and ordered to die. Her death is exhibited by Johnson as the punishment of her weakness, whereas in Knolles's story it is but the fortuitous conclusion of helpless misfortune. Even in his first serious work the great moralist, as he came to be called, converted a record of senseless cruelty into a study of temptation.

When Johnson edited *Twelfth Night* he criticized the marriage of Olivia and the succeeding perplexity as wanting credibility and as failing 'to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life'. It was a juster picture of life that Irene should be strangled at the Sultan's orders for her supposed treachery than decapitated by him without warning and without reason in the presence of his admiring court; and he drew it so that there should be no mistake about 'the proper instruction required in the drama'. In his criticism of *As You Like It* he said that 'by hastening to the end of his work Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers'. Johnson never hastened in his *Irene*, and he never refused the chance of a moral lesson. Much of the interest of this early drama lies in the examples which it provides of his later precepts or observations as a critic, for he held much the same opinions throughout his fifty years as an author; they show change mainly in the confidence with which they are expressed. 'I do not see that *The Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political'—so he said in his *Life of Gray*; and if we want to know what he meant we may turn to his *Irene*.

Of the political truths it cannot be said—again to quote the *Life of Gray*—that we have never seen them in any other place; some of them were expressed elsewhere by Johnson himself, and better. The downfall of a nation is due not so much to the strength of the conqueror as to weakness and vice at home,

A feeble Government, eluded Laws,
A factious Populace, luxurious Nobles,
And all the Maladies of sinking States.

Empires are weakened by the lust of conquest and possession:

Extended Empire, like expanded Gold,
Exchanges solid Strength for feeble Splendor.

In the perfect state all classes work together for the good of the whole:

If there be any Land, as Fame reports,
Where common Laws restrain the Prince and Subject,
A happy Land, where circulating Pow'r
Flows through each Member of th' embodied State,
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty Blessing,
Her grateful Sons shine bright with ev'ry Virtue;

Untainted with the Lust of Innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her League of Rule
 Unbroken as the sacred Chain of Nature,
 That links the jarring Elements in Peace.

This is a good statement of Johnson's Tory creed, and none the worse for the implied satire on the Whigs. It is the only passage in *Irene* in which the political allusion is specific; and it is introduced cautiously, with the responsibility for the anachronism thrown on the broad shoulders of Fame, for it was not the English constitution in the days of the Wars of the Roses that Johnson had in his mind to praise.

The characters are said to be Turks and Greeks, but if they were called by other names the play would lose nothing. They are members, or attendants, of the great family of tragic heroes of Drury Lane, and what they say has no local or racial limits in its application. But the play was suggested by a story that belongs to the year 1456,¹ and there is therefore one allusion to the Renaissance:

The mighty *Tuscan* courts the banish'd Arts
 To kind *Italia's* hospitable Shades;
 There shall soft Leisure wing th' excursive Soul,
 And Peace propitious smile on fond Desire;
 There shall despotick Eloquence resume
 Her ancient Empire o'er the yielding Heart;
 There Poetry shall tune her sacred Voice,
 And wake from Ignorance the Western World.

This is the clearest indication of the time of the play, and it may easily be missed. It was sufficient that *Irene* should conform to these great postulates of the regular drama—that human nature is everywhere much the same, and that what may happen at one time may well happen at another. A story laid in Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century could be made rich in moral lessons for a London audience of the eighteenth.

Johnson was not the first to make a drama out of Knolles's story. His is the fourth extant play on *Irene* in English. The other three have long been forgotten, and at least one of them is now not easily found:

- I. The Tragedy of The unhappy Fair Irene. By Gilbert Swinhoe, Esq; London: Printed by J. Streater, for J. Place, at Furnifals Inn Gate, in Holborn, M.DC.LVIII.
- II. Irena, A Tragedy. | Licensed, ^{October 13.} 1664. Roger L'Estrange. | London, Printed by Robert White for Octavian Pulleyn Junior, at the sign of the Bible in St Pauls Church-yard near the little North-door. 1664.
- III. Irene; Or, The Fair Greek, A Tragedy: As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, By Her Majesty's Sworn Servants. London: Printed

¹ According to Knolles's narrative, Irene was captured at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 and murdered just before the siege of Belgrade in

1456. "This amorous passion indured the space of three continuall yeres" (Painter, *Palace of Pleasure*).

for John Bayley at the Judge's Head in Chancery-Lane, near Fleetstreet. 1708. [By Charles Goring].

The interest of these plays lies mainly, and to the reader of Johnson perhaps wholly, in the treatment of the central figure. There is no question of borrowing. None of them owes anything to another, nor did they provide anything to their greater successor. The two earlier plays Johnson may be assumed not to have known; if he happened to know the third, he certainly took nothing from it. Here are four independent renderings of Knolles's story, and four distinct presentations of the character of Irene.

But the story was well known before Knolles wrote his history. There was a fifth play, the lost Elizabethan play by George Peele, described in the *Merrie conceited Jests* as 'the famous play of the Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the fair Greek'. Hyrin, or Hiren—a familiar term to the Elizabethans, and long a puzzle to the annotators of Shakespeare—is none other than Irene.

It was Bandello who first told the story in print. He says he heard it from Francesco Appiano, a doctor and learned philosopher, the great-grandson of Francesco Appiano who was doctor to Francesco Sforza II, Duke of Milan, and a contemporary of Mahomet II. It may have little or no foundation in fact; it may well be only a revival of the old story of Alexander, adapted to a century that was much occupied with the amorousness and the cruelty of the Turk. What alone concerns us here is that Bandello made it the subject of his tenth novella, entitled 'Maometto imperador de' turchi crudelmente ammazza una sua donna', and first published in 1554. The story soon spread throughout Europe. A French version was given in 1559 in *Histoires Tragiques Extraictes des Œuvres Italiennes de Bandel, & mises en nostre langue Françoisse, par Pierre Boaistuau surnommé Launay, natif de Bretagne*, and was reprinted in 1564 in Belleforest's continuation and enlargement of Boaistuau's collection. It appeared in English in 1566 as the fortieth novel in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Then it was swept up in the widespread net of the Latin historians of Turkey. Martinus Crusius gave it in his *Turcograciæ Libri Octo* (Basle, 1584, pp. 101-2), translating it from the French.¹ Joachimus Camerarius, in his *De Rebus Turcicis* (Frankfurt, 1598, p. 60), took it directly from the Italian.² In the Latin writers Knolles had authority to include it in his majestic history. But he was not content to work on the somewhat condensed versions which they provided. He had recourse to Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and produced a skilful and even masterly rehandling of what he read in that collection of stories.³

¹ 'Excerpsi ex Gallica conuersione partis operum Italicorum Bandeli' (Crusius, 1584, p. 101).

² 'Non potui facere quin adiicerem id quod in Italicis narrationibus & de hoc Mahometha traditum reperissem'

(Camerarius, 1598, p. 60).

³ The story as told by Painter is reprinted as the seventeenth and last story in *The Queene of Navarres Tales. Containing Verie pleasant Discourses of fortunate Lovers*, 1597.

That the lost Elizabethan play was founded on the novel in *The Palace of Pleasure* is not a rash assumption. Bandello's 'Irene' had become 'Hyrenée' in the French of Boastuau, and 'Hyrenée' or 'Hirenee' in the English of Painter; and when Peele brought her on the English stage she was 'Hyryn' or 'Hiren'. From the reference to the play in the *Merrie Jests*, and from the vogue which the word suddenly acquired, we can deduce something of the character of her part.

Johnson missed an opportunity when he edited Shakespeare. He did not suspect the relationship of Pistol's Hiren to the heroine of his own tragedy.

Composition and Performance

Irene was produced under the name *Mahomet and Irene* at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday, 6 February 1749, and had a run of nine nights, the last performance taking place on Monday, 20 February. It was acted on the intervening Tuesdays (7, 14), Thursdays (9, 16), Saturdays (11, 18), and Monday (13), the theatre being closed on the Wednesdays and Fridays. Johnson's three benefit nights were the 9th, 14th, and 20th. None of the theatre bills is known to have been preserved, but in their place we have full announcements in *The General Advertiser*. From it we also learn that *Irene* was published on Thursday, 16 February.¹

When Arthur Murphy wrote his four articles on Hawkins's edition of Johnson's Works in *The Monthly Review* in 1787, he stated in one of them that *Irene* was acted 'in all thirteen nights', as its run was uninterrupted from Monday the 6th to Monday the 20th. This statement—and much more in these articles—he repeated in his *Essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson* in 1792.² He forgot about Lent. In the eighteenth century the London theatres were closed in Lent on Wednesdays and Fridays, and in 1749 Ash Wednesday fell on 8 February.

Though not given to the public till 1749, *Irene* was the earliest of Johnson's more important works. He was engaged on it while running his school at Edial, near Lichfield, and had written 'a great part' before he set out in March 1737 to seek his fortune in London. According to Boswell he had written only three acts before his short stay at Greenwich, and while there 'used to compose, walking in the Park', but did not finish it till his return to Lichfield in the course of the summer to settle his affairs. There is proof, however, that the conclusion had been planned and partly written while he was still at Edial. The manuscript of his first draft—now in the British

¹ The same paper on 8 and 9 February advertised *Mahomet and Palmira* as 'just published'. It had been published as *Mahomet the Impostor* in 1744, shortly after the death of the author—James Miller.

² It is only fair to Murphy to add

that if he says 'thirteen nights' in *The Monthly Review* for August 1787, p. 135, he had said 'nine nights' in the April number, p. 290, and reverted to 'nine nights' in his *Life of Garrick*, 1801, i, p. 163.

Irene

Museum—contains in haphazard order matter that was ultimately worked up into each of the five acts, or incorporated in them without change. All that can be assigned to the spring and summer of 1737 is the completion and revision of the play.

This manuscript is of particular interest as it is the only extant draft of any of Johnson's major works; and it shows the effort that *Irene* had cost him. As far as we know he never took such pains again. The subject-matter of each scene is written out in detail; the characters are described—some are named who were afterwards omitted; there are drafts of speeches and page references to authorities. Johnson had read widely in Knolles's *Historie*, and had at least consulted George Sandys's *Relation of a Journey . . . Containing a description of the Turkish Empire*, 1615, Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1697, and the *Life of Mahomet*, 1697, by Humphrey Prideaux.

Then came the trouble of getting the play brought upon the stage. Peter Garrick, the actor's elder brother, told Boswell what he recollected in 1776, and Boswell jotted down this in his Note Book:

'Peter Garrick told me, that Mr Johnson went first to London to see what could be made of his Tragedy of Irene that he remembers his borrowing the Turkish history (I think Peter said of *him*) in order to take the story of his Play out of it. That he & Mr Johnson went to the Fountain tavern by themselves, & Mr Johnson read it to him—This Mr Peter Garrick told me at Lichfield Sunday 24 March 1776. . . . He said he spoke to Fleetwood the Manager at Goodman's Fields to receive Irene. But Fleetwood would not read it; probably as it was not recommended by some great Patron.'¹

Both the Garricks used what influence they had with Charles Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and for some time they seemed likely to be successful. In a letter to his wife on 31 January 1740, Johnson reported that

'David wrote to me this day on the affair of Irene, who is at last become a kind of Favourite among the Players. Mr. Fleetwood promises to give a promise in writing that it shall be the first next season, if it cannot be introduced now, and Chetwood the Prompter is desirous of bargaining for the copy, and offers fifty Guineas for the right of printing after it shall be played. I hope it will at length reward me for my perplexities.'

It was only the promise of a promise, and Fleetwood was an adept in the art of evasion. Next year we find Johnson so far discouraged by the actors as to turn to the booksellers. 'Edward Cave, always ready to assist the mainstay of his *Magazine*, wrote thus to Thomas Birch on 9 September 1741:

'I have put Mr Johnson's Play into Mr Gray's Hands, in order to sell it to him, if he is inclined to buy it, but I doubt whether he will or not. He would dispose of Copy and whatever Advantage may be made by acting it. Would your Society, or any Gentleman or Body of men, that you know, take such a Bargain? Both he and I are very unfit to deal with the Theatrical Persons.

¹ *Boswell's Note Book 1776-1777* (ed. R. W. Chapman), 1925, p. 11.

Fletewood was to have acted it last Season, but Johnson's diffidence or prevented it.¹

Johnson was evidently abandoning hope of ever seeing the play on the stage, and was resigned to get what money he could for it by publication. But John Gray, the bookseller who brought out Lillo's pieces, would not buy it. A further stage in despondency was reached when Johnson was content to lend the manuscript to his friends. 'Keep Irene close, you may send it back at your leisure' is what he wrote to John Taylor, rector of Market Bosworth, on 10 June 1742.

The turn in the fortunes of the play came when David Garrick, his old pupil and friend, assumed the managership of Drury Lane. Garrick had always been anxious to see *Irene* given a chance, and now that he was under a special debt for the great Prologue with which his managership had been inaugurated, he decided to make it one of the features of the next season. He chose a very strong cast, including Barry, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, as well as himself; and he provided the further attraction of new dresses and stage-decorations. 'Never', says Hawkins, 'was there such a display of eastern magnificence as this spectacle exhibited'.² 'The dresses', says Davies, 'were rich and magnificent, and the scenes splendid and gay, such as were well adapted to the inside of a Turkish seraglio; the view of the gardens belonging to it was in the taste of eastern elegance'.³ The main difficulty was to induce Johnson to consent to alterations which Garrick knew by experience to be necessary. He told Boswell long afterwards that Johnson 'not only had not the faculty of producing the impressions of tragedy, but that he had not the sensibility to perceive them'.⁴ 'When Johnson writes tragedy', he said to Murphy, '*declamation roars, and passion sleeps*; when Shakespeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart'.⁵ Garrick knew that *Irene* would succeed only by the efforts of the players; and Johnson on his part feared that their methods of enlivening the action would detract from the seriousness of his purpose, and obscure the worth of his studied lines. 'Sir', he said indignantly, 'the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels'.⁶ We may believe that he was strengthened in his indignation by the recollection of what he had recently written about Savage's experience with Colley Cibber—'having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance'.⁷ But Garrick insisted, and

¹ British Museum, Birch MSS. 4302, f. 109; quoted with slight inaccuracies, by Boswell, *Life*, i. 153. There is a purposed blank in the manuscript after 'diffidence or'. The 'Society' is the Society for the Encouragement of Learning: see Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, ii. 90-7, and *The Library*,

December 1738, pp. 263-88.

² *Life*, 1787, p. 199.

³ *Memoirs of Garrick*, 1780, i. 120.

⁴ *Life*, i. 198.

⁵ *Essay*, 1792, p. 53.

⁶ *Life*, i. 196.

⁷ *Life of Savage*, 1744, p. 23; *Lives of the Poets*, ed. G. B. Hill, ii. 339.

Johnson had to yield. What these alterations were, there is nothing now to show. The manuscript affords no clue, as it is only a first draft; nor does the book. Most probably the play was printed exactly as it had been written. The one alteration by Garrick of which there is record affects only the action, and it had to be abandoned. This was the strangling of Irene by a bow-string on the stage. The author of a tragedy in which the scene does not change and all is supposed to happen within one day¹ could be trusted not to kill his heroine before the eyes of the audience, and must have consented with no goodwill to so gross a violation of the methods of the regular drama. As events proved, Garrick had gone too far in his desire for stirring action. The strangling of Irene was at once greeted with cries of 'Murder, Murder', though John Bull, as Charles Burney put it,² will allow a dramatic poet to stab or slay by hundreds, and her death had to take place as Johnson had designed. From the evidence of a Diary once in the possession of Mrs. Garrick, the change was made after the second night:

Feb. 6, 1749. Irene. Written by Mr. Johnson—went off very well for 4 Acts, the 5th Hiss'd generally.

Feb. 7. Ditto. 5th Act hiss'd again.³

Burney and Davies, however, both say that the offence was removed after the first night. Garrick must have been responsible also for the stage-name *Mahomet and Irene*.

The play was received without enthusiasm. The most adverse account is given by Hawkins who, always lukewarm, says that it met with cold applause. Burney, a man of warmer temperament, who was present at the first performance and several of the others, remembered that it was much applauded the first night and that there was not the least opposition after the death-scene had been removed. But a letter from Aaron Hill to Mallet, written while the play was in the middle of its run, shows that the chief attraction to him—and we may presume to many others—lay in the dresses and the acting:

'I was in town', he wrote on 15 February, 'at the *Anamolous* [sic] Mr. Johnson's benefit, and found the Play his proper representative, strong sense, ungrac'd by sweetness, or decorum: Mr. Garrick made the *most* of a detach'd, and almost independent character. He was elegantly dress'd, and charm'd me infinitely, by an unexampled silent force of painted action; and by a peculiar *touchingness*, in cadency of voice, from exclamation, sinking into pensive lownesses, that both surpriz'd, and interested! Mrs. Cibber, too, was beautifully dressed, and did the utmost justice to her part. But I was sorry to see *Mahomet* (in Mr. B—y) lose the influence of an attractive *figure* and degrade the awfulness of an imperious *Sultan*, the impressive menace of a martial *conqueror*, and the beseeching *under-*

¹ According to the manuscript the Scene is 'a Garden near the Walls of Constantinople', and the Time is 'Ten days after the taking of it'.

² In a note printed in the third

edition of Boswell's *Life*.

³ Sold at Puttick and Simpson's on 11 July 1900, 'Catalogue of Autograph Letters and Documents', p. 16.

nesses of an amorous *solicitor*, by an unpointed *restlessness* of leaping *levity*, that neither carried *weight* to suit his *dignity*, nor struck out *purpose*, to express his *passions*.¹

Garrick had evidently no difficulty in carrying the performance to the sixth night. In order to carry it to the ninth, so that Johnson might have three third-night benefits, he had recourse to expedients which Johnson cannot have liked. On the seventh night this grave tragedy was supplemented with lighter entertainment. It was not uncommon at this time to add a farce to a serious play, and it is to the credit of *Irene* to have survived to the sixth night without such aid; it was not uncommon also to add dancing; but on the seventh night Garrick added both a farce and dancing—and Scotch dancing. According to the announcement in *The General Advertiser* the play was presented—

With Entertainments of Dancing, particularly
The Scotch Dance by Mr. COOKE, Mad. ANNE AURETTI, &c.
To which (by Desire) will be added a Farce, call'd
The ANATOMIST;
Or, The Sham-Doctor.

On the eighth night the Scotch Dance was repeated, with Garrick's farce *The Lying Valet*; on the ninth there were 'the Savoyard Dance by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Addison, &c.', and Fielding's farce *The Virgin Unmasked*. Short as this run of nine nights may now appear, it compares not unfavourably with other runs about the same time. The twenty nights of *Cato* in April and May 1713 still remained the record for a tragedy. Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda* (1745) had nine nights, and his *Coriolanus*, produced immediately before *Irene*, had ten, and Aaron Hill's *Merope*, produced immediately after it, had nine with two additional performances (one 'by particular desire', the other by royal command) at intervals of a week; Moore's *Gamester* (1753) had ten with an eleventh a week later, Young's *Brothers* (1753) had eight, and Glover's *Boadicea* (1753) had ten. The mere number of performances is thus in itself no proof that *Irene* had not succeeded on the stage. A more important indication is that neither Garrick nor any other actor thought of reviving it during Johnson's lifetime. Nor, it would appear, has it ever been acted since, though when it was included in Bell's *British Theatre* it was adorned with a frontispiece representing Miss Wallis as Aspasia—a part which she is not known to have played.

Financially, Johnson had no reason to consider *Irene* a failure. The author of an original play produced at Drury Lane during Garrick's management was given the receipts of a benefit night with a deduction of sixty guineas for the expenses of the house, though the expenses usually came to about ninety.² From a manuscript note by Isaac Reed

¹ *Works of Aaron Hill*, 1753, ii, pp. 355-6.

² See Garrick's letter to Smollett of

26 November 1757, printed in Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, 1801, ii, pp. 299-300.

printed by Malone¹ we learn that after the theatre had reserved its hundred and eighty guineas there remained for Johnson as his profit on the three nights £195. 17s. In addition he received from Dodsley £100 for the copyright. After twelve years of disappointment *Irene* thus at last brought Johnson altogether about £300.

Criticisms of *Irene* immediately appeared in periodicals and pamphlets. A long and laudatory letter, which occupies more than a column of *The General Advertiser* of 18 February 1749, speaks of it as 'the best Tragedy, which this Age has produced, for Sublimity of Thought, Harmony of Numbers, Strength of Expression, a scrupulous Observation of Dramatic Rules, the sudden Turn of Events, the tender and generous Distress, the unexpected Catastrophe, and the extensive and important Moral'. The tone of the whole letter and such a statement as 'all who admire *Irene* pay a Compliment to their own Judgment' suggest that it was written with more than a critical purpose. Garrick probably knew something about what was in effect a skilful advertisement, issued at a time when he was taking other means to ensure a third benefit night. A more impartial but equally friendly account is the 'Plan and Specimens of *Irene*' which was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for February when the play had been withdrawn. It gives an elaborate analysis of the plot, and after saying that 'to instance every moral which is inculcated in this performance would be to transcribe the whole', cites about a hundred and fifty lines with high praise. The play is censured in respect of the design and the characters, but commended for the justice of the observations and the propriety of the sentiments, in *An Essay on Tragedy, with a Critical Examen of Mahomet and Irene*, an ineffective and now very rare pamphlet published without the author's name by Ralph Griffiths on 8 March. Unfortunately, no copy appears to be now known of *A Criticism on Mahomet and Irene, In a Letter to the Author*, which, according to announcements in *The General Advertiser*, was 'printed and sold by W. Reeve, in Fleet-Street; and A. Dodd, opposite St. Clement's Church, in the Strand', and was published as early as 21 February.

The success of *Irene* fell far below Johnson's hopes, but he took his disappointment, in his well-known words, 'like the Monument'. He continued to think well of what cost him more labour and anxiety than any other composition, and nine quotations in the *Dictionary* (s.v. disjoint;² from, idler, important, imposture, intimidate, obscurely, stagnant, sulkiness) testify to his parental fondness. Nor did he come to agree with the verdict

¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 6th edition, 1811, i, p. 176. The note was supplied to Malone, the editor of this edition, by Alexander Chalmers. The receipts for the three benefit nights were £177. 15. 6d., £106. 4s. 0d., and £101. 15s. 6d., making £384. 17s. 0d. in all from which £189. 0s. 0d. had to

be deducted.

² This word does not occur in *Irene*, but see the First Draft, f. 13: 'With mouldering cement and with beams disjointed'. In the *Dictionary* Johnson quotes, 'Mould'ring arches and disjointed ruins'.

of the public till late in life, when, on hearing part of it read out, he admitted that he 'thought it had been better'.¹ His final judgement is clearly indicated in *The Lives of the Poets*. When he said in the Life of Prior that 'tediousness is the most fatal of all faults' and 'that which an author is least able to discover', and when in his *Life of Addison* he drew a distinction between a poem in dialogue and a drama, and added that the success of *Cato* had 'introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unassuming elegance, and chill philosophy', we cannot but think that he remembered his own *Irene*.

Editions

Irene: A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. By Mr. Samuel Johnson. London: Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's-head Pall-mall and sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row. M D CC XLIX.

Irene: A Tragedy . . . Dublin . . . M DCC XLIX.

Irene; A Tragedy . . . The Second Edition. London: Printed for R. Dodsley . . . MDCCCLIV.

Irene, A Tragedy . . . A New Edition. London: Printed for J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall. M.DCC LXXXI.

Poetical Works, G. Kearsley, 1785, pp. 37-151.

Poetical Works, W. Osborne and T. Griffin, 1785, pp. 71-152.

Works, 1787, xi. 217-315.

The present text is printed from the first edition, with slight corrections. The second and third editions, though published in Johnson's lifetime, have no independent value. Such changes as occur were made by the printer. Johnson never revised *Irene*.

The play was reprinted from the third edition in Kearsley's edition of the *Poetical Works*, 1785, and in Hawkins's edition of the *Works*, 1787.

The Prologue was reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February 1749, p. 85; *The London Magazine*, February 1749, p. 91; *The Scots Magazine*, March 1749, p. 116; in Davies's *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1773, 1774, ii. 294; and in *The Theatrical Bouquet*, 1778, 1780, p. 303.

Twenty-six passages are quoted from *Irene* in *A Poetical Dictionary, or the Beauties of the English Poets*, 4 vols., 1761, and thirty-five in *The Beauties of the English Drama*, 4 vols., 1777.

The original manuscript of *Irene*—containing notes for the plot and the characters; and rough drafts of their speeches—was presented by Bennet Langton to George III, and is now in the British Museum, with a transcript by Langton.

¹ *Life*, iv, p. 5.

I R E N E :

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E .

By Mr. *SAMUEL JOHNSON.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-head Pall-mall*
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row.*

M D C C X L I X .

P R O L O G U E

YE glitt'ring Train! whom Lace and Velvet bless,
 Suspend the soft Sollicitudes of Dress;
 From grov'ling Business and superfluous Care,
 Ye Sons of Avarice! a Moment spare:
 For'ries of Fame and Worshippers of Pow'r!
 Dismiss the pleasing Phantoms for an Hour.
 Our daring Bard with Spirit unconfin'd,
 Spreads wide the mighty Moral for Mankind.
 Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous Mind,
 Daring, tho' calm; and vigorous, tho' resign'd.
 Learn here what Anguish racks the guilty Breast,
 In Pow'r dependent, in Success deprest.
 Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;
 All else is empty Sound, and idle Show.

If Truths like these with pleasing Language join;
 Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
 If no wild Draught depart from Reason's Rules,
 Nor Gods his Heroes, nor his Lovers Fools:
 Intriguing Wits! his artless Plot forgive;
 And spare him, Beauties! tho' his Lovers live.

Be this at least his Praise; be this his Pride;
 To force Applause no modern Arts are try'd.
 Shou'd partial Cat-calls all his Hopes confound,
 He bids no Trumpet quell the fatal Sound.
 Shou'd welcome Sleep relieve the weary Wit,
 He rolls no Thunders o'er the drowsy Pit.
 No Snares to captivate the Judgment spreads;
 Nor bribes your Eyes to prejudice your Heads.
 Unmov'd tho' Wiltlings sneer and Rivals rail;
 Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
 He scorns the meek Address, the suppliant Strain,
 With Merit needless, and without it vain.
 In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
 Ye Fops be silent! and ye Wits be just!

EPILOGUE

*M*ARRY a Turk! a haughty, Tyrant King,
 Who thinks us Women born to dress and sing
 To please his Fancy,—see no other Man—
 Let him persuade me to it—if he can:
 Besides, he has fifty Wives; and who can bear
 To have the fiftieth Part her paultry

'Tis true, the Fellow's handsome, strait and tall;
 But how the Devil should he please us all!
 My Swain is little—true—but be it known,
 My Pride's to have that little all my own. 10
 Men will be ever to their Errors blind,
 Where Woman's not allow'd to speak her Mind;
 I swear this Eastern Pageantry is Nonsense,
 And for one Man—one Wife's enough in Conscience.

In vain proud Man usurps what's Woman's Due; 15
 For us alone, they Honour's Paths pursue:
 Inspir'd by us, they Glory's Heights ascend;
 Woman the Source, the Object, and the End.
 Tho' Wealth, and Pow'r, and Glory they receive,
 These all are Trifles, to what we can give. 20
 For us the Statesman labours, Hero fights,
 Bears toilsome Days, and wakes long tedious Nights:
 And when blest Peace has silenc'd War's Alarms,
 Receives his full Reward in Beauty's Arms.

Epilogue. 'The Epilogue, as Johnson informed me, was written by Sir William Yonge. I know not how his play came to be thus graced by the pen of a person then so eminent in the political world' (Boswell, *Life*, i. 197). Murphy rejected the attribution, and described the Epilogue as 'the worst *Jeu d'Esprit* that ever fell from Johnson's pen' (*Essay on the Life*, 1792, p. 154). 'The first fourteen lines certainly

deserve Murphy's censure, and could hardly have been written by the pen of Johnson; but the last ten lines are much better, and it may be suspected that these Johnson added to or altered from the original copy' (Croker, *Life*, 1831, i. 172 n. 2).

The Epilogue is printed after the Prologue in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, p. 85, and is said to be 'By another hand'.

THE PERSONS

MEN

MAHOMET, Emperor of the <i>Turks</i> ,	Mr. <i>Barry</i> . ¹
CALI BASSA, First Visier,	Mr. <i>Berry</i> .
MUSTAPHA, A <i>Turkish</i> Aga,	Mr. <i>Sowden</i> .
ABDALLA, An Officer,	Mr. <i>Havard</i> .
<i>Turkish</i> Captains,	Mr. <i>Usher</i> .
² } <i>Greek</i> Noblemen,	Mr. <i>Burton</i> .
MURZA, An Eunuch,	Mr. <i>Garrick</i> .
	Mr.

WOMEN

ASPASIA, } <i>Greek</i> Ladies,	Mrs. <i>Cibber</i> .
IRENE, }	Mrs. <i>Pritchard</i> .

Attendants on IRENE.

¹ The names of the Actors are repeated in the edition of 1754, and omitted in that of 1781.

ACT I.

SCENE I

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkish Habits.

LEONTIUS.

And is it thus DEMETRIUS meets his Friend,
Hid in the mean Disguise of *Turkish* Robes,
With servile Secrecy to lurk in Shades,
And vent our Sufferings in clandestine Groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless Fury rested from Destruction
These Groans were fatal, these Disguises vain:
But now our *Turkish* Conquerors have quench'd
Their Rage, and pall'd their Appetite of Murder;
No more the glutt'd Sabre thirsts for Blood,
And weary Cruelty remits her Tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet *Greece* enjoys no Gleam of transient Hope,
No soothing Interval of peaceful Sorrow;
The Lust of Gold succeeds the Rage of Conquest,
The Lust of Gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last Corruption of degenerate Man!
Urg'd by th' imperious Soldier's fierce Command,
The groaning *Greeks* break up their golden Caverns
Pregnant with Stores, that *India's* Mines might envy,
Th' accumulated Wealth of toiling Ages.

I. i. 17-23. Gibbon quoted four of these seven lines in chap. lxxviii of *The Decline and Fall*, 1788, vi. 478, as a footnote to his statement that 'the avarice of the rich denied the emperor, and reserved for the Turks, the secret

treasures which might have raised in their defence whole armies of mercenaries'. Johnson, he says, 'has happily seized this characteristic circumstance'. But compare his note on II. vi. 61-4 (p. 274).

DEMETRIUS.

That Wealth, too sacred for their Country's Use! 20
 That Wealth, too pleasing to be lost for Freedom!
 That Wealth, which granted to their weeping Prince,
 Had rang'd embattled Nations at our Gates:
 But thus reserv'd to lure the Wolves of *Turkey*,
 Adds Shame to Grief, and Infamy to Ruin. 25
 Lamenting Av'rice now too late discovers
 Her own neglected, in the publick Safety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not Misery.—The Sons of *Greece*,
 Ill-fated Race! So oft besieg'd in vain,
 With false Security beheld Invasion. 30
 Why should they fear?—That Power that kindly spreads
 The Clouds, a Signal of impending Show'rs,
 To warn the wand'ring Linnet to the Shade,
 Beheld without Concern, expiring *Greece*,
 And not one Prodigy foretold our Fate. 35

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid Prodigies foretold it.
 A feeble Government, eluded Laws,
 A factious Populace, luxurious Nobles,
 And all the Maladies of sinking States.
 When publick Villainy, too strong for Justice, 40
 Shows his bold Front, the Harbinger of Ruin,
 Can brave LEONTIUS call for airy Wonders,
 Which Cheats interpret, and which Fools regard?
 When some neglected Fabrick nods beneath
 The Weight of Years, and totters to the Tempest, 45
 Must Heaven dispatch the Messengers of Light,
 Or wake the Dead to warn us of its Fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the Weakness of our Empire sink
 Before such Foes of more than human Force;

Some Pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell, 50
Conducts their Armies and asserts their Cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my Friend, what Miracles were wrought
Beyond the Power of Constancy and Courage;
Did unresisted Lightning aid their Cannon,
Did roaring Whirlwinds sweep us from the Ramparts: 55
'Twas Vice that shook our Nerves, 'twas Vice, LEONTIUS,
That froze our Veins, and wither'd all our Powers.

LEONTIUS.

What e'er our Crimes, our Woes demand Compassion.
Each Night protected by the friendly Darkness,
Quitting my close Retreat, I range the City, 60
And weeping, kiss the venerable Ruins:
With silent Pangs I view the tow'ring Domes,
Sacred to Prayer, and wander thro' the Streets;
Where Commerce lavish'd unexhausted Plenty,
And Jollity maintain'd eternal Revels.— 65

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd alas!—Now ghastly Desolation
In Triumph sits upon our shatter'd Spires,
Now Superstition, Ignorance and Error,
Usurp our Temples, and profane our Altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry Palace burst a mingled Clamour,
The dreadful Dissonance of barb'rous Triumph,
Shrieks of Affright, and Wailings of Distress.
Oft when the Cries of violated Beauty
Arose to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding Breast,
I felt thy Pains, and trembled for ASPASIA. 75

's *Poems*

DEMETRIUS.

ASPASIA! spare that lov'd, that mournful Name:
Dear hapless Maid—tempestuous Grief o'erbears
My reasoning Pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost ASPASIA!

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the Thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All Thought on her is Madness:
Yet let me think—I see the helpless Maid, 80
Behold the Monsters gaze with savage Rapture,
Behold how Lust and Rapine struggle round her.

LEONTIUS.

Awake, DEMETRIUS, from this dismal Dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary Sorrows:
Call to your Aid your Courage, and your Wisdom; 85
Think on the sudden Change of human Scenes;
Think on the various Accidents of War;
Think on the mighty Pow'r of awful Virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the Good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy Care to me, 90
For Courage droops unequal to the Combat,
And weak Philosophy denies her Succours.
Sure some kind Sabre in the Heat of Battle,
Ere yet the Foe found Leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the Sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin Martyr, 95
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling Virtue,
With gentle Hand restrain'd the Streams of Life,
And snatch'd her timely from her Country's Fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright Regions of eternal Day,
 Where now thou shin'st among thy Fellow-Saints, 100
 Array'd in purer Light, look down on me :
 In pleasing Visions, and assuasive Dreams ;
 O! sooth my Soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing Tears, DEMETRIUS,
 I came obedient to thy friendly Summons, 105
 And hop'd to share thy Counsels, not thy Sorrows :
 While thus we mourn the Fortune of ASPASIA,
 To what are we reserv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not :
 But hope, yet hope, to Happiness and Honour ;
 If Happiness can be without ASPASIA. 110

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new sprung Hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From CALI BASSA :
 The Chief, whose Wisdom guides the *Turkish* Counsels.
 He, tir'd of Slav'ry, tho' the highest Slave,
 Projects at once our Freedom and his own ;
 And bids us thus disguis'd await him here. 115

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the State he could not save?
 In vain, when *Turkey's* troops assail'd our Walls,
 His kind Intelligence betray'd their Measures ;
 Their Arms prevail'd, though CALI was our Friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth Sun had set upon our Sorrows, 120
 At Midnight's private Hour a Voice unknown
 Sounds in my sleeping Ear, "Awake DEMETRIUS,
 "Awake, and follow me to better Fortunes;"
 Surpriz'd I start, and bless the happy Dream;
 Then rousing know the fiery Chief ABDALLA, 125
 Whose quick Impatience seiz'd my doubtful Hand,
 And led me to the Shore where CALI stood,
 Pensive and listning to the beating Surge.
 There in soft Hints and in ambiguous Phrase,
 With all the Diffidence of long Experience, 130
 That oft' had practis'd Fraud, and oft' detected,
 The Vet'ran Courtier half reveal'd his Project.
 By his Command, equipp'd for speedy Flight,
 Deep in a winding Creek a Galley lies,
 Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow Captives, 135
 Selected by my Care, a hardy Band,
 That long to hail thee Chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
 So small a Force? or why should CALI fly?
 Or how can CALI's Flight restore our Country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these Questions for a safer Hour, 140
 Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy Soul, illustrious Christian!
 Awake each Faculty that sleeps within thee,

125 *firy* 1749 (cf. III. vi. 7 and IV. i. 35: 'fiery' in *Dictionary*)
 1749, 1781

The Courtier's Policy, the Sage's Firmness,
The Warrior's Ardour, and the Patriot's Zeal;
If chasing past Events with vain Pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the Wilds of future Being,
A single Thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy Friend sustain the glorious Cause,
The Cause of Liberty, the Cause of Nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a Statesman's Eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the Draughts of Nature,
And know'st the Characters of Vice and Virtue,
Left by the Hand of Heav'n on human Clay.

CALI.

His Mien is lofty, his Demeanour great,
Nor sprightly Folly wantons in his Air,
Nor dull Serenity becalms his Eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious Age suspects the flatt'ring Form,
And only credits what Experience tells.
Has Silence press'd her Seal upon his Lips?
Does adamant Faith invest his Heart?
Will he not bend beneath a Tyrant's Frown?
Will he not melt before Ambition's Fire?
Will he not soften in a Friend's Embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a Woman's Tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner these trembling Leaves shall find a Voice,
And tell the Secrets of their conscious Walks;
Sooner the Breeze shall catch the flying Sounds,
And shock the Tyrant with a Tale of Treason.
Your slaughter'd Multitudes that swell the Shore,
With Monuments of Death proclaim his Courage;
Virtue and Liberty engross his Soul,
And leave no Place for Perfidy or Fear.

LEONTIUS.

I scorn a Trust unwillingly repos'd;
 DEMETRIUS will not lead me to Dishonour;
 Consult in private, call me when your Scheme
 Is ripe for Action, and demands the Sword. [Going. 35

DEMETRIUS.

LEONTIUS stay.

CALI.

Forgive an old Man's Weakness,
 And share the deepest Secrets of my Soul,
 My Wrongs, my Fears, my Motives, my Designs:-
 When unsuccessful Wars, and civil Factions,
 Embroil'd the *Turkish* State—our Sultan's Father
 Great *Amurath*, at my Request, forsook
 The Cloister's Ease, resum'd the tott'ring Throne,
 And snatch'd the Reins of abdicated Pow'r
 From giddy MAHOMET's unskilful Hand.
 This fir'd the youthful King's ambitious Breast,
 He murmurs Vengeance at the Name of CALI,
 And dooms my rash Fidelity to Ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy Lot of all that shine in Courts;
 For forc'd Compliance, or for zealous Virtue,
 Still odious to the Monarch, or the People. 50

CALI.

Such are the Woes when arbitrary Pow'r,
 And lawless Passion, hold the Sword of Justice.
 If there be any Land, as Fame reports, 55
 Where common Laws restrain the Prince and Subject,
 A happy Land, where circulating Pow'r
 Flows through each Member of th' embodied State,
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty Blessing,
 Her grateful Sons shine bright with ev'ry Virtue; 60

Untainted with the Lust of Innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her League of Rule
Unbroken as the sacred Chain of Nature,
That links the jarring Elements in Peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's Anger,
Burning in vain, delays the Stroke of Death?

Young, and unsettled in his Father's Kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The Empire's Darling, and the Soldier's Boast;
But now confirm'd, and swelling with his Conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining Fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his Eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy Doom?

CALI.

The Tyrant's Death.

DEMETRIUS.

But *Greece* is still forgot.

CALI.

On *Asia's* Coast,
Which lately bless'd my gentle Government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected Fate
Fills all th' astonish'd Empire with Confusion,
My Policy shall raise an easy Throne;
The *Turkish* Pow'rs from *Europe* shall retreat,
And harrass *Greece* no more with wasteful War.

71. Fame] Frame 17.

ii. 61. Cf. Preface to *Dictionary*, § 31: introduced . . . by compliance
'The words which our authors have fashion or lust of innovation.'

Johnson's Poems

A Galley mann'd with *Greeks*, thy charge, LEONTIUS,
Attends to waft us to Repose and Safety.

DEMETRIUS.

That Vessel, if observ'd, alarms the Court,
And gives a thousand fatal Questions Birth;
Why stor'd for Flight? and why prepar'd by CALI? 85

CALI.

This Hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting Face,
Leave to perform my Pilgrimage to *Mecca*;
Which granted, hides my Purpose from the World,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single Hand attempt a Life 90
Which Armies guard, and Citadels inclose?

CALI.

Forgetful of Command, with captive Beauties,
Far from his Troops, he toys his Hours away.
A roving Soldier seiz'd in *Sophia's* Temple
A Virgin shining with distinguish'd Charms, 95
And brought his beauteous Plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In *Sophia's* Temple!—What Alarm!—Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd and he lov'd;
In Passion lost, he bad the conqu'ring Fair
Renounce her Faith, and be the Queen of *Turkey*; 100
The pious Maid, with modest Indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring Bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial Goodness!

It must, it must be She; her Name?

ASPASIA.

DEMETRIUS.

What Hopes, what Terrors rush upon my Soul!
 O lead me quickly to the Scene of Fate; 105
 Break through the Politician's tedious Forms,
 ASPASIA calls me, let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did MAHOMET reproach or praise her Virtue?

CALI.

His Offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
 At length rekindled his accustom'd Fury, 110
 And chang'd th' endearing Smile and am'rous Whisper
 To Threats of Torture, Death and Violation.

DEMETRIUS.

These tedious Narratives of frozen Age
 Distract my Soul, dispatch thy ling'ring Tale;
 Say, did a Voice from Heav'n restrain the Tyrant? 115
 Did interposing Angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Just in the Moment of impending Fate,
 Another Plund'rer brought the bright IRENE;
 Of equal Beauty, but of softer Mien,
 Fear in her Eye, Submission on her Tongue, 120
 Her mournful Charms attracted his Regards,
 Disarm'd his Rage, and in repeated Visits
 Gain'd all his Heart; at length his eager Love
 To her transferr'd the Offer of a Crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright Temptation fail? 125

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
 While Heav'n and MAHOMET divide her Fears,
 With coy Caresses and with pleasing Wiles
 She feeds his Hopes, and soothes him to Delay.
 For her, Repose is banish'd from the Night 130
 And Business from the Day. In her Apartments
 He lives——

LEONTIUS.

And there must fall.

CALI.

But yet th' Attempt
 Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to speak of Hazards,
 What has the Wretch that has surviv'd his Country,
 His Friends, his Liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' inestimable Privilege of Breathing!
 Important Hazard! What's that airy Bubble
 When weigh'd with *Greece*, with Virtue, with *ASPASIA*?
 A floating Atom, Dust that falls unheeded
 Into the adverse Scale, nor shakes the Balance. 140

CALI.

At least this Day be calm—If we succeed,
ASPASIA's thine, and all thy Life is Rapture—
 See! *MUSTAPHA*, the Tyrant's Minion, comes;
 Invest *LEONTIUS* with his new Command;
 And wait *ABDALLA*'s unsuspected Visits: 145
 Remember Freedom, Glory, *Greece*, and Love.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Leontius.*]

SCENE III

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what Enchantment does this lovely *Greek*
 Hold in her Chains the captivated Sultan?
 He tires his Fav'rites with IRENE's Praise,
 And seeks the Shades to muse upon IRENE;
 IRENE steals unheeded from his Tongue, 5
 And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry Thought.

CALI.

Why should the Sultan shun the Joys of Beauty,
 Or arm his Breast against the Force of Love?
 Love, that with sweet Vicissitude relieves
 The Warrior's Labours, and the Monarch's Cares. 10
 But will she yet receive the Faith of *Mecca*?

MUSTAPHA.

Those pow'rful Tyrants of the Female Breast
 Fear and Ambition, urge her to Compliance;
 Dress'd in each Charm of gay Magnificence,
 Alluring Grandeur courts her to his Arms, 15
 Religion calls her from the wish'd Embrace,
 Paints future Joys, and points to distant Glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal Contest be decided,
 Prospects obscur'd by Distance faintly strike.
 Each Pleasure brightens at its near Approach, 20
 And every Danger shocks with double Horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How shall I scorn the beautiful Apostate!
 How will the bright ASPASIA shine above her!

CALI.

Should she, for Proselytes are always zealous,
With pious Warmth receive our Prophet's Law—— 25

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will condemn the mercenary Fervour,
Which Love of Greatness, not of Truth, inflames.

CALI.

Cease, cease thy Censures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous Haste to seek his Love.

SCENE IV

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail, Terror of the Monarchs of the World,
Unshaken be thy Throne as Earth's firm Base,
Live till the Sun forgets to dart his Beams,
And weary Planets loiter in their Courses.

MAHOMET.

But, CALI, let IRENE share thy Prayers; 5
For what is Length of Days without IRENE?
I come from empty Noise, and tasteless Pomp,
From Crouds that hide a Monarch from himself,
To prove the Sweets of Privacy and Friendship,
And dwell upon the Beauties of IRENE. 10

CALI.

O may her Beauties last unchang'd by Time,
As those that bless the Mansions of the Good.

MAHOMET.

Each Realm where Beauty turns the graceful Shape,
Swells the fair Breast or animates the Glance,

Adorns my Palace with its brightest Virgins ;
 Yet unacquainted with these soft Emotions
 I walk'd superior, through the Blaze of Charms,
 Prais'd without Rapture, left without Regret.
 Why rove I now, when absent from my Fair,
 From Solitude to Crouds, from Crouds to Solitude,
 Still restless, till I clasp the lovely Maid,
 And ease my loaded Soul upon her Bosom?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive Duty
 Enquires the final Doom of *Menodorus*,
 The *Grecian* Counsellor.

MAHOMET.

Go see him die;
 His martial Rhet'rick taught the *Greeks* Resistance;
 Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known *IRENE*.
 [Exit Mustapha.

SCENE V

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from Tumult, in th' adjoining Palace,
 Thy Care shall guard this Treasure of my Soul;
 There let *ASPASIA*, since my Fair entreats it,
 With Converse chase the melancholy Moments.
 Sure, chill'd with sixty winter Camps, thy Blood
 At Sight of female Charms will glow no more.

CALI.

These Years, unconquer'd MAHOMET, demand
 Desires more pure, and other Cares than Love.
 Long have I wish'd, before our Prophet's Tomb,

To pour my Prayers for thy successful Reign, 10
 To quit the Tumults of the noisy Camp,
 And sink into the silent Grave in Peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of Peace while haughty *Scanderbeg*
 Elate with Conquest, in his native Mountains,
 Prowls o'er the wealthy Spoils of bleeding *Turkey*? 15
 While fair *Hungaria*'s unexhausted Vallies
 Pour forth their Legions, and the roaring *Danube*
 Rolls half his Floods unheard through shouting Camps?
 Nor couldst thou more support a Life of Sloth
 Than *Amurath*—

CALI.

Still full of *Amurath*! [*Aside.* 20

MAHOMET.

Than *Amurath*, accusom'd to Command,
 Could bear his Son upon the *Turkish* Throne.

CALI.

This Pilgrimage our Lawgiver ordain'd—

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler Service.—
 Our warlike Prophet loves an active Faith, 25
 The holy Flame of enterprizing Virtue,
 Mocks the dull Vows of Solitude and Penance,
 And scorns the lazy Hermit's cheap Devotion;
 Shine thou distinguish'd by superior Merit,
 With wonted Zeal pursue the Task of War, 30
 Till every Nation reverence the *Koran*,
 And ev'ry Suppliant lift his Eyes to *Mecca*.

CALI.

This Regal Confidence, this pious Ardour,
 Let Prudence moderate, though not suppress.

Is not each Realm that smiles with kinder Suns, 35
 Or boasts a happier Soil, already thine?
 Extended Empire, like expanded Gold,
 Exchanges solid Strength for feeble Splendor.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull Politics to vulgar Kings,
 Thou know'st not yet thy Master's future Greatness, 40
 His vast Designs, his Plans of boundless Pow'r.
 When ev'ry Storm in my Domain shall roar,
 When ev'ry Wave shall beat a *Turkish* Shore,
 Then, CALI, shall the Toils of Battle cease,
 Then dream of Prayer, and Pilgrimage, and Peace. 45
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred Theme;
 Exhaust the Stores of pious Eloquence,
 And teach me to repel the Sultan's Passion.
 Still at ASPASIA's Voice a sudden Rapture
 Exalts my Soul, and fortifies my Heart. 5
 The glitt'ring Vanities of empty Greatness,
 The Hopes and Fears, the Joys and Pains of Life,
 Dissolve in Air, and vanish into Nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler Hopes and juster Fears succeed,
 And bar the Passes of IRENE's Mind 10
 Against returning Guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art absent
 Death rises to my View, with all his Terrors;

Then Visions horrid as a Murd'rer's Dreams
 Chill my Resolves, and blast my blooming Virtue :
 Stern Torture shakes his bloody Scourge before me,
 And Anguish gnashes on the fatal Wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since Fear predominates in every Thought,
 And sways thy Breast with absolute Dominion,
 Think on th' insulting Scorn, the conscious Pangs,
 The future Miseries that wait th' Apostate ; 20
 So shall Timidity assist thy Reason,
 And Wisdom into Virtue turn thy Frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that Pow'r that form'd the Heart of Woman,
 And wove the feeble Texture of her Nerves,
 Forgive those Fears that shake the tender Frame? 25

ASPASIA.

The Weakness we lament, our selves create,
 Instructed from our infant Years to court
 With counterfeited Fears the Aid of Man ;
 We learn to shudder at the rustling Breeze,
 Start at the Light, and tremble in the Dark ; 30
 Till Affectation, rip'ning to Belief,
 And Folly, frightened at her own Chimeras,
 Habitual Cowardice usurps the Soul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the Shocks of Fate,
 Thy Soul by Nature great, enlarg'd by Knowledge, 35
 Soars unencumber'd with our idle Cares,
 And all ASPASIA but her Beauty's Man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous Sentiment is thine, DEMETRIUS,
Whose Soul, perhaps, yet mindful of ASPASIA,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy Shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy Precepts not forgotten.
O! could the Grave restore the pious Hero,
Soon would his Art or Valour set us free,
And bear us far from Servitude and Crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! delusive Dream!
Too well I know him, his immod'rate Courage,
Th' impetuous Sallies of excessive Virtue,
Too strong for Love, have hurried him on Death.

45

SCENE II

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI to ABDALLA, as they advance.

Behold our future Sultanness, ABDALLA;—
Let artful Flatt'ry now, to lull Suspicion,
Glide through IRENE to the Sultan's Ear.
Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate Cannibal
To tender Friendship, praise him to his Mistress.

To IRENE.

Well may those Eyes that view these heav'nly Charms,
Reject the Daughters of contending Kings;
For what are pompous Titles, proud Alliance,
Empire or Wealth, to Excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy Arms;
And may a long Posterity of Monarchs,

16

The Pride and Terror of succeeding Days,
 Rise from the happy Bed ; and future Queens
 Diffuse IRENE'S Beauty through the World.

IRENE.

Can MAHOMET's imperial Hand descend 15
 To clasp a Slave? or, can a Soul like mine,
 Unus'd to Power, and form'd for humbler Scenes,
 Support the splendid Miseries of Greatness?

CALI.

No regal Pageant deck'd with casual Honours,
 Scorn'd by his Subjects, trampled by his Foes; 20
 No feeble Tyrant of a petty State
 Courts thee to shake on a dependent Throne;
 Born to command, as thou to charm Mankind,
 The Sultan from himself derives his Greatness.
 Observe, bright Maid, as his resistless Voice 25
 Drives on the Tempest of destructive War,
 How Nation after Nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread Name the distant Mountains shake
 Their cloudy Summits, and the Sons of Fierceness,
 That range unciviliz'd from Rock to Rock, 30
 Distrust th' eternal Fortresses of Nature,
 And wish their gloomy Caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish Pomp of dreadful Praise ;
 The horrid Images of War and Slaughter
 Renew our Sorrows, and awake our Fears. 35

ABDALLA.

CALI, methinks yon waving Trees afford
 A doubtful Glimpse of our approaching Friends ;

12, 13. Thus quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'from': 'Succeeding kings rise from the happy bed'.

Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the Shore,
And turn'd their hasty Steps towards the Garden.

CALI.

Conduct these Queens, ABDALLA, to the Palace : 40
Such heav'nly Beauty form'd for Adoration,
The Pride of Monarchs, the Reward of Conquest ;
Such Beauty must not shine to vulgar Eyes.

SCENE III

CALI *solus*.

How Heav'n in Scorn of human Arrogance,
Commits to trivial Chance the Fate of Nations !
While with incessant Thought laborious Man
Extends his mighty Schemes of Wealth and Pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal Greatness ; 5
Some accidental Gust of Opposition
Blasts all the Beauties of his new Creation,
O'eturns the Fabrick of presumptuous Reason,
And whelms the swelling Architect beneath it.
Had not the Breeze untwin'd the meeting Boughs, 10
And through the parted Shade disclos'd the *Greeks*,
Th' important Hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet Oblivion of Delight,
In all the Fopperies of meeting Lovers ;
In Sighs and Tears, in Transports and Embraces, 15
In soft Complaints, and idle Protestations.

SCENE IV

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could Omens fright the Resolute and Wise,
Well might we fear impending Disappointments.

iii. 12. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'important'.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful Suit, your Monarch's fierce Denial,
The cruel Doom of hapless *Menodorus*—

DEMETRIUS.

And your new Charge, that dear, that heav'nly Maid.— 5

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from *ABDALLA*.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight Defeats but animate the Brave
To stronger Efforts, and maturer Counsels.

CALI.

My Doom confirm'd establishes my Purpose.
Calmly he heard, till *Amurath's* Resumption 10
Rose to his Thought, and set his Soul on Fire:
When from his Lips the fatal Name burst out,
A sudden Pause th' imperfect Sense suspended,
Like the dread Stillness of condensing Storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest Cries of Nature urge us forward; 15
Despotick Rage pursues the Life of CALI;
His groaning Country claims LEONTIUS' Aid;
And yet another Voice, forgive me *Greece*,
The pow'rful Voice of Love inflames DEMETRIUS,
Each lin'gring Hour alarms me for *ASPASIA*. 20

CALI.

What Passions reign among thy Crew, LEONTIUS?
Does chearless Diffidence oppress their Hearts?
Or sprightly Hope exalt their kindling Spirits?
Do they with Pain repress the struggling Shout,
And listen eager to the rising Wind? 25

Irene

LEONTIUS.

All there is Hope, and Gaiety, and Courage,
No cloudy Doubts, or languishing Delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded Deck,
At once a hundred Voices thunder'd round me,
And every Voice was Liberty and *Greece*.

30

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us rush upon the careless Tyrant,
Nor give him Leisure for another Crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another Hour in dull Deliberation.

CALI.

But see, where destin'd to protract our Counsels, 35
Comes MUSTAPHA.—Your *Turkish* Robes conceal you—
Retire with Speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial Smiles, and seeming Friendship.

SCENE V

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I see the Gloom that low'rs upon thy Brow,
These Days of Love and Pleasure charm not thee;
Too slow these gentle Constellations roll,
Thou long'st for Stars that frown on human Kind,
And scatter Discord from their baleful Beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the Load of Business, and of Years.

CALI.

Sure by some wond'rous Sympathy of Souls,
 My Heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
 I share, by secret Instinct, all his Joys, 10
 And feel no Sorrow while my Sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his Love;
 Conduct her hither, let no rude Intrusion
 Molest these private Walks, or Care invade
 These Hours assign'd to Pleasure and IRENE. 15

SCENE VI

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, MUSTAPHA, pursue thy Tale of Horror.
 Has Treason's dire Infection reach'd my Palace?
 Can CALI dare the Stroke of heav'nly Justice,
 In the dark Precincts of the gaping Grave,
 And load with Perjuries his parting Soul? 5
 Was it for this, that sick'ning in *Epirus*,
 My Father call'd me to his Couch of Death,
 Join'd CALI's Hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
 Restrain the Fervour of impetuous Youth
 With venerable CALI's faithful Counsels? 10
 Are these the Counsels? This the Faith of CALI?
 Were all our Favours lavish'd on a Villain?
 Confest?—

MUSTAPHA.

Confest by dying *Menodorus*.
 In his last Agonies the gasping Coward,
 Amidst the Tortures of the burning Steel, 15
 Still fond of Life, groan'd out the dreadful Secret,
 Held forth this fatal Scroll, then sunk to nothing.

Irene

MAHOMET, *examining the Paper.*

His correspondence with our Foes of Greece!
His Hand! His Seal! The Secrets of my Soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conspire 20
To banish Doubt, and brand him for a Villain.
Our Schemes for ever cross'd, our Mines discover'd,
Betray'd some Traytor lurking near my Bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting Cannon
Lay pointed at our Batt'ries yet unform'd, 25
And broke the meditated Lines of War.
Detested CALI too, with artful Wonder,
Would shake his wily Head, and closely whisper,
Beware of MUSTAPHA, beware of Treason.

MUSTAPHA.

The Faith of MUSTAPHA disdains Suspicion; 30
But yet, great Emperor, beware of Treason;
Th' insidious Bassa fir'd by Disappointment—

OMET.

Shall feel the Vengeance of an injur'd King.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful Chains;
Before th' assembled Troops proclaim his Crimes; 35
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring Rack,
Amidst the Camp to howl his Life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the Troops proclaim his Crimes
I dread his Arts of seeming Innocence,
His bland Address, and Sorcery of Tongue; 40
And should he fall unheard, by sudden Justice,
Th' adoring Soldiers would revenge their Idol.

MAHOMET.

CALI, this Day with hypocritick Zeal,
Implor'd my Leave to visit *Mecca's* Temple;

Struck with the Wonder of a Statesman's Goodness, 45
 I rais'd his Thoughts to more sublime Devotion.
 Now let him go, pursu'd by silent Wrath,
 Meet unexpected Daggers in his Way,
 And in some distant Land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless Wealth, the Spoil of *Asia*, 50
 Heap'd by your Father's ill-plac'd Bounties on him,
 Disperse Rebellion through the Eastern World;
 Bribe to his Cause and list beneath his Banners
Arabia's roving Troops, the Sons of Swiftmess,
 And arm the *Persian* Heretick against thee; 55
 There shall he waste thy Frontiers, check thy Conquests,
 And though at length subdued, elude thy Vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my Vengeance? no—My Troops shall range
 Th' eternal Snows that freeze beyond *Meotis*,
 And *Afric's* torrid Sands in search of *CALL*. 60
 Should the fierce North upon his frozen Wings
 Bear him aloft above the wond'ring Clouds,
 And seat him in the *Pleiad's* golden Chariots,
 Thence should my Fury drag him down to Tortures;
 Wherever Guilt can fly, Revenge can follow. 65

48, 49. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'obscurely', but omitted in the fourth edition, 1773.

61-4. Gibbon comments thus on these lines in a footnote to chap. lxviii of *The Decline and Fall*, 1788, vi. 498: 'In the tragedy of *Irene*, Mahomet's passion soars above sense and reason. Besides the extravagance of the rant I must observe, 1. That the operation of the winds must be confined to the

lower region of the air. 2. That the name, etymology, and fable of the *Pleiads* are purely Greek . . . and had no affinity with the astronomy of the East . . . which Mahomet had studied. 3. The golden chariot does not exist either in science or fiction; but I much fear that Dr. Johnson has confounded the *Pleiads* with the great bear or waggon, the zodiac with a northern constellation.'

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou dismiss the Savage from the Toils
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd World?

MAHOMET.

Suspend his Sentence—Empire and IRENE
Claim my divided Soul. This Wretch unworthy
To mix with nobler Cares, I'll throw aside 70
For idle Hours, and crush him at my Leisure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded Greatness of his Mind
Betray my King to Negligence of Danger.
Perhaps the Clouds of dark Conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with Thunder o'er your Head. 75
Twice since the Morning rose I saw the Bassa,
Like a fell Adder swelling in a Brake,
Beneath the Covert of this verdant Arch
In private Conference; beside him stood
Two Men unknown, the Partners of his Bosom; 80
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either Face
The gloomy Resolution, horrid Greatness,
And stern Composure of despairing Heroes;
And, to confirm my Thought, at sight of me,
As blasted by my Presence, they withdrew 85
With all the Speed of Terror and of Guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong Emotions of my troubled Soul
Allow no Pause for Art or for Contrivance;
And dark Perplexity distracts my Counsels.
Do thou resolve: For see, IRENE comes! 90
At her Approach each ruder Gust of Thought
Sinks like the sighing of a Tempest spent,
And Gales of softer Passion fan my Bosom.

[CALI enters with IRENE, and exit with MUSTAPHA.]

Johnson's Poems

SCENE VII

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair Daughter of Perfection,
To hear my Vows, and give Mankind a Queen?
Ah! cease, IRENE, cease those flowing Sorrows,
That melt a Heart, impregnable till now,
And turn thy Thoughts henceforth to Love and Empire. 5
How will the matchless Beauties of IRENE,
Thus bright in Tears, thus amiable in Ruin,
With all the graceful Pride of Greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the Blaze of Jewels and of Gold,
Adorn a Throne, and dignify Dominion. 10

IRENE.

Why all this Glare of splendid Eloquence,
To paint the Pageantries of guilty State?
Must I for these renounce the Hope of Heav'n,
Immortal Crowns and Fulness of Enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain Raptures all—For your inferiour Natures 15
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future Paradise,
But bids you rove the Paths of Bliss, secure
Of total Death and careless of Hereafter;
While Heav'n's high Minister, whose awful Volume 20
Records each Act, each Thought of sov'reign Man,
Surveys your Plays with inattentive Glance,
And leaves the lovely Trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has Nature's vain Munificence
Profusely pour'd her Bounties upon Woman? 25

Whence then those Charms thy Tongue has deign'd to
flatter,
That Air resistless and enchanting Blush,
Unless the beauteous Fabrick was design'd
A Habitation for a fairer Soul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright Maid, thou rat'st exterior Grace; 30
Not always do the fairest Flow'rs diffuse
The richest Odours, nor the speckled Shells
Conceal the Gem; let female Arrogance
Observe the feather'd Wand'ers of the Sky,
With Purple varied and bedrop'd with Gold, 35
They prune the Wing, and spread the glossy Plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And chear the weary Passenger with Musick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this Tyrant of the World
Implores our Smiles, and trembles at our Feet: 40
Whence flow the Hopes and Fears, Despair and Rapture,
Whence all the Bliss and Agonies of Love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the Balm of Sleep descends on Man,
Do gay Delusions, wand'ring o'er the Brain,
Sooth the delighted Soul with empty Bliss? 45
To Want give Affluence? and to Slav'ry Freedom?
Such are Love's Joys, the Lenitives of Life,
A fancy'd Treasure, and a waking Dream.

Then let me once, in honour of our Sex,
Assume the boastful Arrogance of Man.
Th' attractive Softness, and th' indearing Smile,
And pow'rful Glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal Hand

Exhausted all her nobler Gifts on you;
 Do we not share the comprehensive Thought, 55
 Th' enlivening Wit, the penetrating Reason?
 Beats not the female Breast with gen'rous Passions,
 The Thirst of Empire, and the Love of Glory?

MAHOMET.

Illustrious Maid, new Wonders fix me thine,
 Thy Soul compleats the Triumphs of thy Face. 60
 I thought, forgive my Fair, the noblest Aim,
 The strongest Effort of a female Soul,
 Was but to chuse the Graces of the Day;
 To tune the Tongue, to teach the Eyes to roll,
 Dispose the Colours of the flowing Robe, 65
 And add new Roses to the faded Cheek.
 Will it not charm a Mind liké thine exalted,
 To shine the Goddess of applauding Nations,
 To scatter Happiness and Plenty round thee,
 To bid the prostrate Captive rise and live, 70
 To see new Cities tow'r at thy Command,
 And blasted Kingdoms flourish at thy Smile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the Thought of blessing human Kind,
 Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring Sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the Power to bless—IRENE's Nod 75
 Shall break the Fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely Patroness secure,
 Shall mourn no more her plunder'd Palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my Ruin!

MAHOMET.

To State and Pow'r I court thee, not to Ruin : 80
 Smile on my Wishes, and command the Globe.
 Security shall spread her Shield before thee,
 And Love infold thee with his downy Wings.

If Greatness please thee, mount th' imperial Seat;
 If Pleasure charm thee, view this soft Retreat; 85
 Here ev'ry Warbler of the Sky shall sing;
 Here ev'ry Fragrance breathe of ev'ry Spring:
 To deck these Bow'rs each Region shall combine,
 And ev'n our Prophet's Gardens envy thine:
 Empire and Love shall share the blissful Day, 90
 And varied Life steal unperceiv'd away.

ACT III

SCENE I

CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI enters with a discontented Air; to him enters ABDALLA.

CALI.

Is this the fierce Conspirator ABDALLA?
 Is this the restless Diligence of Treason?
 Where hast thou linger'd while th' encumber'd Hours
 Fly lab'ring with the Fate of future Nations,
 And hungry Slaughter scents Imperial Blood? 5

ABDALLA.

Important Cares detain'd me from your Counsels.

84-91. Mrs. Piozzi thought that in writing these lines Johnson must have had in his head the concluding lines of Act III of Hughes's *Siege of Damascus* and improved upon them, 'if the last four lines can admit of im-

provement' (Edward Mangin, *Piozziana*, 1833, p. 169). But the theme of both passages is a commonplace, and Johnson's lines have as close a resemblance to what he had written in *London*.

Johnson's

CALI.

Some petty Passion! some domestick Trifle!
Some vain Amusement of a vacant Soul!
A weeping Wife perhaps, or dying Friend,
Hung on your Neck, and hinder'd your Departure. 10
Is this a Time for Softness or for Sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female Virtues!
When eager Vengeance shows a naked Foe,
And kind Ambition points the Way to Greatness.

ABDALLA.

Must then Ambition's Votaries infringe 15
The Laws of Kindness, break the Bonds of Nature?
And quit the Names of Brother, Friend, and Father?

CALI.

This sov'reign Passion, scornful of Restraint,
Ev'n from the Birth affects supreme Command,
Swells in the Breast, and with resistless Force, 20
O'erbears each gentler Motion of the Mind.
As when a Deluge overspreads the Plains,
The wand'ring Rivulet, and silver Lake,
Mix undistinguish'd with the gen'ral Roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can Ambition in ABDALLA's Breast 25
Claim but the second Place: there mighty Love
Has fix'd his Hopes, Inquietudes, and Fears,
His glowing Wishes, and his jealous Pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the Privilege of Youth;
Yet, on a Day like this, when Expectation 30
Pants for the dread Event—But let us reason—

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the Croud of Courts,
 And turn'd th' instructive Page of Human Life,
 To cant, at last, of Reason to a Lover?
 Such ill-tim'd Gravity, such serious Folly, 35
 Might well befit the solitary Student,
 Th' unpractis'd Dervise, or sequester'd Faquir.
 Know'st thou not yet, when Love invades the Soul,
 That all her Faculties receive his Chains?
 That Reason gives her Scepter to his Hand, 40
 Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
 ASPASIA! who can look upon thy Beauties?
 Who hear thee speak, and not abandon Reason?
 Reason! the hoary Dotard's dull Directress,
 That loses all because she hazards nothing: 45
 Reason! the tim'rous Pilot, that to shun
 The Rocks of Life, for ever flies the Port.

CALI.

But why this sudden Warmth?

ABDALLA.

Because I love:
 Because my slighted Passion burns in vain!
 Why roars the Lioness distress'd by Hunger? 50
 Why foam the swelling Waves when Tempests rise?
 Why shakes the Ground, when subterraneous Fires
 Fierce through the bursting Caverns rend their Way?

CALI.

Not till this Day thou saw'st this fatal Fair;
 Did ever Passion make so swift a Progress? 55
 Once more reflect, suppress this infant Folly.

ABDALLA.

Gross Fires, enkindled by a mortal Hand,
Spread by Degrees, and dread th' oppressing Stream;
The subtler Flames emitted from the Sky,
Flash out at once, with Strength above Resistance. 60

CALI.

How did ASPASIA welcome your Address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected Conquest?
Or pay with speaking Eyes a Lover's Homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in Admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak: 65
When ev'n as Love was breaking off from Wonder,
And tender Accents quiver'd on my Lips,
She mark'd my sparkling Eyes, and heaving Breast,
And smiling, conscious of her Charms, withdrew.

[*Enter Demetrius and Leontius.*

CALI.

Now be some Moments Master of thyself, 70
Nor let DEMETRIUS know thee for a Rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is Ruin.

SCENE II

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will Occasion smile upon our Wishes,
And give the Tortures of Suspence a Period?
Still must we linger in uncertain Hope?
Still languish in our Chains, and dream of Freedom,
Like thirsty Sailors gazing on the Clouds, 5
Till burning Death shoots through their wither'd Limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at Hand; for *Turkey's* Tyrant
 Sunk in his Pleasures, confident and gay,
 With all the Heroe's dull Security,
 Trusts to my Care his Mistress and his Life, 10
 And laughs and wantons in the Jaws of Death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is Man, when destin'd to Destruction,
 The Watchful slumber, and the Crafty trust.

CALI.

At my Command yon' Iron Gates unfold;
 At my Command the Sentinels retire; 15
 With all the Licence of Authority,
 Through bowing Slaves, I range the private Rooms,
 And of To-morrow's Action fix the Scene.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's Action? Can that hoary Wisdom
 Born down with Years, still doat upon To-morrow? 20
 That fatal Mistress of the Young, the Lazy,
 The Coward, and the Fool, condemn'd to lose
 An useless Life in waiting for To-morrow,
 To gaze with longing Eyes upon To-morrow,
 Till interposing Death destroys the Prospect! 25
 Strange! that this gen'ral Fraud from Day to Day
 Should fill the World with Wretches undetected.
 The Soldier lab'ring through a Winter's March,
 Still sees To-morrow drest in Robes of Triumph;
 Still to the Lover's long-expecting Arms, 30
 To-morrow brings the visionary Bride.
 But thou, too old to bear another Cheat,
 Learn, that the present Hour alone is Man's.

19-33. A companion piece to the more famous lines in Dryden's *Aureng-zebe*, IV. i. 33-44, 'When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat'. According to

Burney, it was the passage which won most applause at the first performance (Boswell, *Lifz*, i. 197).

LEONTIUS.

The present Hour with open Arms invites;
Seize the kind Fair, and press her to thy Bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important Morrow rise,
But Fear, or Mutiny may taint the *Greeks*?
Who knows if MAHOMET's awaking Anger
May spare the fatal Bow-string till To-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first *Asian* Foes but known this Ardour, 40
We still had wander'd on *Tartarian* Hills.
Rouse, CALI, shall the Sons of conquer'd *Greece*
Lead us to Danger, and abash their Victors?
This Night with all her conscious Stars be witness,
Who merits most, DEMETRIUS or ABDALLA. 45

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits most! - I knew not we were Rivals.

CALI.

Young Man, forbear—The Heat of Youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This Night shall fix our Fate.
Soon as the Veil of Evening clouds the Sky,
With cautious Secrecy, LEONTIUS steer 50
Th' appointed Vessel to yon' shaded Bay,
Form'd by this Garden jutting on the Deep;
There, with your Soldiers arm'd, and Sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For speedy Flight, or obstinate Defence. 55

[Exit Leont.

SCENE III

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the Thoughts of Blood,
 And kindly grant an Ear to gentler Sounds:
 If e'er thy Youth has known the Pangs of Absence,
 Or felt th' Impatience of obstructed Love,
 Give me, before th' approaching Hour of Fate, 5
 Once to behold the Charms of bright ASPASIA,
 And draw new Virtue from her heav'nly Tongue.

CALI.

Let Prudence, ere the Suit be farther urg'd,
 Impartial weigh the Pleasure with the Danger.
 A little longer, and she 's thine for ever. 10

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and Love conspire in this Request,
 Lest unacquainted with our bold Attempt,
 Surprize o'erwhelm her, and retard our Flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy Call; this kind Consent
 Completes the Gift of Freedom and of Life.

[Exit Dem.]

SCENE IV

, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my Reward—to burn, to languish,
 To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,

The Refuse of our Swords, the Dross of Conquest,
 Throws his fond Arms about ASPASIA's Neck,
 Dwells on her Lips, and sighs upon her Breast; 5
 Is 't not enough, he lives by our Indulgence,
 But he must live to make his Masters wretched?

CALI.

What Claim hast thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The Claim of Pow'r,
 Th' unquestion'd Claim of Conquerors, and Kings!

CALI.

Yet in the Use of Pow'r remember Justice. 10

ABDALLA.

Can then th' Assassin lift his treach'rous Hand
 Against his King, and cry, Remember Justice?
 Justice demands the forfeit Life of CALI;
 Justice demands that I reveal your Crimes;
 Justice demands—But see th' approaching Sultan. 15
 Oppose my Wishes, and—Remember Justice.

CALI.

Disorder sits upon thy Face—retire.

[*Exit Abdalla, Enter Mahomet.*]

SCENE V

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bless'd with happy Love!
 My Zeal marks Gladness dawning on thy Cheek,
 With Raptures such as fire the Pagan Crouds,

When pale, and anxious for their Years to come,
They see the Sun surmount the dark Eclipse, 5
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring God.

MAHOMET.

My Vows, 'tis true, she hears with less Aversion,
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

CALI.

With warmer Courtship press the yielding Fair,
Call to your Aid with boundless Promises 10
Each rebel Wish, each traitor Inclination
That raises Tumults in the female Breast,
The Love of Pow'r, of Pleasure, and of Show.

MAHOMET.

These Arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful Business hurried from her Sight, 15
I had a hundred Virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the Pleasures of Command,
Applaud her Charms, and court her to be Great.

[Exit MAHOMET.]

SCENE VI

CALI *solus*.

He's gone—Here rest, my Soul, thy fainting Wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated Pow'rs.—
Our distant Int'rests, and our different Passions
Now haste to mingle in one common Center,
And Fate lies crouded in a narrow Space. 5
Yet in that narrow Space what Dangers rise?—
Far more I dread ABDALLA's fiery Folly,
Than all the Wisdom of the grave Divan.
Reason with Reason fights on equal Terms,
The raging Madman's unconnected Schemes 10
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.

Deep in my Breast be treasur'd this Resolve,
 When CALI mounts the Throne ABDALLA dies,
 Too fierce, too faithless for Neglect or Trust.

[*Enter IRENE with Attendants.*

SCENE VII

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, & C.

CALI.

Amidst the Splendor of encircling Beauty,
 Superiour Majesty proclaims the Queen,
 And Nature justifies our Monarch's Choice.

Reserve this Homage for some other Fair,
 Urgé me not on to glittering Guilt, nor pour
 In my weak Ear th' intoxicating Sounds.

CALI.

Make haste, bright Maid, to rule the willing World;
 Aw'd by the Rigour of the Sultan's Justice,
 We court thy Gentleness.

ASPASIA.

Can CALI's Voice
 Concur to press a hapless Captive's Ruin?

10

CALI.

Long would my Zeal for MAHOMET and Thee
 Detain me here. But Nations call upon me,
 And Duty bids me chuse a distant Walk,
 Nor taint with Care the Privacies of Love.

SCENE VIII

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

ASPASIA.

If yet this shining Pomp, these sudden Honours,
 Swell not thy Soul beyond Advice or Friendship,
 Not yet inspire the Follies of a Queen,
 Or tune thine Ear to soothing Adulation,
 Suspend awhile the Privilege of Pow'r 5
 To hear the Voice of Truth; dismiss thy Train,
 Shake off th' Incumbrances of State a moment,
 And lay the tow'ring Sultanness aside,

[IRENE signs to her Attendants to retire.

While I foretell thy Fate; that Office done,—
 No more I boast th' ambitious Name of Friend, 10
 But sink among thy Slaves without a Murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal Diadems invest my Brow,
 Yet should my Soul, still faithful to her Choice,
 Esteem ASPASIA's Breast, the noblest Kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The Soul once tainted with so foul a Crime, 15
 No more shall glow with Friendship's hallow'd Ardour:
 Those holy Beings, whose superiour Care
 Guides erring Mortals to the Paths of Virtue,
 Affrighted at Impiety like thine,
 Resign their Charge to Baseness and to Ruin. 20

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd Wickedness,
 I am not yet a Queen, or an Apostate.
 But should I sin beyond the Hope of Mercy,
 If when Religion prompts me to refuse,
 The Dread of instant Death restrains my Tongue? 25

8. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'sultanness'.

ASPASIA.

Reflect that Life and Death, affecting Sounds,
Are only varied Modes of endless Being;
Reflect that Life, like ev'ry other Blessing,
Derives its Value from its Use alone;
Not for itself but for a nobler End 30
Th'Eternal gave it, and that End is Virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater Good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus Life, with loss of Wealth, is well preserv'd,
And Virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of Life. 35

If built on settled Thought, this Constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful Tongue,
Why, when Destruction rag'd around our Walls,
Why fled this haughty Heroine from the Battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon 40
Mix in the War, and shine among the Heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its Hand pour'd Softness on our Limbs
Unfit for Toil, and polish'd into Weakness,
Made passive Fortitude the Praise of Woman:
Our only Arms are Innocence and Meekness. 45
Not then with raving Cries I fill'd the City,
But while DEMETRIUS, dear lamented Name!
Pour'd Storms of Fire upon our fierce Invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal Power to shield my Country,
With silent Sorrows, and with calm Devotion. 50

IRENE.

O! did IRENE shine the Queen of *Turkey*,
No more should *Greece* lament those Prayers rejected.
Again should golden Splendour grace her Cities,

Irene

Again her prostrate Palaces should rise,
Again her Temples sound with holy Musick: 55
No more should Danger fright, or Want distress
The smiling Widows, and protected Orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous Ends pursued by virtuous Means,
Nor think th' Intention sanctifies the Deed:
That Maxim publish'd in an impious Age, 60
Would loose the wild Enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce Usurper's bloody Title.
Then Bigotry might send her Slaves to War,
And bid Success become the Test of Truth;
Unpitying Massacre might waste the World, 65
And Persecution boast the Call of Heav'n.

IRENE.

Shall I not wish to chear afflicted Kings,
And plan the Happiness of mourning Millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of Pow'r thou never can'st attain:
When social Laws first harmonis'd the World, 70
Superiour Man possess'd the Charge of Rule,
The Scale of Justice, and the Sword of Pow'r,
Nor left us aught but Flattery and State.

IRENE.

To me my Lover's Fondness will restore,
Whate'er Man's Pride has ravish'd from our Sex. 75

ASPASIA.

When soft Security shall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the Tumults of unsettled Conquest,
To fix his Court, and regulate his Pleasures,
Soon shall the dire Seraglio's horrid Gates

Close like th' eternal Bars of Death upon thee, 80
 Immur'd, and buried in perpetual Sloth,
 That gloomy Slumber of the stagnant Soul;
 There shalt thou view from far the quiet Cottage,
 And sigh for chearful Poverty in vain;
 There wear the tedious Hours of Life away, 85
 Beneath each Curse of unrelenting Heav'n,
 Despair, and Slav'ry, Solitude, and Guilt.

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted Bliss
 Of Grandeur and Tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and Guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n, 90
 Still stretch in vain their longing Arms afar;
 Nor dare to pass th' insuperable Bound.
 Ah! let me rather seek the Convent's Cell;
 There when my Thoughts, at interval of Pray'r,
 Descend to range these Mansions of Misfortune, 95
 Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous Friendship,
 And shed the pitying Tear for lost IRENE.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull Obscurity;
 Thy dazzled Soul with all its boasted Greatness,
 Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring Gleams of regal State, 100
 Stoops from the Blaze like a degenerate Eagle,
 And flies for Shelter to the Shades of Life.

ASPASIA.

On me, should Providence, without a Crime,
 The weighty Charge of Royalty confer;
 Call me to civilize the *Russian* Wilds,

Or bid soft Science polish *Britain's* Heroes :
 Soon shouldst thou see, how false thy weak Reproach.
 My Bosom feels, enkindled from the Sky,
 The lambent Flames of mild Benevolence,
 Untouch'd by fierce Ambition's raging Fires. 110

IRENE.

Ambition is the Stamp impress'd by Heav'n
 To mark the noblest Minds, with active Heat
 Inform'd they mount the Precipice of Pow'r,
 Grasp at Command, and tow'r in quest of Empire ;
 While vulgar Souls compassionate their Cares, 115
 Gaze at their Height and tremble at their Danger :
 Thus meaner Spirits with Amazement mark
 The varying Seasons, and revolving Skies,
 And ask, what guilty Pow'r's rebellious Hand
 Rolls with eternal Toil the pond'rous Orbs ; 120
 While some Archangel nearer to Perfection,
 In easy State presides o'er all their Motions,
 Directs the Planets with a careless Nod,
 Conducts the Sun, and regulates the Spheres.

ASPASIA.

Well may'st thou hide in Labyrinths of Sound 125
 The Cause that shrinks from Reason's powerful Voice.
 Stoop from thy Flight, trace back th'entangled Thought,
 And set the glitt'ring Fallacy to view.
 Not Pow'r I blame, but Pow'r obtain'd by Crime,
 Angelic Greatness is Angelic Virtue. 130
 Amidst the Glare of Courts, the Shouts of Armies,

106 *Britain's* 1781 and MS.] *Briton's* 1749, 1754
 1754 119

107 shouldst] wouldst

106 'Briton' and 'Britain' were not regularly distinguished in the eighteenth century. In the paragraph which George III inserted, in his own hand, in his first speech from the throne, 1760, he wrote 'Born and educated in this country I glory in the

name of Britain'. The passage is reproduced in A. S. Turberville's *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 42. In the official version in *Journals of the House of Lords* 'Britain' is printed 'Briton'.

Will not th' Apostate feel the Pangs of Guilt,
 And wish too late for Innocence and Peace?
 Curs'd as the Tyrant of th' infernal Realms,
 With gloomy State and agonizing Pomp.

135

SCENE IX

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A *Turkish* Stranger of majestick Mien,
 Asks at the Gate Admission to ASPASIA,
 Commission'd, as he says, by CALI BASSA.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy Message, *[Aside*
 Thanks for this kind Relief—with Speed admit him. 5

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us forever;
 When I am gone remember, Q! remember,
 That none are great, or happy, but the Virtuous.

[Exit Irene, Enter DEMETRIUS.]

SCENE X

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—My Hope, my Happiness, my Love!
 ASPASIA! do I once again behold thee?
 Still, still the same—unclouded by Misfortune!
 Let my blest Eyes for ever gaze—

ASPASIA.

DEMETRIUS!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the Blood forsake thy lovely Cheek? 5
Why shoots this Chilness through thy shaking Nerves?
Why does thy Soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my Breast thy sinking Beauties:
Revive—Revive to Freedom and to Love.

ASPASIA.

What well known Voice pronounc'd the grateful Sounds
Freedom and Love? Alas! I'm all Confusion, 11
A sudden Mist o'ercasts my darken'd Soul,
The Present, Past, and Future swim before me,
Lost in a wild Perplexity of Joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such Ecstasy of Love! such pure Affection, 15
What Worth can merit? or what Faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thousand Thoughts imperfect and distracted,
Demand a Voice, and struggle into Birth;
A thousand Questions press upon my Tongue,
But all give way to Rapture and DEMETRIUS. 20

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright Being, in this Age of Absence,
What Fears, what Griefs, what Dangers hast thou known?
Say, how the Tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd,
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the Hand of Violence was rais'd, 25
Say, how thou call'dst in Tears upon DEMETRIUS!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather, how thy happy Courage
Stem'd in the Breach the Deluge of Destruction,

And pass'd uninjur'd through the Walks of Death?
 Did savage Anger, and licentious Conquest
 Behold the Hero with *ASPASIA's* Eyes? 30
 And thus protected in the gen'ral Ruin,
 O say, what guardian Pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange Events, such unexpected Chances,
 Beyond my warmest Hope, or wildest Wishes, 35
 Concur'd to give me to *ASPASIA's* Arms,
 I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure Heav'n, for Wonders are not wrought in vain,
 That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI

DEMETRIUS, *ASPASIA*, *ABDALLA*.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty Sultan sign'd
 The Laws unread, and flies to his *IRENE*.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his *IRENE's* Charms,
 He envies none the Converse of *ASPASIA*.

ABDALLA.

ASPASIA's Absence will inflame Suspicion;
 She cannot, must not, shall not linger here,
 Prudence and Friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a Touch, and die.

ABDALLA.

'Tis *Greece*, 'tis Freedom calls ASPASIA hence,
Your careless Love betrays your Country's Cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part—

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part—

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' encreasing Danger
Will not admit a Lover's long Farewell,
The long-drawn Intercourse of Sighs and Kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my Fair, I cannot bid thee goe; 15
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing Steps,
If Fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, *Greece*, a Lover's fond Delays,
Nor think thy Cause neglected while I gaze, 20
New Force, new Courage, from each Glance I gain,
And find our Passions not infus'd in vain.

ACT IV

SCENE I

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

ASPASIA.

Enough—resistless Reason calms my Soul—
Approving Justice smiles upon your Cause,
And Nature's Rights entreat th' asserting Sword.

15 go 1754, 1781.

18 pursues 1749 (see note on *London*, l. 16c, and cf. v. iii. 2 and v. ix. 36).

Yet when your Hand is lifted to destroy,
 Think—but excuse a Woman's needless Caution, 5
 Purge well thy Mind from ev'ry private Passion,
 Drive Int'rest, Love, and Vengeance from thy Thoughts,
 Fill all thy ardent Breast with *Greece* and Virtue,
 Then strike secure, and Heav'n assist the Blow.

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind Assistant of my better Angel, 10
 Propitious Guide of my bewilder'd Soul,
 Calm of my Cares, and Guardian of my Virtue.

ASPASIA.

My Soul first kindled by thy bright Example,
 To noble Thought and gen'rous Emulation,
 Now but reflects those Beams that flow'd from thee. 15

DEMETRIUS.

With native Lustre and unborrow'd Greatness,
 Thou shin'st, bright Maid, superior to Distress;
 Unlike the trifling Race of vulgar Beauties,
 Those glitt'ring Dew-drops of a vernal Morn,
 That spread their Colours to the genial Beam, 20
 And sparkling quiver to the Breath of *May*;
 But when the Tempest with sonorous Wing
 Sweeps o'er the Grove, forsake the lab'ring Bough,
 Dispers'd in Air or mingled with the Dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this Triumph—still new Conflicts wait us, 25
 Foes unforeseen, and Dangers unsuspected.
 Oft when the fierce Besiegers eager Host
 Beholds the fainting Garrison retire,
 And rushes joyful to the naked Wall,
 Destruction flashes from th' insidious Mine,
 And sweeps th' exulting Conqueror away:
 Perhaps in vain the Sultan's Anger spar'd me,

To find a meaner Fate from treach'rous Friendship—
 ABDALLA—

DEMETRIUS.

Can ABDALLA then dissemble?
 That fiery Chief, renown'd for gen'rous Freedom, 35
 For Zeal unguarded, undissembled Hate,
 For daring Truth, and Turbulence of Honour?

ASPASIA.

This open Friend, this undesigning Hero,
 With noisy Falshoods forc'd me from your Arms,
 To shock my Virtue with a Tale of Love. 40

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the Cause of *Greece* restrain my Sword,
 ASPASIA should not fear a second Insult.

ASPASIA.

His Pride and Love by Turns inspir'd his Tongue,
 And intermix'd my Praises with his own;
 His Wealth, his Rank, his Honours he recounted, 45
 Till in the midst of Arrogance and Fondness,
 Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the Palace;
 Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding Mistress,
 I stole unheeded from their ravish'd Eyes,
 And sought this happy Grove in quest of Thee. 50

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final Stroke decide our Fate,
 Lest baneful Discord crush our infant Scheme,
 And strangled Freedom perish in the Birth.

ASPASIA.

My Bosom harrass'd with alternate Passions,
 Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' Anxieties of Love. 55

ASPASIA.

Think how the sov'reign Arbiter of Kingdoms
 Detests thy false Associates black Designs,
 And frowns on Perjury, Revenge and Murder.
 Embark'd with Treason on the Seas of Fate,
 When Heav'n shall bid the swelling Billows rage, 60
 And point vindictive Lightnings at Rebellion,
 Will not the Patriot share the Traytor's Danger?
 Oh could thy Hand unaided free thy Country,
 Nor mingled Guilt pollute the sacred Cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heav'n,
 Successful Treasons punish impious Kings. 65

ASPASIA.

Nor end my Terrors with the Sultan's Death;
 Far as Futurity's untravell'd Waste
 Lies open to Conjecture's dubious Ken,
 On ev'ry Side Confusion, Rage and Death, 70
 Perhaps the Phantoms of a Woman's Fear,
 Beset the treacherous Way with fatal Ambush;
 Each *Turkish* Bosom burns for thy Destruction,
 Ambitious CALI dreads the Statesman's Arts,
 And hot ABDALLA hates the happy Lover. 75

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious Man! to Good and Ill inconstant,
 Too much to fear or trust, is equal Weakness.
 Sometimes the Wretch unaw'd by Heav'n or Hell,
 With mad Devotion idolizes Honour.
 The Bassa, reeking with his Master's Murder, 80
 Perhaps may start at violated Friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas! will Int'rest, Fear, or Envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental Virtue,
Nor built on Faith, nor fortify'd by Conscience?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate Ills demand a speedy Cure, 85
Distrust is Cowardice, and Prudence Folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a Moment, ere you court Destruction,
What Hand, when Death has snatch'd away DEMETRIUS,
Shall guard ASPASIA from triumphant Lust.

DEMETRIUS.

Dismiss these needless Fears—a Troop of *Greeks* 90
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the Shore.
Borne on the Surface of the smiling Deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in Safety's Arms repos'd,
ABDALLA's Rage and CALI's Stratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, still Distrust sits heavy on my Heart. 95
Will e'er an happier Hour revisit *Greece*?

DEMETRIUS.

Should Heav'n yet unappeas'd refuse its Aid,
Disperse our Hopes, and frustrate our Designs,
Yet shall the Conscience of the great Attempt
Diffuse a Brightness on our future Days; 100
Nor will his Country's Groans reproach DEMETRIUS.
But how can'st thou support the Woes of Exile?
Can'st thou forget hereditary Splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign Coast,
Content with Science, Innocence and Love? 105

ASPASIA.

Nor Wealth, nor Titles, make ASPASIA's Bliss.
 O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the publick Ruins
 Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring Trifles perish,
 And thought the petty Dross beneath a Sigh.
 Cheerful I follow to the rural Cell, 110
 Love be my Wealth, and my Distinction Virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submissive and prepar'd for each Event,
 Now let us wait the last Award of Heav'n,
 Secure of Happiness from Flight or Conquest,
 Nor fear the Fair and Learn'd can want Protection. 115
 The mighty *Tuscan* courts the banish'd Arts
 To kind *Italia's* hospitable Shades;
 There shall soft Leisure wing th' excursive Soul,
 And Peace propitious smile on fond Desire;
 There shall despotick Eloquence resume 120
 Her ancient Empire o'er the yielding Heart;
 There Poetry shall tune her sacred Voice,
 And wake from Ignorance the Western World.

SCENE II

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling Sun resigns the World
 To Silence and to Rest. The Hours of Darkness,
 Propitious Hours to Stratagem and Death,
 Pursue the last Remains of ling'ring Light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these Hours as Parts of vulgar Time,
 Think them a sacred Treasure lent by Heav'n,
 Which squander'd by Neglect, or Fear, or Folly,

Irene

No Pray'r recals, no Diligence redeems;
To-morrow's Dawn shall see the *Turkish* King
Stretch'd in the Dust, or tow'ring on his Throne;
To-morrow's Dawn shall see the mighty CALI
The sport of Tyranny, or Lord of Nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important Moments
In soft Endearments, and in gentle Murmurs,
Nor lose in Love the Patriot and the Hero.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis Love combin'd with Guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd Soul to Cowardice and Sloth;
But virtuous Passion prompts the great Resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring Spark of heav'nly Fire.
Retire, my Fair, that Pow'r that smiles on Goodness
Guide all thy Steps, calm ev'ry stormy Thought,
And still thy Bosom with the Voice of Peace.

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the Pangs of Separation. [Exit.

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This Night alone is ours—Our mighty Foe,
No longer lost in am'rous Solitude,
Will now remount the slighted Seat of Empire,
And show IRENE to the shouting People:
ASPASIA left her sighing in his Arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing Tale of Pow'r,
With soften'd Voice she dropp'd the faint Refusal,
Smiling Consent she sat, and blushing Love.

Johnson's Poems

CALI.

Now, Tyrant, with Satiety of Beauty,
Now feast thine Eyes, thine Eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous Glances at the Fair, 35
Or glare on CALI with malignant Beams.

SCENE III

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our Bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed Bay,
And where yon Trees wave o'er the foaming Surge
Reclines against the Shore: Our *Grecian* Troop
Extends its Lines along the sandy Beach,
Elate with Hope, and panting for a Foe. 5

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring Winds assist the great Design,
Sport in our Sails, and murmur o'er the Deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single Blow compleats our Wishes:
Return with speed, LEONTIUS, to your Charge;
The *Greeks* disorder'd by their Leader's Absence, 10
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into Madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still?—What Villain's pois'nous Tongue
Dares join LEONTIUS' Name with Fear or Falshood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless Bosom,
Pure as the Thoughts of infant Innocence? 15
Have I for this defy'd the Chiefs of *Turkey*,
Intrepid in the flaming Front of War?

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my Soul's profoundest Thoughts?
Is not the Fate of *Greece* and CALI thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy Choice then pointed out LEONTIUS, 20
 Unfit to share this Night's illustrious Toils?
 To wait remote from Action, and from Honour,
 An idle List'ner to the distant Cries
 Of slaughter'd Infidels, and Clash of Swords!
 Tell me the Cause, that while thy Name, DEMETRIUS, 25
 Shall soar triumphant on the Wings of Glory,
 Despis'd and curs'd, LEONTIUS must descend
 Through hissing Ages, a proverbial Coward,
 The Tale of Women, and the Scorn of Fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave LEONTIUS be the Slave of Glory? 30
 Glory, the casual Gift of thoughtless Crouds!
 Glory, the Bribe of avaricious Virtue!
 Be but my Country free, be thine the Praise;
 I ask no Witness, but attesting Conscience,
 No Records, but the Records of the Sky. 35

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the Troop upon the Shore,
 While I destroy th' Oppressor of Mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What can'st thou boast superiour to DEMETRIUS?
 Ask to whose Sword the *Greeks* will trust their Cause,
 My Name shall echo through the shouting Field; 40
 Demand whose Force yon *Turkish* Heroes dread,
 The shudd'ring Camp shall murmur out DEMETRIUS.

CALL.

Must *Greece*, still wretched by her Children's Folly,
 For ever mourn their Avarice or Factions?
 DEMETRIUS justly pleads a double Title, 45
 The Lover's Int'rest aids the Patriot's Claim.

LEONTIUS.

My Pride shall ne'er protract my Country's Woes ;
Succeed, my Friend, unenvied by LEONTIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new Spirit shoot along my Nerves,
My Soul expands to meet approaching Freedom. 50
Now hover o'er us with propitious Wings,
Ye sacred Shades of Patriots and of Martyrs ;
All ye, whose Blood tyrannick Rage effus'd,
Or Persecution drank, attend our Call ;
And from the Mansions of perpetual Peace 55
Descend, to sweeten Labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united Eloquence
Confirm your Troops ; and when the Moon's fair Beam
Plays on the quiv'ring Waves, to guide our Flight,
Return, DEMETRIUS, and be free for ever. 60

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

SCENE IV

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new Monarch, swell'd with airy Rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd Height,
And utters Fate, unmindful of ABDALLA.

CALI.

Far be such black Ingratitude from CALI,
When *Asia's* Nations own me for their Lord,
Wealth, and Command, and Grandeur shall be thine

ABDALLA.

Is this the Recompence reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with ABDALLA's Passion?
Henceforward hope no more my slighted Friendship,
Wake from thy Dream of Pow'r to Death and Tortures,
And bid thy visionary Throne farewell. 11

CALI.

Name and enjoy thy Wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
ASPASIA's Lovers know but one Desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live but for ASPASIA.

CALI.

That fatal Beauty plighted to DEMETRIUS 15
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her and possess, thou know'st thy Rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on *Thracia's* Plains
I felt the Force of his tempestuous Arm,
And saw my scatter'd Squadrons fly before him. 20
Nor will I trust th' uncertain Chance of Combat;
The Rights of Princes let the Sword decide,
The petty Claims of Empire and of Honour:
Revenge and subtle Jealousy shall teach
A surer Passage to his hated Heart. 25

CALI.

O spare the gallant *Greek*, in him we lose
The Politician's Arts, and Heroe's Flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet before we storm the Palace,
 The Bowl shall circle to confirm our League,
 Then shall these Juices taint DEMETRIUS' Draught, 30
[*Shewing a Phial.*]

And stream destructive through his freezing Veins :
 Thus shall he live to strike th' important Blow,
 And perish ere he tastes the Joys of Conquest.

SCENE V

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this Day,
 Sacred to Love, to Pleasure, and IRENE :
 The matchless Fair has bless'd me with Compliance ;
 Let every Tongue resound IRENE's Praise,
 And spread the general Transport through Mankind. 5

CALI.

Blest Prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
 At once the Joys of Paradise and Empire,
 Now join thy People's, and thy CALI's Prayers,
 Suspend thy Passage to the Seats of Bliss,
 Nor wish for Houries in IRENE's Arms. 10

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long try'd Faith of CALI.

CALI.

O! could the Eyes of Kings, like those of Heav'n,
 Search to the dark Recesses of the Soul,
 Oft would they find Ingratitude and Treason,
 By Smiles, and Oaths, and Praises ill disguis'd. 15
 How rarely would they meet in croud'd Courts,
 Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

Irene

MUSTAPHA.

Yet ere we give our loosen'd Thoughts to Rapture,
Let Prudence obviate an impending Danger.
Tainted by Sloth, the Parent of Sedition, 20
The hungry Janizary burns for Plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle Sabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their Murmurs, ere the twentieth Sun
Shall shed his Beams upon the bridal Bed,
I rouse to War, and conquer for IRENE. 25
Then shall the *Rhodian* mourn his sinking Tow'rs,
And *Buda* fall, and proud *Vienna* tremble,
Then shall *Venetia* feel the *Turkish* Pow'r,
And subject Seas roar round their Queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair *Italy's* delightful Coast, 30
To fix your Standard in Imperial *Rome*.

MAHOMET.

Her Sons malicious Clemency shall spare,
To form new Legends, sanctify new Crimes,
To canonize the Slaves of Superstition,
And fill the World with Follies and Impostures, 35
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for Ruin,
And War o'erwhelm them in their Dream of Vice.
O could her fabled Saints, and boasted Prayers
Call forth her ancient Heroes to the Field,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce Shock of Nations, 40
To cross the Tow'rings of an equal Soul,
And bid the master Genius rule the World.
ABDALLA, CALI, go—proclaim my Purpose.

[*Exeunt* Cali and Abdalla.

23 Murmurs ere 1749, 1754

35. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v. 'imposture'.

SCENE VI

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still CALI lives, and must he live To-morrow?
 That fawning Villain's forc'd Congratulations
 Will cloud my Triumphs, and pollute the Day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious Vigilance, at my Command,
 Two faithful Captains, HASAN and CARAZA,
 Pursue him through his Labyrinths of Treason,
 And wait your Summons to report his Conduct.

5

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their Tale,
 Nor press too much upon a Lover's Patience.

[Exit Must.

SCENE VII

MAHOMET *solus*.

Whome'er the Hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
 Of Happiness, lures on from Toil to Toil,
 Remember MAHOMET, and cease thy Labour.
 Behold him here, in Love, in War successful,
 Behold him wretched in his double Triumph;
 His Fav'rite faithless, and his Mistress base.
 Ambition only gave her to my Arms,
 By Reason not convinc'd, nor won by Love.
 Ambition was her Crime, but meaner Folly
 Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on Falshood,
 And idolize th' Apostate I contemn.
 If thou art more than the gay Dream of Fancy,
 More than a pleasing Sound without a Meaning,
 O Happiness! sure thou art all ASPASIA's.

5

10

Irene

SCENE VIII

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN *and* CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

CARAZA speak—have ye remark'd the BASSA?

CARAZA.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his Steps;
His Air disorder'd, and his Gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild Emotions of his Mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his Eyes, 5
Absorb'd in Thought; then starting from his Trance,
Constrains a sullen Smile, and shoots away.
With him ABDALLA we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

ABDALLA!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late Resentment on his Brow,
Deny'd the Government of *Servia's* Province. 10

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in Excess of Fury,
And heard within the Thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd Sound of threat'ning Rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How Guilt once harbour'd in the conscious Breast,
Intimidates the Brave, degrades the Great. 15
See CALI, Dread of Kings, and Pride of Armies,
By Treason levell'd with the Dregs of Men.

3-7. Cf. *The Rambler*, No. 60:
'Thus Sallust, the great master, has
not forgot, in his account of Catiline,
to remark that *his walk was now*
quick, and again slow, as indications of

a mind revolving something with
violent commotion.'

14-15. Quoted in the *Dictionary*, s.v.
'intimidate'.

Ere guilty Fear depress'd the hoary Chief,
 An angry Murmur, a rebellious Frown,
 Had stretch'd the fiery Boaster in the Grave.

20

MAHOMET.

Shall Monarchs fear to draw the Sword of Justice,
 Aw'd by the Croud, and by their Slaves restrain'd?
 Seize him this Night, and through the private Passage
 Convey him to the Prison's inmost Depths,
 Reserv'd to all the Pangs of tedious Death.

25

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

SCENE IX

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the *Greeks*, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
 Contrive perhaps, the Ruin of our Empire,
 League with our Chiefs, and propagate Sedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their Scheme the BASSA's Death defeats it,
 And Gratitude's strong Ties restrain my Tongue.

5

HASAN.

What Ties to Slaves? what Gratitude to Foes?

CARAZA.

In that black Day when slaughter'd Thousands fell
 Around these fatal Walls, the Tide of War
 Bore me victorious onward, where DEMETRIUS
 Tore unresisted from the Giant Hand
 Of stern *Sebalias* the triumphant Crescent,
 And dash'd the Might of *Asem* from the Ramparts.
 There I became, nor blush to make it known,
 The Captive of his Sword. The coward *Greeks*,

10

Irene

Enrag'd by Wrongs, exulting with Success,
Doom'd me to die with all the *Turkish* Captains.
But brave DEMETRIUS scorn'd the mean Revenge,
And gave me Life—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the Gift,
Lest unrewarded Mercy lose its Charms.
Profuse of Wealth, or bounteous of Success,
When Heav'n bestows the Privilege to bless,
Let no weak Doubt the gen'rous Hand restrain,
For when was Pow'r beneficent in vain?

ACT V

SCENE I

In these dark Moments of suspended Fate,
While yet the future Fortune of my Country
Lies in the Womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious Angels wait the mighty Birth;
O grant thy sacred Influence, pow'rful Virtue! 5
Attention rise, survey the fair Creation,
Till conscious of th' incircling Deity,
Beyond the Mists of Care thy Pinion tow'rs.
This Calm, these Joys, dear Innocence! are thine,
Joys ill exchang'd for Gold, and Pride, and Empire. 10

[*Enter Irene and Attendants.*]

SCENE II

ASPASIA, IRENE, *and Attendants.*

See how the Moon through all th' unclouded Sky
Spreads her mild Radiance, and descending Dews

Revive the languid Flow'rs ; thus Nature shone
 New from the Maker's Hand, and fair array'd
 In the bright Colours of primæval Spring ; 5
 When Purity, while Fraud was yet unknown,
 Play'd fearless in th' inviolated Shades.
 This elemental Joy, this gen'ral Calm,
 Is sure the Smile of unoffended Heav'n.
 Yet ! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring Grove 10
 ASPASIA stands—

IRENE.

With melancholy Mien,
 Pensive, and envious of IRENE's Greatness.
 Steal unperceiv'd upon her Meditations—
 But see, the lofty Maid at our Approach,
 Resumes th' imperious Air of haughty Virtue. 15
 Are these th' unceasing Joys, th' unmingled Pleasures
 For which ASPASIA scorn'd the *Turkish* Crown ? [To Asp.
 Is this th' unshaken Confidence in Heav'n ?
 Is this the boasted Bliss of conscious Virtue ?
 When did Content sigh out her Cares in secret ? 20
 When did Felicity repine in Desarts ?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with Guilt the Gaieties of Triumph ;
 When daring Vice insults eternal Justice,
 The Ministers of Wrath forget Compassion,
 And snatch the flaming Bolt with hasty Hand. 25

IRENE.

Forbear thy Threats, proud Prophetess of Ill,
 Vers'd in the secret Counsels of the Sky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear—But thou art sunk beneath Reproach;
 In vain affected Raptures flush the Cheek,
 And Songs of Pleasure warble from the Tongue, 30
 When Fear and Anguish labour in the Breast,
 And all within is Darkness and Confusion;
 Thus on deceitful *Etna's* flow'ry Side,
 Unfading Verdure glads the roving Eye,
 While secret Flames, with unextinguish'd Rage, 35
 Insatiate on her wasted Entrails prey,
 And melt her treach'rous Beauties into Ruin.

SCENE III

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my Love, Destruction rushes on us,
 The Rack expects us, and the Sword pursues.

ASPASIA.

Is *Greece* deliver'd? is the Tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more, the prosp'rous Tyrant lives,
 Reserv'd, for other Lands, the Scourge of Heav'n.

ASPASIA.

Say, by what Fraud, what Force were you defeated?
 Betray'd by Falshood, or by Crouds o'erborn?

DEMETRIUS.

The pressing Exigence forbids Relation.
 ABDALLA—

ASPASIA.

Hated Name! his jealous Rage
Broke out in Perfidy—Oh curs'd ASPASIA, 10
Born to compleat the Ruin of her Country;
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding *Greece*,
Oh, hide me from myself!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitless Grief
The Doom of Guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The Breast where Virtue guards the Throne of Peace. 15
Devolve, dear Maid, thy Sorrows on the Wretch,
Whose Fear, or Rage, or Treachery betray'd us.

IRENE *aside*.

A private Station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of IRENE's Presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to Love and Treason. 20
[*Withdraws.*]

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell, or hear, were Waste of Life.

ASPASIA.

The Life, which only this Design supported,
Were now well lost, in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
ABDALLA, while we waited near the Palace, 25
With ill-tim'd Mirth propos'd the Bowl of Love.
Just as it reach'd my Lips, a sudden Cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the Ground untouch'd,
And seize my Sword with disencumber'd Hand.

15. Cf. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 142.

ASPASIA.

What Cry? The Stratagem? Did then ABDALLA?— 30

DEMETRIUS.

At once a Thousand Passions fir'd his Cheek:
Then all is past he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the Call of CALI deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay? deserted and betray'd?
What more could Force attempt, or Art contrive? 35

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in Suspence; but soon ABDALLA
Return'd with Force that made Resistance vain,
And bade his new Confederates seize the Traitors.
CALI disarm'd was born away to Death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O *Greece*! renown'd for Science and for Wealth,
Behold thy boasted Honours snatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

Though Disappointment blast our general Scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call 45
The Day disast'rous that secures our Flight;
Nor think that Effort lost which rescues thee. [*Enter Abd.*]

SCENE IV

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the Prize is mine—The haughty Maid
That bears the Fate of Empires in her Air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone

Shall plume her Charms, and, with attentive Watch,
Steal from ABDALLA's Eye the Sign to smile.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild Roar of savage Exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic Boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, DEMETRIUS, 'tis ASPASIA calls thee;
Thy Love, ASPASIA, calls; restrain thy Sword;
Nor rush on useless Wounds with idle Courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly?

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the Savage live, to boast his Insult;
Tell how DEMETRIUS shun'd his single Hand,
And stole his Life and Mistress from his Sabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate Loiterer, has Fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his Iron Gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the Jaws of Death?
Snar'd with thy Fears, and maz'd in Stupefaction.

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my Fair, 'tis Life, 'tis Nature calls.
Now, Traytor, feel the Fear that chills my Hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis Madness to provoke superfluous Danger,
And Cowardice to dread the Boast of Folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, Wretch, while yet my Pity grants thee Flight;
 The Pow'r of *Turkey* waits upon my Call.
 Leave but this Maid, resign a hopeless Claim,
 And drag away thy Life in Scorn and Safety,
 Thy Life, too mean a Prey to lure ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy Sword, behold the Prize,
 Behold I quit her to the Chance of Battle.
[*Quitting* Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Well mayst thou call thy Master to the Combat, 30
 And try the Hazard that hast Nought to stake;
 Alike my Death or thine is gain to thee,
 But soon thou shalt repent: another Moment
 Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.
[*Exit hastily* ABDALLA.

SCENE V

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

ABDALLA fails, now Fortune all is mine. [*Aside.*
 Haste, MURZA, to the Palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her Attendants.*
 Dispatch his Guards to stop the flying Traytors,
 While I protract their Stay. Be swift and faithful.
[*Exit* MURZA.
 This lucky Stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.* 5
 Secure his Confidence, and fix his Love.

Johnson's Poems

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a Boaster's Worth. Now snatch, my Fair,
The happy Moment, hasten to the Shore,
Ere he return with Thousands at his Side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting Call 10
Of Freedom and of Love: My trembling Joints
Relax'd with Fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, DEMETRIUS, lest my Fate involve thee,
Forsake a Wretch abandon'd to Despair,
To share the Miseries herself has caus'd. 15

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal Will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable Ruins;
Come haste, and live—Thy Innocence and Truth
Shall bless our Wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

IRENE.

Press not her Flight, while yet her feeble Nerves 20
Refuse their Office, and uncertain Life
Still labours with imaginary Woe;
Here let me tend her with officious Care,
Watch each unquiet Flutter of the Breast,
And joy to feel the vital Warmth return, 25
To see the Cloud forsake her kindling Cheek,
And hail the rosy Dawn of rising Health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather scornful of flagitious Greatness,
Resolve to share our Dangers and our Toils,
Companion of our Flight, illustrious Exile, 30
Leave Slav'ry, Guilt, and Infamy behind.

IRENE.

My Soul attends thy Voice, and banish'd Virtue
Strives to regain her Empire of the Mind:

Assist her Efforts with thy strong Persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy Hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd Vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember, Peace and Anguish are before thee,
And Honour and Reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

ASPASIA.

Content with Freedom, and precarious Greatness.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy Choice, while yet the Pow'r of Choice 40
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting Mercy
Holds out her Hand to lead thee back to Truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious Twilight of Conviction,
The Gleams of Reason, and the Clouds of Passion,
Irradiate and obscure my Breast by Turns : 45
Stay but a Moment, and prevailing Truth
Will spread resistless Light upon my Soul.

DEMETRIUS.

But since none knows the Danger of a Moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish Life away,
Let kind Compulsion terminate the Contest. 50
[*Seizing her Hand.*
Ye Christian Captives, follow me to Freedom:
A Galley waits us, and the Winds invite.

IRENE.

Whence is this Violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer Thought
Will teach a gentler Term.

IRENE.

Forbear this Rudeness,
 And learn the Rev'rence due to *Turkey's* Queen. 55
 Fly, Slaves, and call the Sultan to my Rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy Maid, may ev'ry Joy
 Be thine, that Wealth can give, or Guilt receive.

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial Pow'r,
 Disease shall chase the Phantoms of Ambition, 60
 May Penitence attend thy mournful Bed,
 And wing thy latest Pray'r to pitying Heav'n.
 [*Exeunt* Demetrius, Aspasia, with *Part of the Attendants*.]

SCENE VI

IRENE *walks at a Distance from her Attendants.*
After a Pause.

Against the Head which Innocence secures,
 Insidious Malice aims her Darts in vain;
 Turn'd backwards by the powerful Breath of Heav'n.
 Perhaps ev'n now the Lovers unpursu'd
 Bound o'er the sparkling Waves. Go, happy Bark, 5
 Thy sacred Freight shall still the raging Main.
 To guide thy Passage shall th' aerial Spirits
 Fill all the starry Lamps with double Blaze;
 Th' applauding Sky shall pour forth all its Beams
 To grace the Triumph of victorious Virtue; 10
 While I, not yet familiar to my Crimes,
 Recoil from Thought, and shudder at myself.
 How am I chang'd! How lately did IRENE
 Fly from the busy Pleasures of her Sex,

Well pleas'd to search the Treasures of Remembrance, 15
 And live her guiltless Moments o'er anew!
 Come let us seek new Pleasures in the Palace, [To her
 Till soft Fatigue invite us to repose. *Attendants, going off.*

SCENE VII

Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.

MUSTAPHA.

Fair Falshood stay.

What Dream of sudden Power
 Has taught my Slave the Language of Command!
 Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second Pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for Pardon from a Wretch condemn'd?

Thy Look, thy Speech, thy Action, all is Wildness—
 Who charges Guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges Guilt?
 Ask of thy Heart; attend the Voice of Conscience—
 Who charges Guilt! lay by this proud Resentment
 That fires thy Cheek, and elevates thy Mien,
 Nor thus usurp the Dignity of Virtue.
 Review this Day.

I RENE.

Whate'er thy Accusation,
 The Sultan is my Judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That Hope is past;
Hard was the Strife of Justice and of Love;
But now 'tis o'er, and Justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not CALI? know'st thou not DEMETRIUS? 15

IRENE.

Bold Slave, I know them both—I know them Traytors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them Traytors.

IRENE.

Their Treason throws no Stain upon IRENE.
This Day has prov'd my Fondness for the Sultan;
He knew IRENE's Truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it, 20
He knows how near Apostacy to Treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest Vengeance urge my Hand to Blood,
To Blood, too mean to stain a Soldier's Sabre.
[Exit Mustapha.

IRENE to her Attendants.

Go, blustering Slave.—He has not heard of MURZA. 25
That dext'rous Message frees me from Suspicion.

SCENE VIII

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, with Mutes, who throw the black Robe upon IRENE, and sign to her Attendants to withdraw.

HASAN.

Forgive, fair Excellence, th' unwilling Tongue,
The Tongue, that, forc'd by strong Necessity,
Bids Beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild Mistake is this? Take hence with speed
Your Robe of Mourning, and your Dogs of Death. 5
Quick from my Sight you inauspicious Monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock IRENE's Walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come, commanded by the Sultan,
Th' un pitying Ministers of *Turkish* Justice,
Nor dare to spare the Life his Frown condemns. 10

IRENE.

Are these the rapid Thunderbolts of War,
That pour with sudden Violence on Kingdoms,
And spread their Flames resistless o'er the World?
What sleepy Charms benumb these active Heroes,
Depress their Spirits, and retard their Speed? 15
Beyond the Fear of ling'ring Punishment,
ASPASIA now within her Lover's Arms
Securely sleeps, and, in delightful Dreams,
Smiles at the Threat'nings of defeated Rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright Virgin, tho' relenting Nature 20
Shrinks at the hated Task, for thy Destruction;
When, summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous Fury,
We ask'd, with tim'rous Tongue, th' Offender's Name,
He struck his tortur'd Breast, and roar'd, IRENE:
We started at the Sound, again enquir'd, 25
Again his thund'ring Voice return'd, IRENE.

IRENE.

Whence is this Rage? what barb'rous Tongue has
wrong'd me?
What Fraud misleads him? or what Crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring CALI nam'd IRENE's Chamber,
The Place appointed for his Master's Death.

30

IRENE.

IRENE's Chamber! From my faithful Bosom
Far be the Thought—But hear my Protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the Cause, we hear the Sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful Messengers of Death.

35

Some ill designing Statesman's base Intrigue!
Some cruel Stratagem of jealous Beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the Villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning Thought
Recall th' extorted Doom.—It must be so,
Confess your Crime, or lead me to the Sultan,
There dauntless Truth shall blast the vile Accuser,
Then shall you feel what Language cannot utter,
Each piercing Torture, every Change of Pain,
That Vengeance can invent, or Pow'r inflict.

40

45

[Enter ABDALLA, he stops short and listens.

SCENE IX

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA *Aside*.

All is not lost, ABDALLA, see the Queen,
See the last Witness of thy Guilt and Fear
Enrob'd in Death—Dispatch her and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy Fair! Compassion calls upon me
To check this Torrent of imperious Rage,
While unavailing Anger crouds thy Tongue
With idle Threats and fruitless Exclamation,
The fraudulent Moments ply their silent Wings,
And steal thy Life away. Death's horrid Angel
Already shakes his bloody Sabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our Return,
Curses the dull Delays of ling'ring Mercy,
And thinks his fatal Mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your Sov'reign's Life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parly with detected Treason?
Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's Presence,
Soon might her Tears engage a Lover's Credit;
Perhaps her Malice might transfer the Charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous Tongue might blast ABDALLA.

IRENE.

O let me be but heard, nor fear from me
Or Flights of Pow'r, or Projects of Ambition.
My Hopes, my Wishes, terminate in Life,
A little Life for Grief, and for Repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily Messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest Walks: 25
I guess'd her dark Designs, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former Sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our Cruelty, nor Crime,
Deem us not deaf to Woe, nor blind to Beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the Stroke of Death. 30
[Beckons the Mutes.

IRENE.

O name not Death! Distraction and Amazement,
 Horror and Agony are in that Sound!
 Let me but live, heap Woes on Woes upon me,
 Hide me with Murd'ers in the Dungeon's Gloom,
 Send me to wander on some pathless Shore, 35
 Let Shame and hooting Infamy pursue me,
 Let Slav'ry harrass, and let Hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the Sentence of the Sultan,
 Our bleeding Bosoms plead IRENE'S Cause.
 But Cries and Tears are vain, prepare with Patience 40
 To meet that Fate we can delay no longer.

[The Mutes at the Sign lay hold of her.]

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring Slaves, or nimbler Hands
 Quick at my Call shall execute your Charge;
 Dispatch, and learn a fitter Time for Pity.

Grant me one Hour, O grant me but a Moment, 45
 And bounteous Heaven repay the mighty Mercy
 With peaceful Death, and Happiness eternal.

CARAZA.

The Prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
 Short be thy Pains. *[Signs again to the Mutes.]*

IRENE.

Unutterable Anguish!
 Guilt and Despair! pale Spectres, grin around me, 50
 And stun me with the Yellings of Damnation!
 O, hear my Pray'rs! accept, all-pitying Heaven,

Irene

These Tears, these Pangs, these last Remains of Life,
Nor let the Crimes of this detested Day
Be charg'd upon my Soul. O, Mercy! Mercy! 55
[*Mutes force her out.*]

SCENE X

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA *Aside*.

Safe in her Death, and in DEMETRIUS' Flight,
ABDALLA, bid thy troubled Breast be calm;
Now shalt thou shine the Darling of the Sultan,
The Plot all CALI's, the Detection thine.

HASAN *to* CARAZA.

Does not thy Bosom, for I know thee tender,
A Stranger to th' Oppressor's savage Joy,
Melt at IRENE's Fate, and share her Woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing Cries yet fill the loaded Air,
Dwell on my Ear, and sadden all my Soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded Brows,
And tell the horrid Tale with chearful Face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your Report with circumspective Art,
Inflame her Crimes, exalt your own Obedience,
But let no thoughtless Hint involve ABDALLA.

CARAZA.

What need of Caution to report the Fate
Of her the Sultan's Voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose Violence of Duty
Has serv'd his Prince so well, demand our Silence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my Zeal too fierce betray'd my Prudence ; 20
 Perhaps my Warmth exceeded my Commission ;
 Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my Cause ;
 Or argue with the Slave that sav'd DEMETRIUS.

CARAZA.

From his Escape learn thou the Pow'r of Virtue,
 Nor hope his Fortune while thou want'st his Worth. 25

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where 's this fair Trait'ress? Where 's this smiling
 Mischief?
 Whom neither Vows could fix, nor Favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine Orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
 And all IRENE now is breathless Clay.

MAHOMET.

Your hasty Zeal defrauds the Claim of Justice, 5
 And disappointed Vengeance burns in vain ;
 I came to heighten Tortures by Reproach,
 And add new Terrors to the Face of Death.
 Was this the Maid whose Love I bought with Empire!
 True, she was fair; the Smile of Innocence 10
 Play'd on her Cheek—So shone the first Apostate—
 IRENE's Chamber! Did not roaring CALI,
 Just as the Rack forc'd out his struggling Soul,
 Name for the Scene of Death IRENE's Chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His Breath prolong'd but to detect her Treason,
Then in short Sighs forsook his broken Frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in IRENE's Chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing Falshoods,
Clasp'd in her Arms, or slumb'ring on her Breast,
And bar'd my Bosom to the Ruffian's Dagger.

SCENE XII

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA,
ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that by Fate prevented,
I bring a tardy Message from IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Some artful Wile of counterfeited Love!
Some soft Decoy to lure me to Destruction!
And thou, the curs'd Accomplice of her Treason,
Declare thy Message, and expect thy Doom.

MURZA.

The Queen requested that a chosen Troop
Might intercept the Traitor *Greek*, DEMETRIUS,
Then ling'ring with his captive Mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The *Greek*, DEMETRIUS! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief Associate of his Guilt.

MAHOMET.

A chosen Troop—to intercept—DEMETRIUS—
The Queen requested—Wretch, repeat the Message;

And if one varied Accent prove thy Falshood,
 Or but one Moment's Pause betray Confusion, 15
 Those trembling Limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring
 Traitor.

MURZA.

The Queen requested—

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead IRENE?

Was she then guiltless! Has my thoughtless Rage
 Destroy'd the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n!
 Doom'd to her Death unpity'd and unheard, 20
 Amidst her kind Solitudes for me!
 Ye Slaves of Cruelty, ye Tools of Rage,
[To Has. and Car.]

Ye blind officious Ministers of Folly,
 Could not her Charms repress your Zeal for Murder?
 Could not her Prayers, her Innocence, her Tears, 25
 Suspend the dreadful Sentence for an Hour?
 One Hour had freed me from the fatal Error,
 One Hour had sav'd me from Despair and Madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce Impatience forc'd us from your Presence,
 Urg'd us to Speed, and bad us banish Pity, 30
 Nor trust our Passions with her fatal Charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those Commands?
 Thy Life perhaps—Were but IRENE spar'd,
 Well if a Thousand Lives like thine had perish'd;
 Such Beauty, Sweetness, Love, were cheaply bought, 35
 With half the grov'ling Slaves that load the Globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy Woe! but think, illustrious Sultan,
 Such Ills are sent for Souls like thine to conquer.

Shake off this Weight of unavailing Grief,
Rush to the War, display thy dreadful Banners, 40
And lead thy Troops victorious round the World.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the Maid, with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for Fame or for Dominion ;
Success and Conquest now are empty Sounds,
Remorse and Anguish seize on all my Breast; 45
Those Groves, whose Shades embower'd the dear IRENE,
Heard her last Cries, and fann'd her dying Beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless World for ever.

[Mahomet goes back and returns.

Yet ere I quit the Scepter of Dominion,
Let one just Act conclude the hateful Day. 50
Hew down, ye Guards, those Vassals of Distraction,

[Pointing to Hasan and Caraza.

Those Hounds of Blood, that catch the Hint to kill,
Bear off with eager Haste th' unfinish'd Sentence,
And speed the Stroke lest Mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great MAHOMET, the Voice of Truth. 55

MAHOMET.

Hear! shall I hear thee! did'st thou hear IRENE?

CARAZA.

Hear but a Moment.

MAHOMET.

Had'st thou heard a Moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd IRENE.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd—Be still thy Fate to wish in vain. 60

CARAZA.

I heard, and soften'd, till ABDALLA brought
Her final Doom, and hurried her Destruction.

MAHOMET.

ABDALLA brought her Doom! ABDALLA brought it!
The Wretch, whose Guilt declar'd by tortur'd CALI,
My Rage and Grief had hid from my Remembrance. 65
ABDALLA brought her Doom!

HASAN.

ABDALLA brought it,
While she yet beg'd to plead her Cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, Madness—Did she call on me!
I feel, I see the Ruffian's barb'rous Rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond Appeal, 70
And stopp'd the heav'nly Voice that call'd on me.
My Spirits fail, awhile support me, Vengeance—
Be just ye Slaves, and, to be just, be cruel,
Contrive new Racks, imbitter every Pang,
Inflict whatever Treason can deserve, 75
Which murder'd Innocence that call'd on me.

[Exit Mahomet.

[Abdalla is dragg'd off.

SCENE XIII

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA to MURZA.

What Plagues, what Tortures, are in Store for thee,
Thou sluggish Idler, dilatory Slave?
Behold the Model of consummate Beauty,
Torn from the mourning Earth by thy Neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the Will of Heav'n—A Band of *Greeks* 5
That mark'd my Course, suspicious of my Purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded Beach
Detain'd me till DEMETRIUS set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the Fall of Greatness rais'd on Crimes, 10
So fix'd the Justice of all-conscious Heav'n.
When haughty Guilt exults with impious Joy,
Mistake shall blast, or Accident destroy;
Weak Man with erring Rage may throw the Dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty Heart. 15

FINIS.

THE FIRST DRAFT OF 'IRENE'

Johnson's unpublished first draft of *Irene* is here reproduced with literal exactness, but the outline of the plot has been separated from the drafts of individual speeches,—a division clearly indicated in the manuscript. Folio numbers are given in square brackets in the margin, and letters covered by the binder or missing from damage to the manuscript have been added in square brackets also. Curved brackets are Johnson's, and generally show alternative readings. Words which he has underlined are printed in italics; in general these indicate that he is considering an alternative reading. Words which he has struck out are given in italics and enclosed in pointed brackets. Interlinear matter is wherever possible reduced to the normal line and enclosed in pointed brackets. Marginal numbers and letters not enclosed in square brackets usually are keys to other places in the manuscript where the speech is continued or changed. Footnotes give the place in the final form of the play where the speech, even though greatly altered, may be found.

Outline of Plot and Characters: First Draft of IRENE

[1] Mahomet
[3v] Knolles
P. 433

avaritious and
(*avarit*) 338

The Turkish Emperour 3 Fol parte aversa Mahomet was learn'd especially in Astronomy could speak Greek Latin Arabick Chaldee and Persian he loved the Arts, and encourag'd a Venetian Painter. He was irreligious, perfidious, ambitious bloody cruel revengefull crafty and dissembling. He delighted in reading Histories particularly of Alexander and Julius Cæsar.

Constantinople situated on the Bosphorus Thracius within half a mile of Asia.

Mahom: made a mine which was discovered 343

A Bridge of half a mile was made over the Haven 344

Pantogles the Turkish Admiral 344

The numbers on 3v refer to pages in *The Generall Historie of the Turkes*, by Richard Knolles.

The Constantinopolitans would hardly leave their trades to go to the Walls the Soldiers would not fight without present pay. The people hid their Corn and their money which they were upbraided for.

The Emperour stood in the Breach to stop them and was trodden to Death

Cali Bassa was hated by Mahomet because he had counsel'd Amurath to resume the Empire but feared his power till himself was establish'd. The Bassa knowing his ill will undertook a pilgrimage to Mecca—His correspondence with Constantine was discovered by Leontares

Cali Bassa First Vizier who had held Correspondence with the Christians of Constantinople which he has reason to think by Mahomet's carriage to him is not conceal'd from him, to try him he feigns a pilgrimage to Mecca and being refused is confirmed in his Suspicion and enters into measures to obviate the blow by the Death of Mahomet. Subtle, Seditious, Impious

1*
2 = I I
3 =
4 =
5 =

Mustapha Aga of the Janizaries envious of Cali
Lascaris A Greek Nobleman versed in Philosophy and Literature, in Love with Aspasia—
Demetrius

Leontius
(Arsanes) A Greek Nobleman his Friend
Sebalias A.
bemaza }
Turachan } Hozza
Abdalla } joint Conspiratour with Cali (disappointed of a Government)
Irene A Grecian Lady (bello) belov'd by Mahomet who for a Crown &c

[1 con't]
Zoganus [t]he
second Bassa
[e]nvious of
Cali.

Muly Moluc
Hasan Aladin
Omar
Seremet
Caraza Asam

* These five numbers comprise outline of each act begins: Act II Johnson's unfinished key to the begins on folio 11. place in the manuscript where the

Aspasia Another Grecian Lady now Captive
with Irene bred up in all the Learning of
Greece both spar'd in the Sack and
reserv'd for Mahomet

Euphemia A Greek

Hazathya A Turkish Lady

[10] Act 1st Scene 1st (Scene a Garden near the Walls of
Constant.) Time ten days after the taking of it.

Demetrius and Arsanes (Leontius) Lament their
Country, mention Aspasia Demetrius's Mistress of
Demetrius dis- whose fate he is ignorant, and Cali Bassa who is to
guised like a Turk.— come by appointment to Demetrius, by whō Arsanes
is detain'd

Scene 2d Enter Cali Bassa to whom Demetrius who
had been protected by Cali recommends Arsanes. Cali
thereupon recapitulating his kindnesses to them relates

He will leave the unsettled Conquests of Greece, and
Mahomat's ill will to him, which made favour the
Christians and his Suspicion that he intends (either
upon the knowledge of his late treason, or out of
former anger) to cut him off, which he is
determin'd to prevent by striking first, unless he
can escape under pretence of a pilgrimage to
Mecca, in which case he shall employ them to assist
him in the secret transportation of his Treasures
which he dares not trust to Turkish hands. Then
tells them that if that measure does not succeed being
assured by Mahomets refusal, of his design, he shall
make Use of their Assistance in executing his inten-
tion which they may afford by their interest in Irene
and Aspasia whom he gives an account of and pro-
poses to them to stab him in her Chamber (he being
there unguarded) and escape in a Galley he has pre-
pared man'd with Christian Slaves, while he en-
deavours to raise himself to empire. (perhaps he
shows them how lawfull it is, the Sultan having not
given them quarter but supposing them Dead.)
Demetrius over-joy'd to hear of Aspas.* engages in
any thing to get her out the Tyrants hands. Arsanes

And promises to restore the Grecian Empire

*He resolves
to precipitate
the Attempt,
lest the Tyrant
should renew
his Love

a hot Young Soldier thinks Glory and revenge sufficient Cali seeing Mustapha at a distance furnishes them with Daggers and parts in haste from them when Scene 3d Mustapha enters who informs Caly of Mahomet's approach makes some mention of his Passion for Irene. 13M.

promises them

and of the
Hope he now
has that she
will quit her
own Religion.
which is dwelt
on some time

Scene 4th Mahomet enters Talks of his Love, and commits her Apartments to the care of Cali Bassa till his Seraglio can be settled he Despatches Mustapha to see the *Death of Leontares* and then Caly begs leave to go the Pilgrimage to Mecca but is refused. 11 Scene 5th

Act 2d Scene 1st Scene continues in the Garden
Aspasia } Aspasia encourages Irene to persist in the
Irene } Faith animates her with the Love of Virtue,
with Resentment showing her the ruins of her Country, with hope of Assistance from Providence, which generally comes to our assistance in extremities

Providence
still reigns
over all to be
observ'd if not
exhausted
afterwards

45 Irene answers faintly when Cal and Abd. enter

2

Asp. Iren. } Cali and Abdalla praise Mahomet. Cali
Cali Abdalla } hearing Demetrius and Arsanes at the Gate commands Abd. to conduct the Ladies to the Palace.

Cali }
solus } Observes the necessity of sending away Aspasia

4

Cali }
Demetrius } (They reject to morrow, and determine
Arsanes } to strike to day) Cali takes notice that
Abdalla has inform'd them of his Conference (of) (with) Mahomet, (mentions Amurath) remands Arsanes to his Galley and orders to win the sailors to him by kindness. Demetrius being (in) Turkish Dress stays with him till Mustapha approaches. Dem. raves on Aspasia. (He acquaints them with Abdallas character who was recommended by him and refused)

(His W.
embark'd)
He has won
the Sailors

5
Cali } Cali observing that Mustapha has uneasi-
Mustapha } ness in his Countenance enquires the
reason, affirms of himself that he neither joys nor
grieves but as he observes those passions in the
Sultan Mustapha excuses it and As Mahomet comes
towards them sends him for Irene.

6
Mustapha } Mustapha informs Mahomet of Cali's
Mahomet then } Mahomet. } Treason discover'd by Leontares, and his
tell Cali } suspicion of Demetrius whom he has seen twice to Day
request of } consulting with Cali and fled (15B) as he approach'd
Pilgrimage } in haste. and at first heard mention of Greece Daggers
&c by which he convinces Mahomet who before
slighted Cali that his danger is imminent, they agree
that his Execution shall be private because of his Popu-
larity and the affair is committed to Mustapha. <Mus-
[11v] tapha) Cali then introduces Irene

7
7X 16.8 14L 15Q Mahomet } Mahomet courts Irene she refuses but
Irene } faintly

3
I

Cali } <Cali chides Abdalla for not returning to
Abdalla } their Counsellors proper activity> Abdalla
declares his passion for Aspasia, Cali reproves him
for letting such softness steal upon him at such a
time Abdalla still perseveres in his passion when
Demetrius and Arsanes enter

2

Cali Abd. } <They determine on to day> Cali
Demetri Ars: } boasts of the Security of Mahomet
who trusts him with Irene and himself, Arsanes de-
scribes the Cheerfulness of his Sailors Demetrius is
still in pain for a sight of Aspasia which he is promised.

3

Upbraids him } Cali } Abdalla enraged at Cali's promise to Deme-
with mention- } Abd. } trius that he shall see Aspasia charges Cali
ing justice

with neglect of him, and when Cali endeavours to shew him, the unreasonableness and injustice of his passion threatens to discover the whole affair unless he is gratified

considering
his present
engagements.

⁴
Cali Abd. } Mahomet boasts of his art in courting
Must. Mah } Irene and the success of it, has orderd
her a train of Christian Slaves as the first mark of
Royalty to make her in love with sovereign power,
He attributes something to Calis persuasions who
thereupon boasts of his fidelity, and proposes to re-
move Aspasia.

⁵
Cali } Laments the Slavery of Guilt, observes that a
solus } Conspiracy levels all when Irene enters with
Aspasia and her train

15p
or it may be
observ'd by
Must. 4 Sc.
pen.

⁶
Cali } Cali compliments Irene on her splendid
Asp. Irene } attendance

16

⁷
Asp. } Aspasia endeavours to dissuade Irene from
Iren. } complying with Mah. but in vain they argue
long

[16]

11

Asp. } Maid asks admission for a Stranger which
Iren. } Irene grants Demetrius enters
Maid }

⁹
Demetrius } Demetrius and Aspasia talk over their
Irene } past uneasinesses and future Dangers
Aspasia } without mention of the plot and Deme-
trius concludes with recommends to her (an) un-
shaken (tr) trust in Heaven. A tender Interview.
Simile at parting of a Merchant leaving his native
country.

an Exile

4

I

Demetr: } Talk of the design while Irene is with
 Aspasia } Mahomet She is distrustfull of Cali—she
 informs him that Irene will yield

Demetrius Observe that the Night is coming and
 Arsanes comes } Cali Leontius encourage each other, and determine
 to inform to strike to night because when Irene
 them that the is Queen he will no more retire to so private a place.
 Galley is (Arse) Leont. and Demetr. dispute who shall kill
 brought to the Mahomet.
 Garden

3

Abdalla goes } Cali. } Determine to poyson Demetrius just before
 to prepare Abdal. } the act, that he may live to strike the Blow
 poyson not to enjoy Aspasia. Mentions the remorse with
 Cali solus which wisdom afflicts the guilty

4

Mustapha says } Cali Abd } Mahomet calls upon them all to
 the Soldiers Mahomet Must } (congratu) (unite in) joy for his
 will mummur. Success with Irene whom he h. n. g.* that to morrow
 he will espouse her as Queen. He shall hereafter
 conquer for Irene—sends Caly to inform Soldiers

5

Mahomet. } Yet Cali lives—says Mah: and recom-
 Must. } mends to Musta—to cut him off before
 to Morrow. Mustapha tells him that he has planted
 Hasan and Caraza about Cali

bring Cali } 6 Mahom } Must. examines them what they have
 alive [an]d } Must. Must. } observ'd of Cali. they inform him of
 (kill) his } Hasan Caraza } his hurry, his perturbation, incessus
 Companions } modo citus modo lentus he charges them to kill him
 and his Christian Companions.

7

Hasan } Caraza relates to Hasan who enquires why
 Caraza } in his relation he said so little of Demetrius.

* has now gain'd *Largitor*.

That Demetrius when he took him prisoner dismiss'd him, after he had been condemn'd by way of reprisal to dye for which notwithstanding the danger he will deliver him.

5 Scene *Irene's Appariments* || continues in the [from 16v] F Garden.

*Scene 1 *Aspasia* } sola She enters in and is confused
 } at last prays, as Her prayer ends
enter Iren and att.

Scene 2

Asp } Irene praises** the Serenity of the Night, and
Iren } thinks Heav'n shows no mark of displeasure,
Att } while Nature smiles thus around. And insults
Aspasia's Melancholly.

(1) 3

Demetrius } Demetrius come in with confusion call-
Aspasia } ing upon Aspasia to fly, who enquiring
Irene } the reason, and the Danger, is told by
Attendants } D. in a few words, that as they stood
expecting Mah as Abdalla was reaching him a cup of
Wine Hasan and Caraza rush'd unawares upon them
stab'd Abdalla, seiz'd Cali and returning him his
Sword bad him fly, but whence the kindness pro-
ceeded the Night and the Surprise suffer'd him not
to know, he presses her departure. She desires a
Moments stay for a reason which Providence will
defend them for complying with. which while she
seems telling him on the side of the Stage. Irene⁹ [9] then first
despatches Murza to inform Mah. that the traytors discovering
are in her apartment,⁸ they return and endeavour to treason.
persuade Irene to go with them while they talk ⁸ saying she
Murza goes out: She endeavours artfully to pro- will prolong
tract their Stay.^p but they go withou[t] her } ^p by desiring
prevail upon them to stay she embraces Asp. and them to stay
lavishes her fondness on her } for :
presents

* Scenes 1 and 2 are given in the margin.

** praises rewritten from praised.

<2> 4

Irene } She mentions her last action with re-
 Attendants } morse as being criminal in vain. wonders
 she could think she would leave Turkey's Empire to
 share her necessities and bear her lofty Mien she
 then goes and seeing the Bark going acknowledges
 providence, and wishes herself with them. V.6.

[6] Act 5th *(Mahomet enters with Mustapha &c (perhaps to) Asam*
 V. 16F *and Caraza)* Scene *(Irene's appariment)* A Garden

Irene looks <5> Enter Irene (in her Turkish habit) with Attend-
 after the ants (perhaps Christian Slaves) speaking of what has
 Galley of past of Cali Bassa, Aspasia &c and applauding her-
 Demetrius and self that Mahomet shall approve her fidelity, yet ex-
 Aspasia.— pressing her self anxious and fearfull, when Hasan
 from the and Caraza* enter with Mutes throw over her a
 Nature of black robe <6> and <bid and> (Hasan bids her) her
 Guilt, and warning that prepare <fo> to die, She first argues with Spirit,
 when she is gone they quit charges them with a conspiracy against her, calls her-
 not the truth. self their Queen, and threatning them with Death
 10 9 8 and tortures demands to see Mahomet, and asks her
 10 f crime, they tell her that they could not presume to
 allows no question the Sultan, but must obey him, and sign to
 pause of idle the Mutes to lay hands on her saying they cannot
 questions afford her a Moment, Death awaits them that linger
 He speaks (or ds) we listen in their task. Upon this she turns to a submissive
 and obey mien and still begs a few Moments to recollect and
 that a few pray
 oments

Grant me one hour—oh—grant me but a Moment
 And <may bounteous> Heav'n repay the <mighty>
 mercy on Your Heads
 With peacefull Death, and Happiness eternal !

They sign to the Mutes to delay—She turn herself
 wholly to Heav'n own's her Crime—the Justice of
 her punishment professes her Repentance Prays—In
 the<7> midst of her Prayer Caraza or Asam excusing

* Hasan and Caraza *rewritten from Asam and Cazaza.*

with humanity their act by necessity Signs again to
 the Mutes they drag off the Stage crying to Heav'n
 for Mercy. Asam and Caraza debate who shall [6v]
 follow them to see the Sultans orders executed each
 owns he cannot bear it, they hear her struggle and
 then she ceases. At that instant enters Mahomet
 (with Mustapha) raging and enquiring for the Tray-
 tress whom no degree of Power honour or favour
 could keep from conspiring against his Life, being
 told She is dead, he tell them that he was brought
 thither to feast upon her dying pangs, and heighten
 her Agonies by his presence. He then dilates upon
 her Beauty (wondring she could be so guilty) and her
 crimes, and is applauded by his Courtiers for his
 justice and himself expatiates upon his happiness, 9
 when a Messenger arrives, who being sent from Irene
 <to the Palace, finding him> <but was seiz'd by Leontius
 and dismiss'd when the gally set sail, then came
 hither being inform'd that he was not at the Palace>
 not there is return'd hither in Search of him, with an
 Account of the Conspiracy from Irene, upon which
 Mahomet finding her innocent, rages and runs in
 Distraction off the Stage, and Mustapha observ's the
 Justice of Heav'n that Man <And Mortals trace th'
 Almighty's path in v[ain]>

9 7
 1 Asp. sola
 2 Aspasia
 Irene
 3 Dem. Asp.
 Iren.
 4 Iren. Att. 8
 5 Iren. Has.
 Car.
 6 Mah. Must.
 Has. Car.
 7 Mah &c
 Messeng.
 8 Must. Mess.
 afterwards
 Mustapha
 reflects
 Some Rival's
 Treason
 The treacher
 Mahomet
 upon hearing
 that the
 Messenger
 name Irene
 takes him up
 supposes it
 some Love-
 story and does
 not hear it till
 many breaks
 Mustapha
 examines the
 Messenger who
 tells him that
 he was stop'd
 by Leontius

By vice or passion driv'n
 Is but the executioner of Heavn—or Instrument
 When erring Fury throws the random dart
 Heav'n turns its point upon the guilty Heart
 Behold Irene—oe'rthrown
 By crimes abhord, and treasons not her own
 Eternal justice† thus her doom decreed
 And in the traytress bad th' Apostate bleed

v
 And that
 Heav'ns Jus-
 tice proceeds
 thr[ough] dark
 paths.
 Laborious
 maze—
 imputed guilt
 † well th' Eter-
 nal Mind [20]

Act 5th
 Scene 1
 Aspasia sola

[20]

Johnson's

Aspasia Irene &c

3

Aspasia Irene Demetrius

4

jealous Beauty Irene etc (*Unhappy Fair*) (Happy Bark)
Force of Woe

Relenting

5

Nature Irene. Hasan. Caraza (*Unhappy Fair*) (Grant me
shrink] one)
(back) from
the hated
t[ask]

Resign. Repentance

6

Hasan Caraza

7

Hasan Caraza Mah. Must. (Yet she—fair—so shone
first Apostate)

8

Hasan. Caraza. Mah. Must. Murza

9

Hasan. Caraza. Must. Murza.

H & C. counsel her not to dismiss her Soul dis-
colour'd with earthly Passions.

First Draft of IRENE

[1^v] Nor think to say here will I stop

Here will I fix the Limits of transgression

Nor farther tempt the avenging Rage of Heaven

3² 2 (*When Guilt like this once harbours in the Breast*¹)

When once Those holy Beings whose unseen Direction

from the path Guides through the Maze of Life the Steps of Man

prescribed we Fly the Detested mansions of Impiety

wander and And quit their Charge to Horror and to Ruin.²

ely return. Treat Her

With all the Confidence of artless Love

¹ IV. viii. 14.

III. viii. 17-20.

And lodge the Fate of Kingdoms in her bosom.
Did Did Lightnings flash? Did Earthquakes shake r
our walls?¹ 2

(the Ramparts?)

Did aught but Luxury relax our Nerves or chill
our blood² but Fear

Sophias turrets // They call on Alla Sandys T
Altars ill-defended

I saw thee fall

Fall in the Front of War oppress'd by Thousands
And griev'd that Worth like thine should find a foe
In Mahomet, but Alla's high decrees
Dark and unchang'd, elude <our> weak Man's En-
quiries

And Mock his idle <fruitless> tears. Farewell Brave
Prince

—tell to future Ages

That Scythia's Barbarous Sons rever'd the Virtue 31
And when the wrath of Heav'n severely just
Shall Lay the Turkish Glories in the Dust

And publick Spirit deem'd a wild Chimæra³ about his
The airy Flights of unexperient'd Virtue. private
neglects the

Destruction is at Hand.⁴ When every Man busied
Ουδε λιθος, ουδε Σιδηρον—nostro sequitur de
nere sanguis

When Avarice corrupts th' emasculated Nation³—or clades—
Vain Expence the Parent of Necessity the parent of In patr-
corruption populu:

Swear by both thy Prophets
Him thou hast chosen, <him> <HIM> thou hast for-
saken

By Every Power that recompenses Virtue
By every Power that punished the Wicked

Live till the tott'ring Earth forsakes its Base
The weary Sun forgets his Revolutions⁵
And Time hangs his flagging Wings

And wearied
Angels rest
upon their
stars spheres
V. D'Herb.
I wish'd

¹ I. i. 54-5.

⁴ v. iii. 1.

² I. i. 56-7.

⁵ I. iv. 2-3.

³ I. i. 26-7.

Long have To offer up my vows in the temple built by the
 (long) as Father of Mankind¹ (see Adam)
 oblig'd by vow 9-7 Zemzem The Holy Stream which at Heavens
 and drink the express command,—Flowd for the Father of our
 holy Waters Prophets Nation which tasted cures diseases and
 the fountain drank largely procures pardon of sins, and (that)
 of remission purifies the (spotted) Soul (from Sin) for Paradise
 And fit her for the joys of Paradise:—And at the
 holy place pour out my prayers for the long life and
 prosperity of my Sovereign²
 Build Caravanseral
 Enjoy the (bl) Prayers and Blessings of the needy,
 And give the weary Passenger refreshment.
 And give the (short) remnant of my life to prayer,
 fasting, pennan[ce] and works of goodness³
 Or set
 The Persian Heretic in arms against Me⁴
 Haly's detested hated Sect—The Mamalukes of
 Egypt
 Perhaps 'tis Envy To
 And share the Pleasures of the World between Us⁵
 To spread Civility through Russia's Forests⁶ (Rus-
 sian snows
 Or bid fair (soft) Science polish Britains Heroes⁷
 To assist the Grecians
 Virtue is fixd (uncha) unvarying as its Authour⁸ nor
 bend to nor complies with external Circum-
 stance(s es)
 [2^v] Seek out some peacefull Convents holy Shade⁹
 3V. inf. b Thank Heav'n in daily Hymns for my (our) d
 deliverance
 V. inf. c. From splendid Wretchedness and guilty Scepters
 (Grandeur)

¹ I. v. 9.² And fit . . . Sovereign inter-
lined.³ III. viii. 93.⁴ II. vi. 55.⁵ II. vii. 90.⁶ III. viii. 105.⁷ III. viii. 106.⁸ III. viii. 58.⁹ III. viii. 93.

⟨An⟩ and drop ⟨Let fall⟩ sometimes a tear for lost
Irene¹

The Common Father and the Common King
⟨Ex Exempt from the Frailties of Humanity⟩ ^T

Looks pitying down on ignorance and Error
Beholds the Birth of infant Indias yet unexpanded :
into thought

Unknown to Hope and Fear and Fraud and fals-
hood

And in those Bowers of Innocence and Quiet²
Sing duly Hymns to Heaven

And as my thoughts at intervals of Prayer
Descend from Heavn, to range the distant World ^{3 c}
Oft shall I dwell on our disastrous Friendship³ <sup>Descend from
future joys to
past Mis-
fortu</sup>

What will Greatness give thee? What will Great-
ness give a Woman, not empire or power of Good as ^{vide}
to men but idle Luxury—the train of Equipage &c.⁴ ^d

Those Forms of Men that play before a Beauty
As glittering Dewdrops quiver to the Sun
And taint the Sweets of Paradise with envy
The Houries of our Prophet blush before her
The Sparkling Ornaments, the glittering Dress (the ^d
change of Dress

And Gold and Flattery—Thoughtless Mirth—
Hurry

Crouds—For this is by Ir: given up Peace of Mind,
hope of Eter⟨nal happiness. Friendship and
Fellowship of Angels⟩

Tortures shorter as Stronger

The Breast where Guilt like this has found admission ^{3 2}

No more shall feel Religion's hallow'd ardours :⁵

—I feel the soft Infection

Flush in my cheek, and wander in my Veins

Teach me the Grecian arts of soft persuasion

Sure this is Love which heretofore I conceiv'd

[3]
inf. c

¹ III. viii. 97.

² III. viii. 93.

³ III. viii. 94-6.

⁴ III. viii. 71-3.

⁵ IV. viii. 14-15

The Dream of idle Maids and wanton Poets¹

The Sultan's Majesty the Warriours <fierceness>
<rage>

Sinks into mildness and softens to Submission.

And Forget (or lose) the Conquerour in the Lover

^b That Scythias bands, the Sons of War and Rapine
Wild and undisciplin'd by Grecian Arts

Yet knew the Reverence due to hapless Virtue.

our savage
Lords
T

the Conquerour has spent his rage

At length^A—The Glutted sabre thirsts no more
for blood

And weary Murther slumbers o'er the Carnage².

^T Like Subterraneous Tempests^A ^{with dire eruption} burst their Caverns
And Shook the *affrighted* World Lab'ring Earth
Licentious Conquest

In its wild Ravages distinguish'd thee

Empire and Conquest hover or

^T Dominion hovers o'er their conquering Banners
And Terror and Confusion stalk before them

^T Did we not see the Bars of Nature broken?

Did not our Sails receive the wondring winds

To waft our Gallies o'er the trembling Earth?

For thee, my Fair, shall India's spices ripen

The Voice of war no more shall fright Irene

^{4 k} And

shade thee with

Pleasure shall <spread> her downy Pinions <o'er thee>

^{9 w}

<Unboun> For thee shall Forests rise and Rivers flow

And every
Season crowd
its blessings
on thee

Unbounded Wealth shall flow beneath thy feet

Each Day and shall be made happy with new enter-
tainments

And new forms of pleasure shall be invented by
artists for thee.³

Adore the Beauty but despise th' Apostate.⁴

[last quarter
of 3v.]

Demetrius dwells upon the insolence Oppression
and cruelty of the Turks then enquires why
their cause prevail'd

¹ I. iv. 16-17.

² I. i. 6-10.

³ II. vii. 81-9.

⁴ IV. vii. 11.

as A idle Tale, a Sound without a Meaning d
And wander(our) (o'er) the Ruins of our Country¹ T
Wher Where Florence gives the banish'd arts protection²

Scanderbeg³ Th' Albanian thunderbolt of War
When Genoa's faithless Sons forsook the Ramparts T
Ghastly Desolation

In triumph sits upon the ruin'd Spires⁴
Thy Wealth O City ill-gotten ill-preserv'd⁵ shall [4] a r
descend (in) a proverb among thy Enemies

Why did not I dye with Paleologus and (Great) : ages
Shavus not unreveng'd—who would not sur- the hiss of
vive their Country

Mentioning the Miseries and Slavery of the (Greek) 12 B
Oer whom the Seasons varied unperceiv'd fenced from
Ladies introduces the mention of Aspasia.⁶ the Sun, and
or might shelter'd fro
the Breeze.

There A shall his boundless Wealth the Spoil of
Nations
(Kindoms)

Ransom of Kings, the purchass of your blood
Heap'd by my Fathers illplac'd Bounties on Him
Disperse Rebellion through the Eastern World
Bribe to his Cause, and list beneath his banners
Arabia's roving troops, the Sons of swiftmess
And arm the Persian Heretick against me—⁷

Avarice Revenge Ambition and Irene
Boil in his Breast, distract his harrass'd thoughts
Dismiss your hoary Soldier
Hail illustrious Sultan⁸

Hail (Rise) Cali Bassa counsellor of Kings
Security shall spread her shield before thee k
To make thee blest each Region shall combine
And Gennah's happy (to) Gardens envy thine.⁹ (thine)

¹ I. i. 61.

² IV. i. 115-16.

³ I. v. 13.

⁴ I. i. 66-7.

⁵ I. i. 20.

⁶ I. i. 73.

⁷ II. vi. 50-5.

⁸ I. iv. 1.

⁹ II. vii. 82-3

Johnson's Poems

And India join her Aromatic Shade

if once reduc'd to practice

913
erce Perse-
cution wears
the *(bleedin)*
bleeding world
with fraud
and murder.

Maxims like these, *(if generally persued)*
Would break the sacred laws of peace and order
Guide *(d the the)* the Sons dagger to the Fathers heart
And fill the bleed[in]g world with desolation¹
Cali Bassa relates the Original Cause of Mahomets

[4^v] hatred of him his persuasion of Amurath to resume
the crown which hatred he makes the reason of his

2 Correspondence with Greek Emperour that he might
have a retreat in his Necessity here he launches into
the misery of absolute Governments, where if a Man
serves his Country counterfeit Plots and false Sus-
picions, then breaks out into the Praises of that
Country (after having blam'd the Eastern Tyranny)
which he has heard of in the North²

amidst the
roarings of the
Northern
Main

Where King and People own one common Law³
one common Interest, mutual duties

And feel one happiness and one Misfortune.

5x Where Swain smiles over his little fields, his rising
harvest his feeding flocks, and says these are mine,
and gathers his children about him and portions out
to them the acquisitions of his Industry.

the War-
horse Mahomet to shew Cali that a Mind usd to action and
Command cannot be Long pleas'd with a Life of
inactivity mentions Amurath's resumption of the
abdicated imperial dignity—which alarms Cali.⁴

think of Quiet (rest)

haughty Scanderbeg

Albanian Nor dream of peace, while (yet) *the Fierce Epirot*
Lyon *Swoln* with Success, *(secure)* amidst his native Rocks
Fierce

wealthy

bleeding

inf. f Prowls (like a lyon oer) the [^] Spoils of [^] Turkey.⁵

The hardy Children of the Mountains

But whom I could not love, I still had trusted

Science and Arms find every where a Country.⁶

While *(fair)* yet Hungaria's inexhausted Vallies

¹ III. viii. 60-6.

⁴ I. 7. 19-20.

² I. ii. 41-55.

⁵ I. v. 13-15.

³ I. ii. 56.

⁶ IV. i. 115.

Pour forth the Legions and the Wondring Danube
Through half his Course reflects the blaze of War¹ 55

All the Western Kingdoms
Where unaffrighted by the din of War
They cultivate *(at ease)* the gentler Arts in quiet
Spread *wide* their *(kind)* Arms to Science and to [5]
Beauty.²

He comforts her with the Assistance of Providence, she *(she)* She answers that she is in little care about the means of Subsistence. Providence will provide for her—at least sufficient—Let the Luxurious feel innumerable Wants—She knows that the demands of Nature are few—Nor is Providence obliged to provide for desires it has not created—Ingratitude charges Providence as penurious though it satisfies their needs, because not their desires.—Petronius—*candidus esse Deus*—Claudian—Verona—*Martial Vitam quae faciunt*—she can exchange the Pomp and Luxury she was born to, for the Magnificence of Nature and chearful Poverty, and having drank of the River sleep with Innocence upon its banks.³ This Philosophy which she was blamd for by fops and Girls, as unfit for her Sex has taught her

But *(still)* yet my Soul detests the Bassas treason
freezes at Assassination

And my blood *(freezes at Assassination)*⁴

Enquiring why no Comets or prodigies preceded the Ruin of Const:⁵ is answered that the Eternal Laws are not broken for temporal occasions, much *inf. y* less for bad Men—And marks *(out)* the dreadfull Comets flaming path 55

You who tell

Irene's Crimes, forget not her Repentance.

And the *(wh)* roaring Danube
Pours half his Floods unheard through shouting s
camps⁶

¹ I. v. 16–18.

² IV. i. 115.

³ IV. i. 106–11.

⁴ IV. i. 57–8.

⁵ I. i. 35.

⁶ I. v. 17–18.

Though no Comets or prodigies fortold the ruin of
 T Greece signs which Heavn must by another Miracle
 Vice the enable us to understand, yet might it be foreknown
 y tokens no less certain by the vices which allways
 " bring it on¹

—Purity of prayer—Irene's Smile
 Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian²
 (shall influence whole Nations)

9 y 4 x —O Demetrius

O for a Cottage in those happy regions

—The gen'rous Mind contemns

3 All fading toys, and transitory Glories

The poor distinctions of a *(fle)* flying Moment³

x May its Kings by Heav'ns peculiar care be form'd
 for war and its Queens for Science

Daughter of perfection—or Beauty

Prophet and With equal zeal Persue the task of War

share Till every Nation reverence our Prophet (his pre-
 superiour honours in cepts)

paradise see And every Suppliant lift his Eyes to Mecca.⁴

Religion of Mah Then old in honours, and approv'd in Faith,

(In) Triumphant at the Head of thy new Votaries

Approach the and croud

The holy city with converted Millions—or Nations.

Exhaust the Well of Zemzem.

—Till every Constellation shines for me

1^r Till ev'ry Storm in my Domain shall roar,

visit my 7-7. Till evry Wave shall beat a Turkish Shore.

Dominions Then *Caly* shall the toils of Battle cease

or Votes Then Dream of Prayer, and Pilgrimage and
 Peace.⁵

9 —Of prostrate Princes and adoring Nations

And Indias Rajas ask their Doom from thee

[7] Angels gaze Tickel.⁶

¹ I. i. 36-41.

² II. vii. 75-6.

³ IV. i. 108.

⁴ I. v. 30-2.

⁵ I. v. 42-5.

⁶ Langton puts this at the end of 6v
 (p. 345) with Laborious maze. Tickell
 has 'the long laborious maze Of
 heaven's decrees, where wondering
 angels gaze' (*On the death of Addison*).

—For your inferiour Natures

Form'd (*fo*) to delight, and happy by delighting

Heavn has reserv'd no future Paradise¹

(*But bids*) Permits the Blooming Maid secure and
thoughtless

Secure of
total Death,
and careless of
hereafter
or gay

Cast off all idle terrours of hereafter

Quaff the full draught of each terrestrial joy

—And rove

Through Shades of peace and ^{flowery} a labyrinth of
Pleasure²

⁹
the Angel of
see Prid
D Herb.

While Heaven's high Minister whose ^{unerring} a awfull volume
Records each (*act*) deed each thought of sovereign
Man

Surveys your (*actions*) your plays with inattentive
glance

And (then) leaves (*your actions*) (the busy trifler) un-
regarded.³

Glittering
Reptile
Reasoning
Insect.—

Why then did Natures vain Munificence

Profusely pour her Bounties upon Woman

Why then Those charms your tongue has deign'd to
flatter

superiour Man
descends

That (*smile*) ^{air} resistless and (*attractive Grace*) enchant-
ing blush⁴

Whence all those Hopes and Fears Despair and which
Rapture

Whence all the Pleasures, and the Pains of Love.⁵

Observe the featherd Wand'ers of the Sky ^{inf. d}

Ordain'd like you to flutter and to shine,

And chear the weary passenger with warblings ((or
Musick)

With purple varied and bedrop'd with Gold

They prune the wing and spread the glossy tail
((plumes)⁶

¹ II. vii. 15-19.

² II. vii. 18.

³ II. vii. 20-3.

⁴ II. vii. 24-7.

⁵ II. vii. 41-2.

⁶ II. vii. 34-8.

g Freed from the harsh Severities of Virtue
 Reward his toils, and he shall toil for you
 For you shall plough the Main, and fight the Battle
 To Man bewildered in this maze of Sorrows
 Now led astray by Hopes fallacious glimm'rings
 Now lost amidst the gloom of disappointment
 [7^v] Indulgent Nature gives some transient pleasures
 And scatters Roses in the thorny Way
 Hence from her sable wings returning Night
 On the Sons On weary Mortals sheds the balm of rest
 of Men And gay delusions wandering o'er the brain
 Sooth the delighted Soul with empty bliss
 To want give Give Wealth to Poverty (and) to Slavery Freedom
 affluence & Such are love's joys the lenitives of Life
 A fancy'd Treasure, and a waking Dream.¹
 (in honour of Then Let me once to right our injur'd Sex
 our Sex Assume the boastfull Arrogance of Man
 Th' Attractive softness, and th' endearing Smile
 And powerfull (glance,) tis granted, are our own
 Nor has impartial Natures <generous> (frugal) hand
 Inf b Exhausted all her nobler gifts on You
 Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
 emendand The <Sparkling> (enliv'ning) Wit the penetrating
 Reason
 Beats not the Female Breast with gen'rous passions
 The thirst of Empire and the Love of Virtue? Glory
 &c²
 b But oft conjoins in Woman's softer Mould/Frame
 9-9 Greatness of Mind with elegance of Form.
 7 Thou knowst not yet thy Master's future greatness
 His vast desings, and plans of boundless Empire.³
 . 8 7 And not a harvest ripen but for me
 Confest—confest by dying Leontares
 Amidst the In his last agonies the gasping Coward
 tortures of the Still fond of *Life reveal'd the* dreadfull secret, groan'd
 burning Steel out

¹ II. vii. 43-8.² II. vii. 49-58.³ I. v. 40-1.

Held *out* this fatal roll—then sunk to Nothing.¹ forth

—Angels—D Herb.—Herat—Empire de Genies

765 b

The Wind of Heav'n's Anger that blow'd upon them [s]

Imam—Hours of prayer—Protectress of the World

The Dwellings of Misfortune—

12 P
the World
recovering
from its
convulsion

When (*eer*) the tumult of unestablish'd Conquest
shall give the Tyrant leisure—to fix his court, and
regulate his pleasures²

Soon shall the dire Seraglio's dreadful Gates

Close like th' eternal Bars of Death upon You

and for ever doom'd

3 inf y
to be guilty,
though
penitent

Immured for ever—and sentence³

(To range those walks of Tyranny and Lust)

To wander pensive in those gloomy walks

9 5

To languish out the tedious hours of life

12 v

In unrelenting

With every curse of angry heav'n afflicted beneath each

Despair and Slav'ry, Solitude and Guilt.⁴

Nor think my eyes oerflow with Female Weak-
ness⁵ 3

I saw without a sigh the fierce Barbarian

Deface the Glories of my native Country

Erase

Oerthrow the Obelisks amazing height

The pompous
Theatre the
towering Arch
Vain Pride &
Wealth

The pride of Roman *power*, and Grecian Art

Deform the Beauties of the Breathing Statue (Marble

Hero

And tread the living Picture in the Dust

Inf g

Those crouds that hide a Monarch from himself

Detested Residence of Lust and Tyranny

The Turks never speak to their King without add-
ing to his name most happy, most powerful, in-
vincible, Disposer of Crowns &c.—Turk the Son of
Japhet

When nought but mine the circling Sun shall see⁶ 7

¹ II. vi. 13-17.

² III. viii. 76-8.

³ III. viii. 79-81.

⁴ III. viii. 85-

⁵ III. viii. 46.

⁶ I. v. 42.

3 g But the sight of <Friends> Soul sinking into Vice
(a soul that has the Particulam) strikes me with
greater horror

Than ruind Palaces or flaming Temples
A slaughter'd Nation, or a shatter'd World.

With Cedar vaulted and inlayd with Gold
Labourd Monuments of Art.

[8v] When The Mind disentangled from the Senses
Expands the boundless Scenes of Future Being
The glittering Vanities of empty Greatness
The Hopes and fears, the joys and Pains of Life
Fade <Glide> from the sight, and Vanish into nothing.¹
Palaces of Pleasure

3 Ador'd, enjoy'd, neglected, and forgot.

9 Mahom. I have tryd thee and joy to find that thou
deservest to be lov'd by Mahomet, with a mind great

as his own—sure thou are an error of Nature, and an
exception to the rest of thy Sex and art immortal for

Sentiments like thine were never to sink into nothing
I thought all the thoughts of the fair had been to
<tune the voice, &c> roll the eye place the Gem, chuse
the Dress, and add new roses to the fading cheek
but—² —Sparkling—

—We oft (notwithstanding this boasted superiour
Genius

3 Deceive—And make us happy by deceiving
Innocence—serene and conscious of approving

97 Heav'n lightens the Chain (joys of virtue) then Death
comes welcome and gives immortal Liberty while
Angels hail the happy Guest on her deliverance, and
martyr'd Virgins tune celestial Lyres.

Dogs blood-
hounds of War
beat or search
gw every
Cavern unin-
habited Island
cliff unprest
by human
foot, beat by
howling
Storms

Droop at your tears and soften at your smile
My troops—shall range the eternal snows in search
of Caly should he ascend on the Wings of the North
wind, or take shelter in the Pleiads—wherever Fear
can fly revenge can follow³

The Extent of this Religion can be no argument, be-

¹ II. i. 6-8.

² II. vii. 59-66.

³ II. vi. 58-65.

cause though only one Religion can be true, *(Chuse 3 w)* no one takes in the greatest part of Mankind. Misterious Providence suffers Man to be in Darkness.

(Asp) Ir—Then Learn since You despise us, the greatness of a Womans Soul thus reproachd I dare despise you *(Amidst the)* Acclamations [9]

of Prostrate Princes and adoring Nations

The full-blown pride of conquest and of empire 89

Mah. Nature gives every being means of compassing 9

its end, to some force to others wiles (serpents fascination of the Leveret) Your end is to please

Man You have therefore an higher instinct, as Nature ordains Man to love himself in his Resemblance, she gives you the power of copying in some degree his Virtues (this is the Original of yours) and act the mimickry of Man

Eagles Force
sees with
pleasure the
faint resem-
blance of his
Excellencies
Like the fond
Boy renown'd
in Grecian
Song.
inf 2

So Heav'n assorts the Assassin and the Pyrate
(Robber.

As to the impression it makes it is because You attend only to one side of *(the)* Argument. Heav'n works no more Miracles for us—gives us light but *(not)* forces us *(not)* *(to)* open our eyes

Surveys his Smiling Babes, the Sons of Freedom,

Beholds a long posterity of Freemen

(And) Plants for his prattling Babes the future Shade

—And Heard in my first Approach*(ing)* (approach-
ing heard)

Imperfect sounds of Greece—And Love—and
Daggers

Daggers and Love? What Love but fair Irene?

Deny'd *(Debard)* each privilege of Human Nature 3 5
(Being)

The Social Gayety the improving Converse inf p

Angels with kind assistance hover round the humble bed, drive away terror and Anxiety and calling their Sister away gently, ease the pangs of Death. And steal her from Distress.

- w —My troops shall range
 The eternal Snows that (*freeze*) shine beyond Maeotis
 And Africs torrid shores in search of Cali
 Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
 Bear him aloft, above the wondring Clouds
 And seat him in the Pleiads's golden Chariot
 Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures¹
- [9^v] x And persue coy Happiness through all the mazes of
 Delight (of her Wandrings) and clasp her in whatever
 shape You find her. Let not the lovely fugitive
 escape You, thus range with out a Crime from
 pleasure to pleasure, while &c
- z As we often turn our dazled Eyes from the Sun in its
 or in the meridian Glories to gaze uninjur'd on its *Image in the*
 gentle *untroubled lake* so your softer Mind receiving the
 Moon beams of masculine (*Virtue*) (*excellence*) Returns the
 Grandeur into (fierce) Effulgence or Radiance of our Virtue softend
 Sweetness in gentler (milder) Lustre (Splendor) what aw'd be-
 fore in us allures in You. what was imperious is allur-
 ing what was awfull is charming. (or engaging)
- T When Arsanes wonders that Heav'n should suffer
 the impious Cause to prevail—Demetr. answers that
 Man suffers not Heav'n by the Loss of his Temples
 and (altars) ill-defended, that The justice of Heav'n
 is honourd by ruin as the Mercy by preservation.
 That Worlds combine in the praises of their Maker.
 That bad men with the instructions of true Religion,
 are worse than Bad men with a worse Religion. Vices
 will have their effect then particularises the faults
 that brought on the Greek fall.²
- Melancholly p3 And all the sweet varieties of Nature
 broods or That sooth the sense, and elevate the thought
 pours her And envy the Slave that toils whose labour procures
 influence oer her Sleep
 the stagnant soul. The
 gloom of
 leness. V. *<High>* Hail mighty Mustapha, Thou Soul of
 Boileau Armies
 1 Could (*f*) just intention consecrate the

¹ II. vi. 58-55.² I. i. 35-45.³ III. viii. 59.

Haste Go Mustapha go (to) celebrate the Day
With Christian blood, let Leontares dye. Exit Must.
Haste to the safe Retreat, from whence Demetrius
Has heard unhurt the cries of slaughterd thousands
Think on Revenge and Glory Greece and Love¹

He comes from ^Λ Distracting cares and crouds &c <sup>ΛImperial
cares and
military toils
nauseous
Fastidiosa
grandeur</sup>
to taste the sweets of privacy and friendship—to talk
of his passion and dwell on the Beauties of his
Mistress to faithfull ears.² Sure she must be no
common charmer that can move him thus, that has in
his Seraglio the

the choicest beauties of every Region, which he ^{10v}
enjoys as a Master not a lover, and when sated with <sup>[From 10v]
inf y v</sup>
their charms leaves them.³

Thou Thou child by sixty winter camps canst gaze
on heav'nly charms without emotion⁴

These Years demand—Desires more pure, and ^z
other cares than Love.⁵ Orders him (Caly) to pre-
possess her in his favour, for awe and respect have
hitherto hindred him from talking to her of Love.

We wish the (dreadfull) task had been anothers, that ^s
another had told the mournfull message—forbear to
waste (unhappy fair) your last Moments (or breath)
in unavailing fury.⁶ To rage where we cannot resist
is Madness where we can 'tis fortitude. True Spirit
is to submit to what we cannot escape. Recollect
your scatterd thou[ghts] summon your Resolution
calm your Mind, and let not Your Soul appear before
the Eternal Judge even yet sullied with this world
and disturb'd with earthly passions. (But rob'd with
Resignation and Repentance.)

allows no pause for Scruples or Enquiry ^{5 f}
Sudden Death oertakes the Loiterer (lingring hand.
(*I displaid—Before her*) all the gay Luscious Scene of <sup>My tongue
with am'rous
Eloquence
displaid</sup>
costly pleasure,

¹ I. ii. 146.

² I. iv. 7-10.

³ I. iv. 13-18.

⁴ I. v. 5-6.

⁵ I. v. 7-8.

⁶ v. ix. 5-9.

3 And all the proud magnificence of empire
And bad imperial Splendour glare (blaze) before her
I drew to my party with *alluring* promises artfull
Each (every) rebel wish, each traitor Inclination
Each traitor passion That raises tumults in the female Bosom seditions
(mutinies
And pushes feeble (thrusts defenseless) Virtue from
her throne

The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of Show.
g Each Region where beauty shed her influence, turns
the shape, swells the Breast or animates the Eye sends
the fairest¹

Lost in the Deluge of impetuous War
Behold contending Nations vie for Bondage
Distant Mountains

Shake at my dreaded Name and the frightened World
Toils all its Languages to flatter me.
And unaccustom'd Warblings charm the Grove
(pleasing Disson[ance])

[12] Behold, my Fair, as my resistless Voice (hand)
D[r]ives to (holds o'er) the South or West the Storm
(scourge) of war

How Nation after Nation falls before me
Ambitious to prevent the fatal summons
They croud my Camp with voluntary tribute
Vye for (my) (sub)mission, and sollicite Bondage.

—When of late

Inf L The Storm of Heav'ns Displeasure thundred on you.
(beat upon

Those gloomy walks where Gladness never smiles
Gladness, fair Child, of Innocence and Freedom.

Imagination hangs her weary wings
With vain (fruitless) Labour of the daring flight

—The Mind

Rolls back upon herself—

Mecca is not to be visited by any but Mahometans.

Unjustly Mortals triumph and complain
And trace the paths of Providence in vain.

Ir. answers that the Supreme Being will accept of
Virtue whatever outward circumstances it may be
accompanied with, and may be delighted with
Varieties of Worship. but is Answer'd That Variety
cannot affect that being who infinitely happy in his
own perfections wants no external gratifications, nor
can infinite (*Wis*) Truth be delighted with falsehood.
that though he may guide or pity those he leaves in
Darkness. he abandons those who shut their eyes
against the beams of Day.

Tore, unresisted, from the giant Hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant Crescent,
And push'd the Might of (*Moluc*) Asem from the
Ramparts.¹

Demetr. the
Soul of Greece

Fenc'd from the Sun and shelterd from the Breeze. B

Fenc'd from the Summer breeze, and vernal
show'r. polish'd into
weakness

Made passive fortitude the praise of Woman.²

At my dread name the Distant Mountains shake [12^v] 1

Their snowy (cloudy) summits, and the Sons of fierce-
ness

That range uncivilis'd from Rock to Rock

Distrust the Eternal Fortresses of Nature

And *terror* shudders in their gloomy Caverns

This all-subduing hand, this gen'ral terror

Unites the (*diss*) jarring Voices of Mankind

And every Language toils to flatter me.

He Heav'n, when its Hand pourd softness on our
Limbs

And wish
their gloomy
Caverns more
obscure
Horror

Unfit for toil, and polishd into Weakness—made
passive &c Her only arms
are Innocence
and Meekness

Yet not with idle cries I fill'd the City

Nor bursting through the ranks in wild Distraction

Unnerv'd with Shrieks the Soldier's vig'rous arm 3

But while Demetrius, dear lamented Name

Pour'd Storms of fire upon th' approaching Foe
 With supplicating tears and pure Devotion
 Implor'd the Eternal Pow'r, at Sophia's Altars
 To shield my Lover, and preserve my Country.¹

P When the Confusion of new Conquests ceases

3 And (When) soft Security shall prompt the Sultan
 Freed from the tumults of To form his Court and regulate his pleasures soon &c²
 unsettled If fix'd on settled thought this Constancy
 conquests Not idly flutters on a boastfull tongue

3 Why when Destruction rag'd around our Walls
 Why fled this haughty Heroine from the Battle?
 Why did not then this warlike Amazon
 This fierce Virago, fearless and unshaken
 Direct the loaded Cannon, grasp the Sword
 Mix in the War, and shine among the Heroes.³

[13] And break the galling Vow with double Guilt
<To look in Knolles for Amurath's resumption of the Crown>
 —Still full of Amurath?⁴

Then 'tis decreed. (then Death or Empire.

But flatter'd attend, He sigh'd, He rag'd, he threatend and he flatter'd⁵
 sigh'd and Thy awful air, Thy dignity of Virtue.
 rag'd in vain —And Sought

easy An easier Conquest in my softer Beauty
 Go Happy Bark, thy sacred Freight secures thee
 —Th' Eternal Lamps—

chear To *Guide* thy passage shall the' *<Starry>* Aerial Spirits
 (Fav'ring Sky)

Fill all the Starry Lamps with double Blaze. *<Radi-*
ance>

' Wondring *<Applauding>* Sky shall shine with
 Decorations

To grace the triumphs of victorious Virtue.⁶

I see the distant Vessel

Dance o'er the Sparkling Waves—Go happy Bark⁷

¹ III. viii. 42-50.

² III. viii. 76-8.

³ III. viii. 36-40.

⁴ I. v. 20.

⁵ I. ii. 111-12.

⁶ V. vi. 5-10.

⁷ V. vi. 5.

Persue thy course through boiling Eddies,
 Insidious *Sands*, rough Rocks, and *whirling* Gulphs
 Thy sacred freight of Innocence and Truth
 Shall (still) the whirle, and bid the Rock subside¹

Shallows
 devouring And
 all the terrors
 of the Dread-
 ful Main
 calm

When some neglected Fabrick nods beneath
 The weight of Years, and totters to the Tempest²
 With mouldring Cement and with beams disjointed
 And columns leaning from their central Firmness inf
 —Thrown beyond the verge of Providence
 o'er the tide—Providence our Guide—
 And bless'd with all the joy that Guilt allows³
 —Th' Expanded hand of lib'ral Heav'n
 To linger is to dye.

To what are we reserv'd?—To what I know not T
 But hope, yet hope, to Happiness and honour,⁴ I
 Perhaps the flood of time now rolls towards Us
 A signal Hour mark'd out by pitying Heav'n
 To raise our prostrate Country from its Ruins.
 And add new lustre to the Grecian name.
 Must watchfull Providence despatch from Heav'n
 A Winged Messenger, or bid the Grave
 Pour forth her Dead to warn us of its fall?⁵

[13^v] [t]o stop
 this raging
 torrent of
 destruction
 That sweep so
 away Religion
 Arts and
 Freedom.

Th Attempt

Is hazardous but—Talk no more of Hazards⁶
 for Greece and for

What (*Hazards*) would I shun (*to clasp*) *Aspasia*?

What would I not endure to *strike* the Tyrant? stab
 Celestial Fair—Maid—

Let fierce Resentment aid Your *feeble* Virtue. (faint- T
 ing)

Their Prophet
 ridicul'd their
 Mosques
 profan'd.

—By taunt and Insolence
 You may provoke but never can convince
 You perish *for* Your Folly not your Zeal.

by

—The Hardy Soldier—May bear or break
 his chains

¹ v. vi. 6.

² i. i. 44-5.

³ v. v. 57-8.

⁴ i. i. 108-9.

⁵ i. i. 46-7.

⁶ i. ii. 132-3.

Tell's how he first courted Aspasia but was rejected¹

And wishes

(And dwells on the Guilt of Apostacy)

Irene were

Extended Empire like expanded Gold

converted by

Improves it's lustre, but impairs its Strength.

some Doctor

Exchanges solid Strength for feeble splendour²

and the first

Gust shake[s]
it into atom[s]

You are like the Sun the governour of the World

but if Your influence be too wide—Your dissipated

Rays will burn no more

My soul could animate a larger Frame

When a River is drain'd by too many Channels the

Stream is dry.

For You Fair

Asia spreads

her wealthy

plains.

Each Land that smiles beneath benigner Skies

Or boasts a happier glebe, is Yours already,³

This were enough, if Caly had been Mahomet

Half were too much had Mahomet been Cali.

Hence with tedious

Forgive the frozen Narratives of *(Age)* Dotage⁴

Shining

If *(Dismiss)* yet th^(ese) *glittering* a Robes these
sudden Splendors

³ advice Swell not your Soul beyond *reproof* or Counsel
(Friendships

Not yet inspire th' omniscience of a queen

Or tune your ear to soothing Adulation.

[14] Suspend *(awhile)* (awhile) the privilege of powr (and
Beauty)

To hear the voice of truth, dismiss your train

Shake off th' incumbrances of State a moment,

And lay the tow'ring Sultanness aside.⁵

Inf. p.

I discover by

this State &

Retinue

And all Aspasia but her Beauty's Man.⁶

And granted all his wishes

Not granted—nor deny'd—a softend Glance

A sigh, a blush inform'd him You consented⁷

I want alas thy steadiness of Soul⁸

Turn'd oer the page of Plato or of Tully

¹ I. ii. 1-102.

² I. v. 37-8.

³ I. v. 35-6.

⁴ I. ii. 113.

⁵ III. viii. 1-8.

⁶ II. i. 37.

⁷ IV. ii. 31-2.

⁸ II. i. 34.

Enlarg'd the thought, and fortify'd the Heart
The *Coxcombs* whisper and the Fopling's Song
Those Forms &c

They sympathise with us in every fear
Each weakness sooth and flatter ev'ry folly.

Irene promises Aspasia that she will preserve the
Law of friendship to her inviolably: Asp: rejects¹ 17L

To contrive some probable account of Arsanes'
coming into the private Garden as its being the Hour
of prayer

—But see Irene comes

At her approach each ruder Gust of Thought
Sinks (into sighs) like the sighing of a Tempest spent Gales of softer
passion fan
my Bosom
And softer passion steals upon my Bosom²
Irene kneels—Irene rise, thou Daughter of Perfection

Conduct these Queens, Abdallah, to the *Palace* Attend
Such Beauty must not shine to vulgar Eyes.³ 17B

—Illustrious Bassa—In this private Shade

A Turkish Stranger of majestic Mien 3

Intreats admittance to the fair Aspasia

Commission'd, as he says, by Calî Bassa.⁴

A blooming Monarch—In all the Bloom of Honour
and of Youth

What trivial Accidents determine Fate!⁵

H[ad] not my ready thought remov'd Aspasia⁶

The important Hour had pass'd unheeded by [14^v]

In all the sweet *forgetfulness of Love* oblivion of
Delig[ht]

In sighs and tears, (&and) (in) transports and embraces, In all the
fopperies of
meeting lovers
In soft complaints, and idle Protestations.⁷

—Empire and Irene (Love and Empire)
this wretch unworthy

Divided (my) Soul; (Him I can crush at leisure.)⁸ Claim my

Mustapha informs him that no delay is proper for

¹ III. viii. 12-16.

² II. vi. 90-3.

³ II. ii. 40, 44.

⁴ III. ix. 1-3.

⁵ II. iii. 2.

⁶ II. iii. 10.

⁷ II. iii. 12-16

⁸ II. vi. 68-71

Our Schemes He saw Arsanes and Demetrius—¹
 defeated and Our Mines discover'd, and our Batties ruin'd
 our Mines Disclos'd some Traytor lurking near our Bosoms²
 discoverd

I Irene *(abjures her)* begins to yield at the mention
 of her power to relieve the Slaves the Christians³
 —Then mingle with your Slaves without a Mur-
 mur
 Heav'n shall forgive me for the Good I'll do my
 power shall stop the Rage of war, beg cities from
 rapine and fire, kingdoms from desolation Maids
 from Slavery Kings from Death
 Asp. The Breast &c.

5 Unhappy Fair, Compassion calls upon me
 To check this torrent of imperious Rage
 While unavailing passion crouds your tongue
 empty With *idle* threats, and fruitless Exclamation
 The treacherous Moments ply their silent wings
 And steal your life away. Death's horrid Angel
 bloody

we are in Already *(shakes his)* *(shakes)* brandishes his ^a Sabre
 danger by this o'er You
 pause

The Raging Sultan burns till our Return
 Curses the dull delays of lingering Mercy
 And thinks his bloody Mandates ill-obeyd.⁴
 And add new terrors to the face of Death⁵
 The Sultan comes, impatient for his Love,
 Conduct her hither, *(see that)* *(let)* no *(rude)* intrusion
 Molest these private walks or care invade

15] These Hours, devote to pleasure and Irene.⁶
 To mix with nobler Cares, I'll *set* apart throw
 For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.⁷
 Thy dazzled Soul, with all its boasted Greatness
 Shrinks at th' oerpowring *(blaze)* *(gleams)* of regal
 State
 Stoops *(at)* *(from)* the Blaze like a degenerate Eagle

¹ II. vi. 80.² II. vi. 22-3.³ II. vii. 70-6.⁴ V. ix. 4-13.⁵ V. xi. 8.⁶ II. v. 12-15⁷ II. vi. 70-1.

First Draft of Irene

And flies for shelter to the Shades of life.¹ 3
 Ambition is the Stamp impress'd by Heav'n
 To mark the noblest Minds. With active fire
 Inform'd they mount the Precipice of Power
 Grasp at Command, and tow'r in quest of Empire
 Then pleas'd, and conscious of Superiour Greatness
 And Strength proportiond to the task of Ruling to be clear'd
 While vulgar Souls compassionate the cares
 They give the Nations Laws, and view serene
 The subject World, familiar to Dominion.
 Thus meaner Spirits with amazement (*see*) mark
 The varying Seasons, and revolving Skies nearer to perfection
 While some Archangel (*of superiour Nature*)
 In easy State presides oer all their motions
 Directs the Planets with a careless Nod,
 Prescribes the dreadfull Comet's flaming path
 Rolls on the Sun, and Regulates the Spheres.² And ask what
 Guilty Pow'rs
 rebellious
 hand—
 Rolls with
 eternal toil
 the pond'rous
 Orbs.
 Conducts
 Now Mustapha *reveal* this Tale of *Horror* (treason persue
 That clouds thy Brow and labours in thy Bosom
 at the dreadfull name of Treason
 Treason so near us? (*lurking in our Palace*)³
 Attention rouses from the dream of Love
 They put the riches of Cali Bassa on board. [15^v]
 Demetrius is much afraid lest Mahomets affection
 to Aspasia should return—this He dwells often on. 2
 Mustapha observes that though neither then nor
 now he had a perfect view of him, he thinks he has seen B
 him often upon the wall where the danger was greatest
 ([Ho]w blest our State could every bosom)
 Fidelity so firm so pure as mine⁴ (3)
 Demetrius enlarges upon the Good they shall do by
 teaching the Sciences particularly Nat. Phil:
 Assembling Nations croud thy port.
 Inferiour Beauty—Rolld undistinguish'd down the
 tide of Rapine

¹ III. viii. 99–102.

³ II. vi. 1–

² III. viii. 111–24.

⁴ IV. v. 17.

When Mahomet ask'd Irene if she will yet consent
 L 16-8 to be his Queen, she pleads the obligations of Religion on which he preaches the Mortality of her Soul.¹

The reason why Abdalla engages in the Conspiracy is given because he has been refused a Government to which he was recommended by Cali.²

What but *(the)* Womans *(The imp)* *(plea?)* the mighty Secret

p Swell'd in my breast, and *labour'd* for a *vent* panted—
 passage

I long'd for somebody with whom I might talk over the pleasures of dominion and my Schemes of Royalty. I resolve'd to anticipa[te] the Homage, and enjoy the flatteries of a throne before I ascended it—

3 'Tis yours to grant, or to refuse him Entrance
 Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy Message
 Thanks for this kind relief. Conduct him hither³

And *(Strength)* to vanquish miseries or bear.

I'll give the World peace a while to indulge the
 4 pleasures of Love, then with collected force, remembering that I conquer for Irene overbear all opposition—proud Vienna trembles, and Venice in vain defended by surrounding Seas.—Rhodes.⁴

Hypocrisy 4 That hoary Villain's forc'd congratulations
 which I ha[ve] 4 Will damp my joys, and cloud the happy days⁵
 worn is a
 burthen I ine to [morrow no] borro[wd or a]ffected [gayety]⁶
 w[ould] have
 every smile He stop unmindfull of observing Crowds

g[enu] in the whirl of thought
 [16'] Absorb'd by thought, then waking from his dream

4 Constrains a sullen smile—and shoots away⁷ horrid joy—gloomy Resolution—his air now fearful now resolv'd.

¹ II. vii. 1-24.

² IV. viii. 9-10.

³ III. ix. 4-5.

⁴ IV. v. 25-9.

⁵ IV. vi. 2-3.

⁶ The insertions are taken from Langton's transcript: the page is torn.

⁷ IV. viii. 5-7.

First Draft of Irene

He drew his Scymetar and lop'd the Branches.

Demetrius towrd—Above the Female pleasures of
Revenge¹
on The Brink of Violation//—To linger is to dye And
Her lofty Mien, and Insolence of Virtue—my State s
faded before her

They dare show no suspicion of Cali lest he raise
the Soldiers²

With (all the) allurements of persuasive Wealth—
Gold

And all the giddy rage of desperation

Will she yet consent to accept the' Imperial Robe, to [end of 16v] 8
rule with softer influence as the Moon sheds her
cooling dew upon the parch'd field by the Sun from
whom she borrows her light. and heal the wounds of
War. in her palaces

The dreadfull dissonance of barbarous triumph

New joy comes rushing on me and o'erwhelms

My fainting Soul with Violence of transport.³

And all the Lover rouses at her Name.

she promises to be secret but—dreads to dip her
hands in Blood. She shall be haunted in her Dreams
by Phantoms, and Murder will be always in her
thoughts.

Either in the last Scene of the 3d act or the first of
the fourth Demet: tells Asp. how he was preserv'd
by Cali.

What has the Wretch that has surviv'd his Country
His Friends, his Liberty, to hazard?—Life

Whats Life when weigh'd with Greece ^{with Virtue} (or) with ^{inf. b Dem}
Aspasia?

A floating Atom! dust that falls unheeded

Into the adverse Scale, nor shakes the Ballance⁴

Our warlike Prophet loves an active Zeal

The noble flame of enterprising Virtue

¹ IV. ix. 17.

² II. vi. 42.

³ III. x. 14.

⁴ I. ii. 134-40.

Mocks the dull vows of Solitude and Penance
And scorns the lazy Hermits cheap Devotion.¹

Demetrius's resolution to strike to day Lest Mah.
may renew his Love of Asp. may be defer'd to the
Second act

^b Important Hazard! whats that airy Bubble²

^x Will yet Irenes haughty Soul descend
To hear my *<suiz>* *<vows>* and give a Queen to Turkey?³
To ** Bid wasted Regions flourish at her smile
(after the blast of war⁴

And in the *paths* of War and Desolation
Bid⁵ Pleasure bloom and Cities reascend.⁶

I'll open my breast—clasp thee—forget Greatness—

^{3 L} And boast no title but Aspasia's Friend⁷

Such Heav'nly *<Beauty>* form'd for Adoration

^{14 B} *The Pride of Monarchs* the Reward of Conquest Boast
of Nature

And though built on feeble Columns—Its lofty
turrets blaze amidst the Sky

With bright effulgence The travell afar

But when ³ Surveys the Glories of the splendid Pile
an Earthquake comes weak It spreads the wide Plain an unregarded Ruin.

and un- Amidst his gloomy Guards and fiery Vassals⁸
supported

The horrid pomp of Ostentatious Woe
En[v]ies the meanest *<Minister of Heav'n>* of celestial
Beings

That wafts diseases from the sleeping Infant.

[17^v] That And burning Daemons tremble at her torments
ours the dews Some soft decoy to lure me to Destruction⁹
upon the

thirsty vales Thou fountain of Existence I pour the Anguish of
my Soul before Thee.

Are these th' unceasing joys th' unmingled
Pleasures

inf L

¹ I. v. 25–8.

² I. ii. 137.

³ II. vii. 1–2.

⁴ II. vii. 72.

⁵ Bid *rewritten from* let.

⁶ II. vii. 71.

⁷ III. viii. 12–14

⁸ III. viii. 135.

⁹ V. xii. 4.

For which Aspasia scorn'd the Crown of Turkey?¹ she courted
Fate &
 scorn'd a crown
 Is this th' unshaken Confidence in Heav'n?
 Is this the boasted calm of conscious Virtue?
 When did Content^(ment) *with struggling Sorrow* Sigh out her
care in
secret?
throb?
 Or gay Felicity retire to Desarts?² inf p
 The universal Smile of joyfull Nature
 Hang *(Sit)* these black clouds upon Aspasia's L.
 brow?
 Does conscious Virtue shake the fainting knee?²
 Wet the Dim eye or swell the throbbing Bosom?
 Whence rise these restless cares? these strong
 Emotions?
 These chilling Doubts, and agonizing Horrors?
 From generous Piety, or abject Fear?
 The Christian's Tenderness? or Womans weakness
 The thoughts of happy Love, and rescu'd Greece
 Flush in my cheeks, and sally in veins
 Exalt my soul, and swell it into Raptures.
 But my Blood freezes and Weak Nature shudders
 My trembling Nerves—Sink at the dreadful Scenes
 of Blood and Death
 Sooner these trembling leaves shall find a Voice
 To tell the Secrets of their conscious *Shades* walks
 Sooner the Breeze shall catch the flying Sounds
 And shock the Tyrant with a tale of Treason
 Your thin Battalions and your empty tents
 Your slaughter'd Multitudes that swell the Shore
 And croud the fattend fields, the Ghosts that wander
 Yet Strangers in some distant World proclaim
 To Heav'n and Earth the Courage of Leontius
 Virtue and Liberty engross his Soul
 And reign without a Rival in his Bosom.³
 Demetrius tells his concern for Aspasia and suppos- [13]
 ing her Dead calls to her to protect him.⁴

¹ v. ii. 16-21.

² v. ii. 19.

³ I. ii. 26-33.

⁴ I. i. 80-103.

[Each Hero To rough—Too false too fierce *to* trust or *to* neglect
fir'd Piety or for—for¹
Freedom

Ye venerable Ghosts of noble Patriots
Both your (if Human miseries or affairs yet claim your regard)
Religion and Ye holy Shades of—Martyrs
your country are concern'd, now hover o'er us and Direct our Councils
bend Tyrant Adamant—melt Harlot

Cali Bassa when he determines to poyson Abd.²
4 wishes he had rather stood the Tyrants Rage than
run from Crime to Crime.—

How Heav'n in Scorn of Human Arrogance
Commits to trivial chance the Work of Fate!
While with incessant thought laborious Man
Extends his mighty Schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal Greatness
Some *(sudden)* *(fatal)* gust of sudden Opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new Creation,
Oerturns the fabrick of presumptuous Reason
And whelms the swelling Architect beneath it.³

To morrow Strike—Does *(then)* that experienc'd
Wisdom

3 That Hoary Head, that Head which hungry fate
Marks for His own still doat upon to Morrow
That fatal mistress of the Young the lazy
The coward and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to morrow
To gaze with longing eyes upon to morrow

Darkness bars Till interposing Death destroys (denys) the prospect.⁴

The wily Sorc'ress (*b*)(*w*)ears a thousand forms,
3 And various charms displays to various eyes
The Merchant sees her with wealth, the lover with his
Mistress &c

The weary Soldier—Still sees to Morrow dressd in
robes of triumph⁵

Wealth in her hand, and olive on her brow.

¹ III. vi. 14.

² III. vi. 13.

³ II. iii. 1-9.

⁴ III. ii. 19-25.

⁵ III. ii. 28-31.

Arsanes tells that persuing to morrow is like follow- [18v]
ing the meteors of a fen where

The traveller persues the (flatt'ring) wandring
splendor

Still courting his embrace and still eluding
And as he seems to seize the insidious Phantom that
dances before him he sinks for ever

The present hour invites with *genuine* charms
Seize the kind Fair, and press her to thy Bosom.¹
There may be a dispute between Leontius and Deme-
trius who shall be employ'd in the Action of killing
Mahomet²

—The beuteous Fiend
The shining mischief³—In Irene's Chamber
Said not the Villain in Irene's Chamber⁴

If yet one Spark of Heav'nly fire remain rouse
Unactive (unkindled) in the breast—

It must be mention'd somewhere that the Galley is
now brought up to to bottom of this Garden.⁵
Mahomet upon mentioning Caly's request of pil-
grima[ge]

And Must. mentioning Greece and Revenge doubt
of Caly's design but determine however to kill him.⁶

Horrid as a Murd'ers Dreams, Madman's
Laughter

Slumber of the Soul
Wilderness of waters—The sinking turrets and 3
receding Shores

My Soul not oft acquainted with Remorse 4
Shrinks from this Heap of aggregated Crime
Aspasia answers to Irenes Insult that this World is
not the place where happiness is promised to Virtue,
or where her Votaries obtain their Reward Virtue will
cry out in torture and be anxious in Danger that yet
she would not change her sorrows for Irene's Joys

¹ III. ii. 34-5.

² IV. iii. 25-40.

³ V. xi. 1.

⁴ V. xi. 14.

⁵ IV. iii. 1 and V. v. 52

⁶ II. vi. 43-86.

Johnson's Poems

(*Gratitude*) Caraza concludes with exhorting all men to benevolence and kindness—beneficium non perit—Gratitude

[19] Which is the first and last Virtue of the Human Soul will reward him for it.¹

Some angry Stratagem of jealous beauty
Mahomet dwells on the Arts which Irene would have
us'd to lull him in Security with songs kisses and
endearing expressions and embraces till the Sword of
a traitor had taken away his Life.²

—Sanguinary Joy—Slaves now watch her nod
Willing to delay You here they give you on earth the
pleasures of Paradise

Why should Cali rebel—unexpensive Age

Tell how the Tyrant flatt &c In vain

And what protecting Angel led thee hither³

—And loiter'd with his troop remote from Action⁴
When future Histories record the Deed.

For I know
Ambition
seduc'd her⁵. And yet such is the condition of Human Happiness
Suspicion checks the rising transport

Will She that's false to Heav'n, to m

I love her still, but shall esteem Aspasia :

(Beauties) insulted by a Slave—

An A rebellious murmur

An angry look had sunk him into Hell⁶

And dare not (fear to) tread upon the verge of
Murder

When she
her She relates Abdalla offers of Love. he informs her,^A
that the Greeks are all devoted to him, that if they
cannot serve Greece or live secure there they will go
into Italy and spread Learning over the West.⁷

Deny'd the Savage pleasure of Oppression

And why this Dread Solemnity of Grief

O could her boasted Saints, and powerfull Prayers

(Call) (Rouse) from the Grave the Rivals of Pharsalia

¹ IV. ix. 18-24.

² V. xii. 3-4.

³ III. x. 33.

⁴ IV. iii. 22.

⁵ IV. vii. 7.

⁶ IV. viii. 19-20.

⁷ IV. i. 34-123.

Call forth her ancient Scipios to the field
Or bid her great Camilli
Let no distrust the gen'rous Hand restrain [19^v]
For *(Non)* Who was e'er beneficent in vain?¹

Accomplice of her treasons² [20^v]

¹ IV. ix. 22-23.

² V. xii. 5. This single line is accompanied by figures also in Johnson's hand: 300 divided by 9 and verified. As the play was acted

nine times and Johnson received, including the copyright, about £300, this may be his estimate of the average value of each night.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO POEMS BY OTHERS

Johnson was liberal in his assistance, and his advice was often sought. His earliest substantial revision was of Samuel Madden's *Boulter's Monument*, published at Dublin and at London in 1745. He told Dr. Thomas Campbell, as Boswell records, that the poem was submitted to him for castigation and that he 'blotted a great many lines'. Madden acknowledged in his Postscript that 'some hundred lines have been pruned from it, that were not quite unpardonable'. He does not mention Johnson's help, which appears to have been confined to 'pruning'; but Johnson thought him 'very thankful', and 'very generous' in his gift of ten guineas (*Life*, ed. 1934, i. 318, 545). Mrs. Mary Masters is described by Boswell as 'the poetess, whose volumes he revised, and, it is said, illuminated here and there with a ray of his own genius'. She published two volumes, *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1733, and *Familiar Letters and Poems on Several Occasions*, 1755. In the former she acknowledges the assistance of a friend who saved her from grammatical mistakes, but its date is too early for this friend to have been Johnson, unless they had met in his Birmingham days, four years before he came to London; in the later volume search has been made in vain for Johnson's illumination, though, as 'Mr. Samuel Johnson, A.M., Author of the Rambler' appears among the subscribers, he may have had the opportunity of making a few corrections. Grainger submitted to him the second canto of *The Sugar Cane*, but he is known only to have condemned one line when the poem was read out in a hilarious company (Boswell, *Life*, 1934, ii. 453, 533). Mrs. Thrale translated at his desire the 'metres' in the *Consolations* of Boethius, and his revision was thorough (*ante*, pp. 143-50). He revised the poems of Miss Reynolds, and 'mended some bad rhymes' by rewriting whole couplets (*Miscellanies*, ii. 279). Others of whom he knew little, such as the Rev. William Tasker, took their chance of asking his opinion (*Life*, iii. 373).

His part in the poems or passages which follow was acknowledged by himself, or is otherwise established.

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies*, 1766, p. 42.

Johnson told Boswell that of Miss Williams's original poem only two lines remained after his revision (*Life*, ii. 26). Malone in his annotated copy, now in the Dyce Collection in the South Kensington Museum, suggested that they were either the first couplet or the second.

Stephen Gray—so he spelled his name—contributed twenty-one papers

to *Philosophical Translations*, nine of them on electricity. From 1719 till his death in 1736 he was a poor brother of the Charterhouse. See a memoir by W. P. Courtney in *Notes and Queries*, x. vi. 161, 354 (1906).

Malone detected the hand of Johnson in two other poems in Miss Williams's *Miscellanies*,—'The Excursion' and 'Reflections on a grave digging in Westminster Abbey'. Johnson's alterations in her 'Verses to Mr. Richardson, on his History of Sir Charles Grandison' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1754, p. 40) were not adopted in the reprint in the *Miscellanies*: see *Life*, 1934, ii. 479.

ON the DEATH of STEPHEN GREY, F.R.S.

THE AUTHOR of

THE PRESENT DOCTRINE of ELECTRICITY*.

LONG hast thou born the burthen of the day,
 Thy task is ended, venerable GREY!
 No more shall Art thy dext'rous hand require
 To break the sleep of elemental fire;
 To rouse the pow'rs that actuate Nature's frame, 5
 The momentaneous shock, th' electrick flame,
 The flame which first, weak pupil of thy lore,
 I saw, condemn'd, alas! to see no more.

Now, hoary Sage, pursue thy happy flight,
 With swifter motion haste to purer light, 10
 Where BACON waits with NEWTON and with BOYLE
 To hail thy genius, and applaud thy toil;
 Where intuition breaks through time and space,
 And mocks experiment's successive race;
 Sees tardy Science toil at Nature's laws, 15
 And wonders how th' effect obscures the cause.

Yet not to deep research or happy guess
 Is ow'd the life of hope, the death of peace.

* The Publisher of this Miscellany, as she was assisting Mr. Grey in his experiments, was the first that observed and notified the emission of the electrical spark from a human body.

Unblest the man whom philosophick rage
 Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the Sage;
 Not Art but Goodness pour'd the sacred ray
 That cheer'd the parting hour of humble GREY.

THE TRAVELLER, OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

When Goldsmith received the proofs of this poem,—which, as the head-lines show, he intended to call *A Prospect of Society*,—he asked for Johnson's help. Johnson told Reynolds that to the best of his recollection he contributed not more than eighteen lines (Leslie and Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 458). In 1783 he was able to identify only nine of these for Boswell. On the title-page of a copy of the fifth edition of the poem Boswell wrote this note:

'In Spring 1783 Dr. Johnson at my desire marked with a pencil the lines in this admirable Poem which he furnished viz. l. 18 on p. 23 [l. 420] and from the 3 line on the last page to the end except the last couplet but one. "These (he said) are all of which I can be sure."'

The title-page and the last page are reproduced in *The R. B. Adam Library*, vol. ii, before p. 19; cf. *Life*, ii. 6.

The single line is

To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

It took the place of Goldsmith's

And faintly fainter, fainter seems to go.

Other changes are pointed out, but not said to be by Johnson, in Bertram Dobell's edition of the proofs of *A Prospect of Society*, 1902.

The conclusion of the poem is a characteristic Johnsonian addition:

How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. 430
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel, 435
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

'The four last lines were marked at my desire by Dr. Johnson spring 1783 as all that he wrote of this admirable Poem.' This note was written by Boswell on the last page of his copy of the first edition of the poem. The reproduction of the page in *The R. B. Adam Library*, vol. ii, opposite p. 19, shows Johnson's mark. Cf. *Life*, ii. 7.

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER

Early in January 1776 Johnson invited himself to drink tea with Hannah More in order that they might read together *Sir Eldred*, a legendary tale which she had just published along with *The Bleeding Rock*. She describes the evening in a letter written on the following day (? 6 January): 'Our tea was not over till nine, we then fell upon Sir Eldred: he read both poems through, suggested some little alterations in the first, and did me the honour to write one whole stanza; but in the *Rock*, he has not altered a word. Though only a tea visit, he stayed with us till twelve' (W. Roberts, *Memoirs of Hannah More*, 1834, i. 64). The first edition of *Sir Eldred* contains this stanza (i. 49):

Beauty with coldness I've beheld,
And 'scap'd the shaft divine;
But what my guardless heart can shield
From *pity* like thine?

It was replaced in 1778 by Johnson's stanza, which has the incidental interest of being his only serious use of the ballad measure.

My scorn has oft the heart repell'd
Which guileful beauty threw,
But goodness heard, and grace beheld,
Must every heart subdue.

THE VILLAGE

Crabbe asked Reynolds to submit *The Village* to Johnson, and on 4 March 1783 Johnson returned the manuscript to Reynolds with a letter expressing his 'great delight'. 'The alterations which I have made', he wrote, 'I do not require him to adopt, for my lines are, perhaps, not often better than his own; but he may take mine and his own together, and perhaps between

them produce something better than either'. Boswell says in his Journal under 3 April 1783 'I got the Poem home with me and copied all the Doctor's fragments'. His *Life* preserves what is now known of Johnson's revision (ed. 1934, iv. 175, 509). Crabbe had written:

In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus, the pride of Mantuan swains, might sing:
But charmed by him, or smitten with his views,
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?

He adopted Johnson's recast of the passage:

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanick echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?

5

A MOTTO IN 'THE RAMBLER'

A notable instance of unacknowledged revision is provided by the motto to No. 130 of *The Rambler*. Johnson ascribed the translation to the Edinburgh Edition (see p. 128), but what he printed is not so much Elphinston's as his own. The Edinburgh Edition gives this:

No mist so blights the vernal meads,
When summer's sultry heat succeeds,
As one fell moment blasts the blow
That gave the tender cheek to glow.
Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flow'r:
Then who that's wise, will e'er confide
In such a frail, so poor a pride?

Enough of Elphinston's version was retained to account for the attribution. The motto is from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ll. 761-71.

Not faster in the summer's ray
The spring's frail beauty fades away,
Than anguish and decay consume
The smiling virgin's rosy bloom.
Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flow'r:
Then how can wisdom e'er confide
In beauty's momentary pride?

POEMS OF DOUBTFUL AUTHORSHIP

ON 'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE'

The Gentleman's Magazine, 1736, following title.

Nichols, in the Preface to the *General Index to The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1821, p. xiii, said that he believed these verses to be by Johnson. The verses are signed 'Rusticus'. In the 'Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban' in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1856, p. 271 n., it was pointed out that the same signature is attached in 1735 and 1736 to several pieces, some of which are certainly not by Johnson. So far as is known, no verses by Johnson appeared in the *Magazine* before April 1738, but he had been in communication with Cave as early as 25 November 1734.

*In Locupletissimum ornatissimumque SYL. URB.
Thesaurum.*

MENSTRUUA concinnat SYLVANUS, & ANNUA *Dona*,
Quantus ubique Lepos! quantus ubique Decor!
Apte antiqua novis miscentur, et utile dulci:

PALLAS ubique docet; ridet ubique VENUS.

**Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,*
Mille habet Ornatus, mille decenter habet.

5

* Tibull., Lib. IV.

ON THE GIN-ACT

The Gentleman's Magazine, July 1736, p. 420.

In *The Genuine Works of William Hogarth*, 1808, i. 291 n., John Nichols gives these lines, with this introduction: 'The following verses on the Gin Act, in 1736, I have reason to think were the production of Dr. Johnson.' In the absence of Nichols's reasons they must be placed among the doubtful poems. They are signed 'Ardelio'.

PENSILIBUS fusis, cyatho comitata supremo,
Terribili fremitu stridula mœret anus.
O longum, formosa, vale, mihi vita decusque,
Fida comes mensæ, fida comesque tori!

Eheu! quam longo tecum consumerer ævo!

*Heu! quam tristitiæ dulce lenimen eras!

Æternum direpta mihi! sed quid moror istis?

Stat: fixum est: nequeunt jam revocare preces.

I, quoniam sic fata vocant: liceat mihi tantum

Vivere, te viva, te moriente, mori.

* *Ovid.*

VENUS IN ARMOUR

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1738, p. 214.

This unsigned Latin epigram was attributed to Johnson in the 'Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban' in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1856, p. 272, but no reasons were given. Whether the translation was also attributed to Johnson is not clear.

Epigramma

ARMATAM *Pallas Venerem* conspexit, et eia
Nunc age, certamen nunc ineamus, ait;
Dulce *Venus* ridens, lorica nil opus, inquit,
Vincere te potui nuda, quid arma geram?

Englished

*V*ENUS in armour *Pallas* chanc'd to view,
And dar'd her much th' old quarrel to renew;
Love's queen reply'd, and smil'd a world of charms,
Naked I conquer'd you, what need of arms?

FROM 'THE SONG OF SOLOMON'

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1738, p. 215.

This unsigned poem was attributed to Johnson in the 'Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban' in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1856, p. 272, but no reasons were given.

Ex Cantico Solomonis

*S*URGE, soror dilecta, mihi lux, gaudia, vita;
Haud mora, surge, soror!
Aspice, diffugiunt ignavæ frigora brumæ;
Ver geniale venit.

Turbidus imber abest; mittit rosa roscida gemmās, Sole foyente, suas.	5
Veris, io! venit alma dies! <i>Philomela</i> canorum Fundit ab ore melos,	
Aerizque columbæ, dantes oscula, jungunt Oribus ora suis.	10
Jam teneros fructus detrudit lactea ficus Arboreasque comas;	
Munera luxurians dat pampinus, et generoso Subrubet uva mero.	
Suaviter exhalant violaria grata, <i>Sabæo</i> Spirat odore botrus.	15
Huc, soror alma, veni! pernicious ocyor <i>Euris</i> Huc, soror alma, veni!	

THE LOGICAL WAREHOUSE

The Gentleman's Magazine, May 1738, p. 271

This epigram was said to be by Johnson in the 'Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1856, p. 272, but no reasons were given. It is signed 'Philologus'.

THE LOGICAL WAREHOUSE:

*Occasioned by an Auctioneer's having the Groundfloor
of the Oratory in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

DISSIMILI domus una duos tenet arte tumentes;
Præcones ambo, Nummus utrique Deus.
Quæris, Quis prior est fama meritivæ; superna
Cui pars verbosæ, vel datur ima, domus?
Supra *Præco Dei*—streptit infra *Præco Bonorum*:
Hic Bona queis opus est venditat, ILLE Sonum.

5

ON THOMAS BIRCH

The Gentleman's Magazine, January 1739, p. 4.

This Latin paraphrase of Johnson's Greek epigram on Dr. Birch (ante, p. 108) was hesitatingly ascribed to Johnson by Croker, *Life*, 1831, i. 110, on the ground that Johnson had made a similar paraphrase of his Greek epigram on Eliza. Croker was followed in the 'Autobiography of Sylvanus Urban' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1856, p. 275, where no doubt is suggested.

IN BIRCHIUM

ARTE nova, raraque fide perscripserat ausus
 Birchius egregios, claraque gesta virum.
 Hunc oculis Veri Fautrix lustravit acutis,
 Et placido tandem hæc edidit ore, Dea:
 'Perge modo, atque tuas olim post funera laudes
 'Qui scribat meritas, Birchius alter erit.'

TRANSLATION OF A WELCH EPITAPH
ON PRINCE MADOC

The Gentleman's Magazine, October 1740, p. 519.

The St. James's Chronicle, 26 May 1787.

The European Magazine, June 1787, p. 451.

Works, 1788, xiv. 546.

Works, 1823, i. 415.

The original epitaph,—found in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Travels*, 1638, p. 360,—was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1740, p. 105, and an English translation sent in by 'Riverius' was printed in August, p. 409. The Latin was given this editorial introduction: 'As we have never been favour'd with the *Latin* translation of the remarkable *Welsh* epitaph [mentioned by 'Riverius'] . . . we insert the following, which has lain by us some time.'

The Latin translation, signed 'I', was said to be 'clearly Johnson's' by John Nichols in an editorial note in the *Magazine* for May 1787, p. 441. Presumably on this authority the poem was added to vol. xiv. of the *Works* in 1788.

INCLYTUS hic hæres magni requiescit *Oeni*,
 Confessus tantum mente manumque patrem;
 Servilem tuti cultum contempsit agelli,
 Et petiit terras per freta longa novas.

ON LORD LOVAT'S EXECUTION

The Gentleman's Magazine, April 1747, p. 194.

Boswell, *Life*, 1791, i. 97 (1934, i. 180).

Johnson repeated these verses 'with great energy' at Ullinish on 21 September 1773 (*Boswell's Journal*, ed. Pottle and Bennett, p. 197; *Life*, i. 180). Boswell, who quotes them in the *Life*, seems to have been inclined

to think that they were by Johnson, but admits that he had no authority to say that they were his. He adds that 'one of the best critics of our age' had suggested to him 'that "the word *indifferently* being used in the sense of *without concern*", and being also very unpoetical, renders it improbable that they should have been his composition'. But one of the meanings of the word given in the *Dictionary* is 'in a neutral state; without wish or aversion'; and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 87 is quoted as an example. (This casts doubt on the identification of the critic with Malone.) That Johnson was able to repeat these verses some twenty-six years after their appearance in *The Gentleman's Magazine* may suggest that he wrote them; but, in view of his remarkable memory, additional evidence is required before they can be definitely assigned to him. The question still remains as Boswell left it.

Simon Fraser, twelfth Baron Lovat, was beheaded on Tower Hill on 9 April 1747, at the age of eighty. The number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* containing the verses begins with an 'Account of the Behaviour and Execution of the late Ld Lovat, and some further particulars of his Life'.

The Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were executed on Tower Hill on 18 August 1746, and Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, on 8 December, all for participating in the Jacobite Rebellion. See *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1746, pp. 391, 666, 676. Balmerino is pronounced Balmër'ino (locally Bampir'nie).

On Lord LOVAT's Execution

Pl'ty'd by *gentle minds* KILMARNOCK dy'd;
 The *brave*, BALMERINO, were on thy side;
 RADCLIFFE, unhappy in his crimes of youth,
 Steady in what he still mistook for truth,
 Beheld his death so decently unmov'd,
 The *soft* lamented, and the *brave* approv'd.
 But Lovat's end indiff'rently we view,
 True to no *king*, to no *religion* true:
 No *fair* forgets the *ruin* he has done;
 No *child* laments the tyrant of his *son*;
 No *tory* pities, thinking what he *was*;
 No *whig* compassions, for he *left the cause*;
 The *brave* regret not, for he was not brave;
 The *honest* mourn not, knowing him a *knave*.

A SONG

The Gentleman's Magazine, June 1747, p. 290.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 245; 1775, iii. 243; 1783, iii. 245.

The Charmer, Edinburgh, 1782, ii. 207.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 163.

Works, 1787, xi. 362.

This poem was first attributed to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, the authority of which is not beyond question.

A Song

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite, 5
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on *India's* shore,
Not all *Peru's* unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame
That heroes, kings, or poets claim, 10
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth and knowledge I obtain, 15
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain:
In lovely *Stella* all combine,
And, lovely *Stella!* thou art mine.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY

The Gentleman's Magazine, February 1748, p. 89.

The Scots Magazine, February 1748, p. 83.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 247.

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 165.

Works, 1787, xi. 359.

This poem was attributed to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, but not reprinted in it in 1775. The octosyllabic couplets recall Johnson's translation from Anacreon.

THE
NATURAL BEAUTY

To STELLA

WHETHER *Stella's* eyes are found
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others woe,
 If her easy air express 5
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.
 If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems and rich brocade; 10
 If her chintz, with less expence,
 Flows in easy negligence,
 Still she lights the constant flame,
 Still her charms appear the same.
 If she strikes the vocal strings, 15
 If she 's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.
 Vain the casual transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance, 20
 Beauty, which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing heart,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade!
 I those charms alone can prize, 25
 Which from constant nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance, nor dress
 E'er can make or more or less.

AN EVENING ODE

The Gentleman's Magazine, January 1750, p. 38.

The Scots Magazine, September 1754, p. 425.

Fawkes and Woty, *The Poetical Calendar*, 1763, ix. 11.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 246; 1775, iii. 244; 1783, iii. 246.
The Charmer, Edinburgh, 1782, ii. 206.
Poetical Works, 1785, p. 164.
Works, 1787, xi. 358.

Pearch's *Collection* is again the only authority for Johnson's authorship.

AN EVENING ODE

TO STELLA

EV'NING now, from purple wings,
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
 Silver'd o'er with *Cynthia's* beam.
 Near, the chequer'd, lonely grove
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.—
Stella! thither let us stray,
 Lightly o'er the dewy way;
Phæbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely *Stella*, far;
 In his stead, the Queen of Night
 Round us pours a lambent light;
 Light that serves but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Ev'ning's silent hours employ;
 Silence, best, and conscious shades
 Please the hearts that Love invades;
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but Love disdain.

Title] An Evening Ode to Delia. *Scots Mag.*, 1763 9, 12 *Stella*] Delia
Scots Mag., 1763 9 Thither, Delia, *S.M.*, 1763 14 Round us pours]
 Sheds around *S.M.*, 1763 15 serves] seems 1785, 1787. 17 now] there
S.M., 1763 18 Ev'ning's] All the *S.M.*, 1763 19 conscious] dusky *S.M.*,
 1763 20 heart *S.M.*, 1763 21-2 Other passions then at rest, Love
 possesses all the breast. *S.M.*, 1763.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH

The Gentleman's Magazine, February 1750, p. 85.

The Scots Magazine, February 1750, p. 86.

Pearch, *Collection of Poems*, 1770, iii. 249; 1775, iii. 245; 1783, iii. 247-

Poetical Works, 1785, p. 166.

Works, 1787, xi. 360.

The subject is more Johnsonian than that of the previous piece, but the attribution again rests on the doubtful authority of Pearch's *Collection*.

THE VANITY of WEALTH

An ODE

To a Friend

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Av'rice painful vigils keep.
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize, 5
 Which not all *India's* treasure buys!
 To purchase heav'n, has gold the pow'r?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life, can *Love* be bought with gold?
 Are *Friendship's* pleasures to be sold? 10
 No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
 Fair *Virtue* gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.
 With *Science* tread the wond'rous way, 15
 Or learn the *Muse's* moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where *Mirth* and *Temp'rance* mix the bowl.
 To virtuous *Love* resign thy breast,
 And be, by blessing *Beauty*, blest. 20
 Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,
 Ere Youth and all its joys are fled;
 Come, taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.

I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and *Stella*, and content:
 And scorn, oh! let that scorn be thine!
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

25

THE HAPPY LIFE

Anna Williams, *Miscellanies*, 1766, p. 18.

Boswell attributed this poem to Johnson on the basis of internal evidence (*Life*, ii. 25), and Malone marked it as Johnson's in his copy of Miss Williams's book.

The theme was one of Johnson's favourites; but some lines are at variance with his usual style. It may be that they remain from a poem which was written by Miss Williams and, like her poem *On the Death of Stephen Grey* in the same volume, underwent his thorough revision. The French motto supports the view that, at most, he only revised the poem.

THE

HAPPY LIFE

Las d'esperer, et de me plaindre
 De l'amour des Grands et de sort,
 C'est ici que j'attends la mort,
 Sans la desirer ou la craindre.

St. Amant.¹

THRICE happy they, who in an humble state
 Contented live, and aim not to be great;
 Whose life not sunk in sloth is free from care,
 Nor tost by change, nor stagnant in despair;
 Who chearfully receive each mercy given, 5
 And bless the lib'ral hand of bounteous Heaven;
 Who with wise authors pass the instructive day,
 And wonder how the moments stole away;
 Who gently taught by calm experience find
 No riches equal to a well form'd mind; 10
 Who not retir'd beyond the sight of life,
 Behold its weary cares, its noisy strife;
 And safe in virtue's philosophick cell,
 Content with thinking right, and acting well,
 Mark rashness sporting on perdition's brink, 15
 And see the turrets of ambition sink;

¹ The quatrain is not in the collected works of St. Amant.

Of life without a pang dissolve the tie,
In peace decay, with resignation die;
Breathe out the vital flame in humble trust,
And mingle blameless with their native dust.

20

TRANSLATION OF VERSES BY CRASHAW

Transcript, c. 1775, by or for Thomas Percy (Bodleian Library).

In the *Dictionary* Johnson quoted under 'Peace' the last ten lines of Crashaw's 'Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, which died, and were buried together'. This translation of the last eight lines, with the heading 'Part of a Latin translation of Crashaw's Verses under the word peace in the English Dict.', is written on a fly-leaf of a collection of some of Johnson's pieces formed about 1765 by Thomas Percy (*Irene*, 1754; *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, extracted from Dodsley's *Collection*, 1765; 'The Vision of Theodore' from *The Grand Magazine of Magazines*, 1750, &c.). On the preceding fly-leaf Percy drew up, between 1772 and 1775, a list of other publications by Johnson; and immediately below the translation from Crashaw is written the translation of Pope's verses on his Grotto (p. 115). The inclusion of the translation from Crashaw in these surroundings indicates that Percy believed it to be by Johnson.

INNOCUA hic membris permistas membra columbas
Supremis junxit nexibus arctus amor.
Hic jaceant; donec Nox transeat horrida nimbis,
Et cortina novum det revoluta diem!
Tunc alacres demum surgent, et crastinus ortus
Æternum Æternâ Luce juvabit opus!

EPIGRAM ON SIR THOMAS MORE, ERASMUS, AND MICYLLUS

Manuscript, British Museum, Add. MS. 12070.

Diary of a Journey into North Wales, in the year 1774, ed. R. Duppa, 1816, p. 17.

This Greek distich occurs in Johnson's *Diary* of his Welsh tour in a right-hand column, opposite the entry in the left-hand column for 15 March 1774, and appears to be unrelated to the context. Johnson wrote ἦρεν [i.e. ἦρεν] in front of εἶλεν, as if doubtful which word to use, and this may be cited as evidence that the couplet was composed by him; but it is equally good evidence of imperfect memory. No other reference to Micyllus

has been found in the whole body of Johnson's work. But the editors have also failed to find this couplet among the considerable quantity of verse written in praise of the learning of Micyllus (Jacob Moltzer, 1503-88).

Τὸ πρῶτον Μῶρος, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον
Τὸ τρίτον ἐκ Μουσῶν στέμμα Μίκυλλος

VERSES WRITTEN AT CALAIS

Notes and Queries, 25 April 1891, vii. xi. 329.

The poem was published in *Notes and Queries* by Frederick Hendriks, who wrote that the manuscript 'although unsigned, seems in the autograph of Johnson. At the end are the words, "From Mr. Langton", in the handwriting of Boswell.' The manuscript is not mentioned in Sotheby's catalogue of the Hendriks Sale on 11 and 12 November 1909, and Mr. Hendriks's son has been unable to trace it. If the poem is Johnson's, the explanation why Langton did not print it with the others that he edited in 1787 may be that the manuscript came into his possession after that date.

Johnson reached Calais with the Thrales on 10 November 1775, on his return from his only visit to France, and crossed with them to Dover next morning. 'Verses left at the White-Lion, Calais, supposed to be written by Mrs. Piozzi', are printed in *The European Magazine* for May 1787, p. 370. They are on much the same subject. But Mrs. Thrale's Journal shows that, though the sea was rough, the crossing was not delayed. The title is suspicious; the verses were certainly not written by Johnson on a window. Mrs. Thrale's silence is also suspicious; had she known of the verses, she would have claimed a copy of them, and could hardly have failed, if not to print them, at least to allude to them somewhere.

Verses wrote on a Window of an Inn at Calais

EURE veni. Sua jamdudum exoptata morantur
Flamina; Te poscit Votis Precibusque Viator
Impatiens, qui longa moræ fastidia sensit.
Interea, ad curvas descendens Littoris oras,
Prospicit in Patriam, atque avidis exhaurit Ocellis, 5
Nec dulci faciem de Littore dimovet unquam:
Illic Dubrenses in Cœlum assurgere Colles
Aspicit, excelsamque Arcem, grandesque Ruinas,
Et latè ingentes Scopulorum albescere tractus:
Nequicquam; videt hæc, nec fas attingere visa; 10
Obstat Hyems inimica, et Vis contraria Venti.

POEMS WRONGLY ATTRIBUTED TO JOHNSON

EPITAPH ON A DUCK

Mrs. Piozzi included in her *Anecdotes* (p. 11) the 'epitaph upon the duck he killed by treading on it at five years old', and described it as 'a striking example of early expansion of mind, and knowledge of language':

Here lies poor duck
That Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd it had been good luck,
For it would have been an odd one.

Hawkins in his *Life* (p. 6) printed a different version, with a more circumstantial account: 'When he was about three years old, his mother had a brood of eleven ducklings, which she permitted him to call his own. It happened that in playing about he trod on and killed one of them, upon which, running to his mother, he, in great emotion, bid her write. Write, child? said she, what must I write? Why write, answered he, so:

Here lies good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on,
If't had liv'd 'twould have been good luck,
For then there'd been an odd one.

and she wrote accordingly.'

Boswell inquired into the truth of the story, and made these jottings in his *Note Book* (1925, pp. 3, 4): 'Miss Porter told me in his presence at Litchfield Monday 25 March 1776, . . . that his mother told her that when he was in petticoats he was walking by his father's side and carelessly trode upon a duck one of thirteen and killed it. So then this duck it was said to him must be buried, and he must make an epitaph for it. Upon which he made these lines

Under this stone lyes Mr Duck
Whom Samuel Johnson trode on
He might have liv'd if he had luck;
But then he'd been an odd one.

Dr. Johnson said that his Father made one half of this epitaph. That he was a foolish old man, that is to say was foolish in talking of his children. But I trust to his mother's relation of what happened in his childhood rather than to his own recollection; and Miss Porter assured him in my presence upon his mother's authority that he had made this epitaph himself. But he assures me 21 Sept. 1777 that he remembers his Father's making it. So I am convinced.'

These notes are the basis of what Boswell says in the *Life* (i. 40), where he rejects the epitaph, but gives a slightly different version of it—a composite version founded partly on those of Hawkins and Mrs. Piozzi.

TO A YOUNG LADY EMBROIDERING

These verses (beginning 'Arachne once, ill-fated Maid') were printed in *The St. James's Chronicle* for 26 May 1787 as 'by Dr. Johnson', and followed the version in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1740, p. 464, where the signature is 'G'. They were written by David Garrick. They were included as by 'D. G.' in Dodsley's *Collection*, 1748, iii. 238, and in Garrick's *Poetical Works*, 1785, ii. 502, but with the title 'Upon a Lady's Embroidery', and with new readings in the first of the two stanzas.

EPITAPH ON SAVAGE

In the undated letter in which Johnson told Cave that he was ready to begin the *Life* of Savage (who died 1 August 1743) there is a reference to an inscription: 'I have no notion of having any thing for the Inscription. I hope you don't think I kept it to extort a price. I could think of nothing, till to-day.' Hill hazarded the suggestion that it might perhaps be the 'Epitaph on the late R—d S—e, Esq.' (beginning 'Whom *Phœbus* favour'd') published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1743, p. 490; but the suggestion is untenable in view of the quality of the verse. The inscription may have had nothing to do with Savage, nor need it have been in verse; and it may not have been intended for *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

AD ORNATISSIMAM PUELLAM

This poem (beginning 'Vanæ sit arti, sit studio modus, Formosa virgo') was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1743, p. 548, and reprinted in Popham's *Selecta Poemata Anglorum*, Bath, 1774, i. 81, unsigned, and in the second edition 1779, i. 67, where it is signed 'R. L.' It was correctly assigned to 'Dr. Lowth' in *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1773, vi. 46, in the heading of an English translation by William Duncombe. On the authority of James Bindley, Malone mistakenly ascribed it to Johnson in the third edition of Boswell's *Life*, and printed it in a footnote (1799, i. 130). Cf. Croker, *Life*, 1831, i. 134 n., and *Notes and Queries* 15 June 1872, iv. ix. 482.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT DRURY LANE, 1747

The Epilogue spoken on the first night of Garrick's management of Drury Lane theatre, 15 September 1747 (beginning 'Sweet doings truly! we are finely fobb'd'), was published along with Johnson's Prologue. It was attributed to Johnson in *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1771, iv. 99, and later editions. It was written by Garrick.

WINTER. AN ODE

(No more the *Morn*, with tepid rays,)

THE MIDSUMMER WISH

(O *Phoebus*! down the western sky,)

AUTUMN. AN ODE

(Alas! with swift and silent pace,)

These three poems were printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1747, p. 588, May 1748, p. 232, and September 1748, p. 422. They were first ascribed to Johnson in Pearch's *Collection*, 1770, iii. 238-43, and since 1785 have appeared in all collections of Johnson's poetry. They were written by Hawkesworth.

His poems have never been collected, though Johnson in 1777 contemplated an edition of his works for the benefit of his widow (see Johnson's letter of 12 April 1777 to John Ryland, Hawkesworth's brother-in-law). They were the subject of a letter in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1779, p. 72:

'A writer in your Supplement, p. 664, having desired a list of Dr. Hawkesworth's detached pieces in your Magazine, he may depend on the following being correct, viz. in Vols. XLVI [XVI, 1746] and XLVII [XVII, 1747] all the Poems said in the Indexes to be by *Mr. Greville*. XLVIII [XVIII, 1748]. Midsummer Wish, p. 232; Solitude, 278; The Two Doves, 326; Autumn, 422 XLIX [XIX, 1749]. Insulted Poverty, p. 424; and all the Poems by *H. Greville*.'

The letter is signed 'Crito', the usual signature of the Rev. John Duncombe, who was a regular contributor to the Magazine for twenty years till his death in 1786 (Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, viii. 277) and as a friend could speak with authority. In his list of twenty-six poems, 'Winter', 'The Midsummer Wish', and 'Autumn' are all included. Another poem in the list, 'Life, an Ode'—ascribed to Hawkesworth in Pearch's *Collection*, 1770, iii. 143—is said to have been read aloud by Hawkesworth to Johnson, who memorized it before it was printed (W. Cooke, *Life of Johnson*, 1785, p. 107). This is independent support for the accuracy of the list. But that all the twenty-six poems were by the same author is not likely to be challenged when they are examined.

Poems are rarely indexed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* under the name or pseudonym of their author, and to no other author are so many poems assigned. Clearly someone connected with the Magazine had a special interest in these poems. They were indexed at the time when the man who edited the poetical section of the Magazine, or, in the words of John Ryland, 'generally compiled Cave's poetical Miscellany' (*ante*, p. 116), was Hawkesworth.

TO MR. URBAN, ON HIS COMPLEATING THE XVIIIITH VOLUME OF 'THE GENTLE- MAN'S MAGAZINE'

This piece (beginning 'Arts, to compleat what *Nature* but began') was printed after the preface to *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1748. It was contributed to *The Bee* for 9 March 1791 by 'A.B.' (the Earl of Buchan, as is shown by a later communication), and was thus introduced: 'The inclosed I many years ago tore out of a magazine, and have always intended sending it to some public paper. I am certain that it has been written by Dr. Johnson. I need not tell a judge like you that it is excellent. It has escaped all his collectors, and well deserves to be reprinted.' See also *Notes and Queries*, 1914, II. x. 304 and 1915, II. xi. 7. There is no reason for this attribution. There were many such annual tributes in the *Magazine*.

A HINTED WISH

This epigram (beginning 'You told me, Maro, whilst you live') is ascribed to Johnson in Mark Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry*, New York, 1928, p. 439 (London, 1929, p. 387). It is F. Lewis's translation of Martial's epigram, xi. 47, the motto of *The Rambler*, No. 198.

TRANSLATION OF LATIN VERSES BY BUBB DODDINGTON

In *The Scots Magazine* for May 1806, p. 367, appeared this unsigned contribution:

'The following Ode [Ad Amicum] was composed by the celebrated Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, and given by him to a young friend then sent into Scotland under the tuition of the late ingenious and learned Dr. Chapman, who, at that young gentleman's request, corrected it. It was afterwards, by his Lordship, put into the hands of Dr. Johnson, who corrected it also, and translated it into English.'

Both Doddington's and Chapman's versions are given in full before the English translation (beginning 'The traveller, when a storm draws nigh'), of which the last stanza is a sample:

By art, he forms a snug retreat,
Whither he can with ease retire,
Whene'er intolerably wet,
And cuddle round the kindly fire.

There seems to be no authority for this attribution. Hawkins quotes part of a letter from Doddington to Johnson expressing a desire to receive a

visit from him (*Life*, 1787, p. 329); and Cave refers to it in his letter to Samuel Richardson of 29 August 1750: 'Mr. Doddington sent a letter directed to the Rambler, inviting him to his house, when he should be disposed to enlarge his acquaintance. In a subsequent number [14] a kind of excuse was made, with a hint that a good Writer might not appear to advantage in conversation' (*Literary Anecdotes*, v. 40). They are not known to have had any further dealings.

EPITAPH ON RICHARD CHILDREN

Northcote (*Reynolds*, 1813, p. 43) says that Roubiliac asked Reynolds to introduce him to Johnson in the hope of obtaining an epitaph for a monument on which he was engaged for Westminster Abbey, and that Johnson was prepared to write it in the presence of both at Gough Square, where he lived from 1749 till January 1759. No epitaph in Westminster Abbey has been suggested as Johnsonian, but Mrs. Katherine Esdaile in her *Life of Roubiliac*, 1928, p. 118, proposed the epitaph on Richard Children (d. 1753) in the parish church of All Saints, Tonbridge ('O thou, whose Manners unadorned by Art'). This epitaph is largely derived from lines 289-96 of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and Pope's *Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford and Mortimer*; and it violates Johnson's precept that an epitaph should name the person concerned.

Οὐκ ἔστι Διὸς κλέψαι νόον

This is the title of a Latin poem of twelve lines (beginning 'Nequicquam Danaen includit ahenea turris') printed in *The Universal Visiter* for March 1756, p. 142, with the signature '* *'. Hawkins says that Johnson's contributions 'have this mark' (*Life*, 1787, p. 352 n.). Boswell, who apparently read into this statement more than it contains, says that 'all the essays marked with two *asterisks* have been ascribed to him' (*Life*, i. 306), and proceeds to point out exceptions. He does not name this Latin poem, but it must be included among the pieces not by Johnson.

SONG

(The silver rain, the pearly dew)

This sentimental song was printed in *The Universal Visiter* for April 1756, p. 192, with the signature 'T'. It was reprinted as 'By Mr. S. Johnson' in *The St. James's Magazine* for February 1764, p. 365, and was attributed to Dr. Johnson by Messrs. Elkin Mathews in their catalogue No. 5, 1925, p. 74. In theme and tone it bears no resemblance to any known poem by Johnson. It is more like the work of Samuel Johnson of Shrewsbury, whose *Poems on Several Occasions* appeared in 1768; but it is not included in that volume.

TO MYRTILIS. THE NEW YEAR'S
OFFRING

(Madam, Long have I look'd my tablets o'er)

Printed in Anna Williams's *Miscellanies*, 1766, p. 13; assigned to Johnson in Bell's *Classical Arrangement of Fugitive Pieces*, 1789, vi. 53; included in Thomas Park's edition of Johnson's *Poetical Works*, 1811, p. 89. There seems to be no reason for this attribution.

VERSES ON A COTTAGE IN WALES

'Johnson's cottage', on the Gwynnynog estate, Denbighshire, bears a slab with six verses (beginning 'Around this peaceful cot, this humble shed') attributed to Johnson by local tradition and guide-books. They are dated 1768. Johnson's only visit to Wales was with the Thrales in the summer of 1774. See *Notes and Queries*, 1873, iv. xi. 438. The urn commemorating Johnson's association with Gwynnynog was erected in or after 1777.

INSCRIPTION ON DR. TAYLOR'S HOUSE AT
ASHBOURNE

This inscription was printed as Johnson's in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, ix. 62, in a footnote signed by the Rev. Samuel Pegge:

Stet domus hæc donec Testudo perambulet orbem,
Et donec fluctus ebibat Formica marinos.

Pegge remarked on the false metre of the second line, which he corrected to read 'Ebibat et donec fluctus', &c. Johnson was supposed to have supplied the inscription on one of his many visits to his friend Dr. Taylor at Ashbourne; but there is no evidence that the house bore any inscription till about 1930, when Pegge's corrected version was inscribed by Dr. Ernest Sadler, the present owner. Nor is it known how Johnson should ever have been associated with an inscription which was in use in France before his lifetime. It is found on the Lycée at Tarbes, Hautes Pyrénées (where Marshall Foch was educated), with the date 1699, the year in which the Lycée was founded:

Stet domus hæc fluctus donec formica marinos
Ebibat et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

A similar and earlier example, dated 1669, is on the Église des Cordeliers at Toulouse:

Durabit donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

(Information supplied by Le Proviseur of the Lycée at Tarbes.) Dr. L. F. Powell has pointed out to the editors that an earlier form of the couplet is printed at the end of *La Bibliothèque d'Antoine du Verdier*, 1585, p. 1227:

Stet liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat, aut totum testudo perambulet orbem.

VERSES ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

These verses (beginning 'Autumnal leaves apace do fade') were printed in *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, 1771, iv. 155, without attribution, and in the edition of 1784, vi. 60, were said to be 'by the same', i.e. Johnson. They were included in *The County Magazine* for September 1788, p. 133, with the signature 'G. W.' They were obviously not written by Johnson.

VERSES TO GOLDSMITH

'Verses from Doctor Johnson to Doctor Goldsmith, occasioned by the new Comedy, intitled, *The Mistakes of a Night*' (beginning 'No wonder the *Vis Comica* is scarce') were printed in *The London Chronicle* for 1 April 1773, over the initials 'S. J.' Internal evidence is decisive against Johnson's authorship.

In the errata to Cooke's *Life of Johnson*, 1785, two pieces are deleted from the list of Johnson's poems given on the last page of the volume—'To a Bush Fighter' and 'To Dr. Goldsmith, on the Success of his Comedy, called "She Stoops to Conquer"'. Both had been printed without attribution in Davies's *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, 1774, iii. 290, 291—the latter with the title 'To Doctor Goldsmith, on the Success of his Comedy, called the Mistakes of a Night'. It is not the same poem as that printed in *The London Chronicle*.

THRENODIA

This Latin threnody, purporting to have been written after Culloden, was printed in *The European Magazine* for October 1785, p. 312. It was contributed by 'G. T.' with the following note: 'When Jacobitism received its death's-wound, the following THRENODIA was composed, it is said, by the late celebrated Dr. J—n. The elegance of the composition may, perhaps, make amends for the virulence of the matter; as at any rate it shews the spirit of the party for whom it is composed.' Six lines at the conclusion are in verse, beginning 'Cum temerata fides, pietasque inculta jaceret'. There is no reason for including them among Johnson's poems.

ODE TO MRS. THRALE

This Ode, beginning 'Arbores nudos generare posse Scotiae montes' is printed in *The Morning Chronicle* for 24 April 1786 under this heading, 'The following Ode addressed to Mrs. Thrale, and given us as a genuine production of Dr. Johnson's, is published, that it may have a place in the next Edition of Mr. Boswell's Book'. It is a *jeu d'esprit*, suggested by a perusal of the *Tour to the Hebrides*.

VERSES ON LOVE

A piece of fourteen lines on love (beginning 'How fleet is the hour, when love's folding arms') was contributed by 'T. B.' to *The Morning Chronicle* of 25 April 1786 as a 'small Fragment of the late Dr. Johnson's . . . that the world might not lose any thing of so valuable a man'. Neither sentiment nor style merits the attribution, which may not have been made seriously.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A COPY OF
MURPHY'S 'LIFE OF GARRICK'

An incredibly bad quatrain (beginning 'Dear is memory whene'er we wish to trace') was contributed as Johnson's to *Notes and Queries*, 1902, 9. ix. 330. The contributor said that he found these 'unpublished(?) lines of Dr. S. Johnson (in the calligraphy of a lady) in an old copy of Arthur Murphy's *Life of David Garrick*, as a kind of note or introduction to Murphy's remarks on *Irene* . . . The lady's remarks below the lines are: "Johnson wrote those lines for you M. W. D., with the very nice pen you made me—Adieu".'

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

This poem (beginning 'The Prince of all the feather'd kind') is printed in *The Union*, 1753, p. 28, and in a bookseller's catalogue (May 1935) is said to be by Johnson. It is an anglicized version of 'The Eagle and Robin Red-breist', printed in *The Ever Green*, 1724, ii. 232, and signed 'Ar. Scor', i.e. Allan Ramsay, not 'Mr. Archibald Scott', as expanded in *The Union*.

LOST OR UNIDENTIFIED POEMS

VERSES TO OLIVIA LLOYD

‘When at Stourbridge school’, says Boswell, ‘he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verses, which I have not been able to recover.’ There is no reason to think that the verses were ever printed. See *Life*, ed. 1934, i. 92, 529.

THE GLOW-WORM

‘He told us’, says Boswell, ‘one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glow-worm. I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found (*Life*, ii. 55). Malone in 1799 added in a footnote that ‘whether it be any where extant, has not been ascertained’ (ii. 232). It may not have been printed, but Boswell seems to have got the impression that it had been; and ‘Latin Verses on a Glow-worm’ is one of the titles in the manuscript list of Johnson’s writings drawn up by Percy, and now in the Bodleian Library (see p. 393).

VERSES IN DODSLEY’S ‘COLLECTION’

Mrs. Thrale included in *Thraliana* ‘a Catalogue of such Writings as I *know* to be his, there are many that I *do not* know—scattered about the World’. It ends with ‘a Copy of Verses in Dodsley which he never would tell me, though he trusted me with Secrets of far greater Importance’ (ii. 81; ed. 1941, p. 205). In all its other items the Catalogue is correct. This ‘Copy of Verses’ may have been ascribed in the *Collection* to another author.

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